April 19, 1958

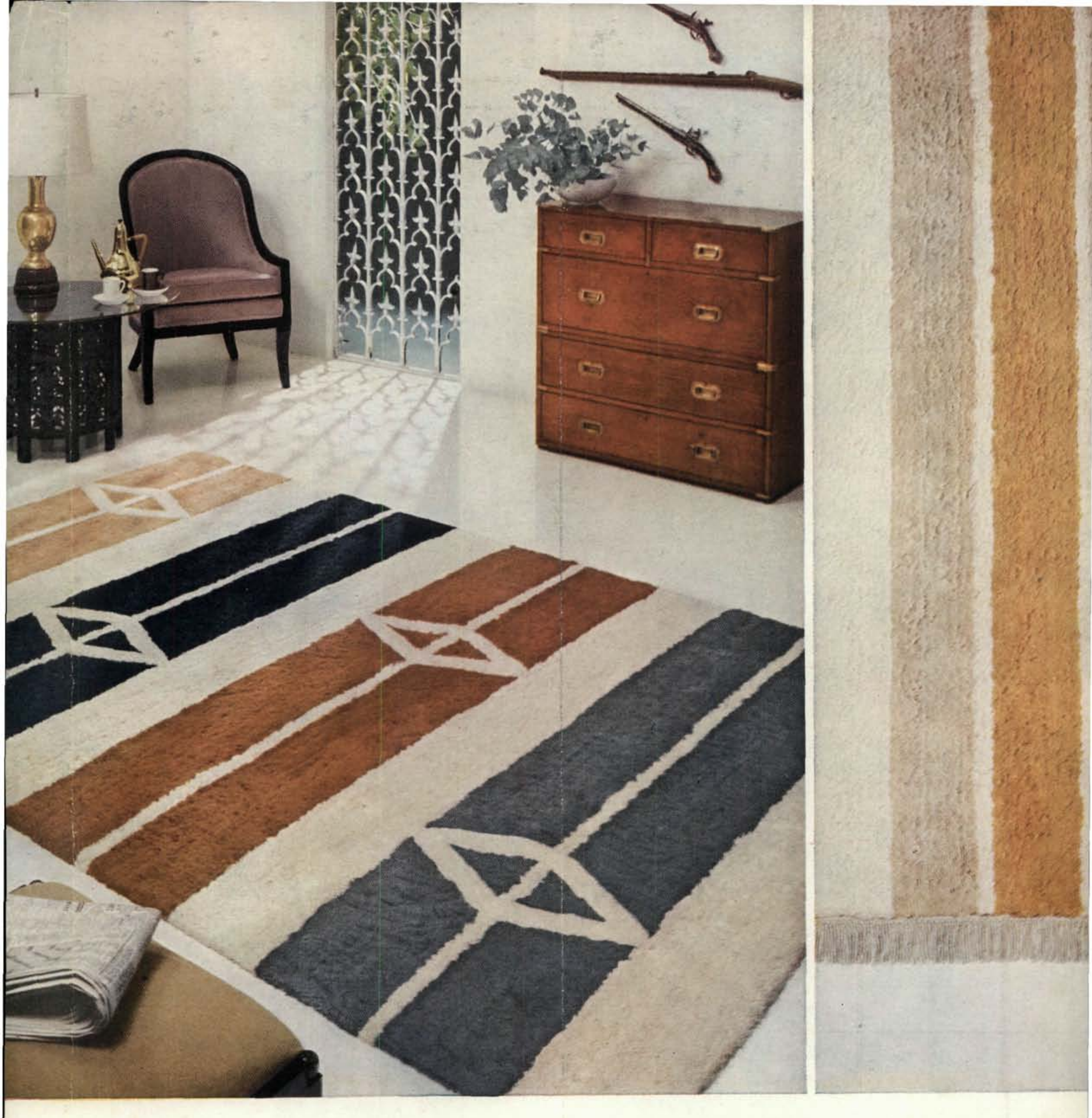
Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE LIBRARY

AUG 0 5 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



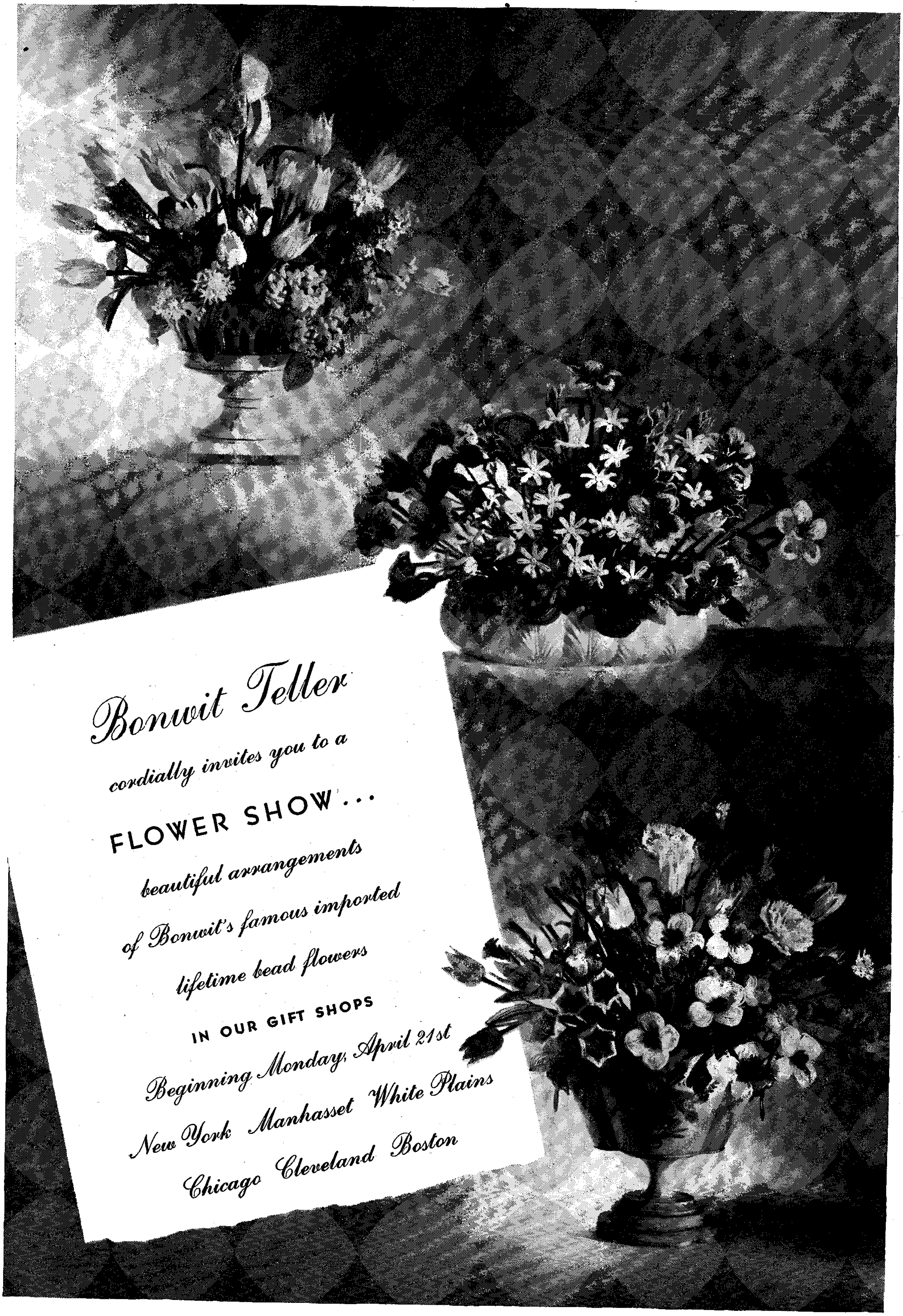
AN OASIS OF COLOR... BEDOUIN STRIPES

CABIN CRAFTS

The news in rugs is *floor* showing. The trend is to groupings of furniture around area rugs. Stripes take the forefront here—as Cabin Crafts introduces "Bedouin Stripes." Their subtle Moroccan tones provide the color scheme for decorating an entire room. Their thick, lush pile gives a magnificent richness underfoot. And they can, of course, be picked up and moved so easily when *you* move—the special beauty of area rugs. "Bedouin Stripes" come in sizes up to 9′x 12′. Sahara, left, 6′x 10′6″, about $99.50. Taminar, right, 6′x 9′, about $59.50.

Write us for "Cabin Crafts Room Service," the blueprint guidebook on how to buy and decorate with Needletuft Rugs and Carpets. Cabin Crafts, Inc., Dept. NY-1, Dalton, Georgia.

Needletuft **AREA DESIGN RUGS**



Bonwit Teller

cordially invites you to a

FLOWER SHOW . . .

beautiful arrangements

of Bonwit's famous imported

lifetime bead flowers

IN OUR GIFT SHOPS

Beginning Monday, April 21st

New York Manhasset White Plains

Chicago Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Back to Methuselah—Arnold Moss has cut Shaw's play about immortality from ninety thousand to thirty thousand words, but it still seems interminable and perhaps a little ridiculous. Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher head the cast, which includes Mr. Moss, Valerie Bettis, and Richard Easton. Margaret Webster directed. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 19.)

Blue Denim—A well-staged account, by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble, of the emotional confusions of the younger set. June Walker and Chester Morris are abetted by a number of attractive younger people. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 20.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge's play about the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. It probably tries to cover too much ground, but it is often very funny and touching. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart are superlative in leading roles. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

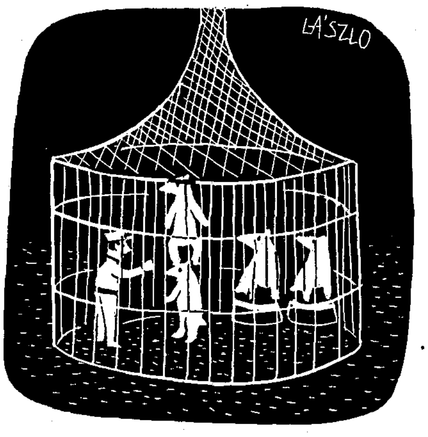
The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier displays enormous virtuosity in John Osborne's tragedy about the sordid life of a second-rate music-hall performer. Otherwise, the play doesn't add up to much, although Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco are fine in supporting roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Fair Game—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcee through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's genuinely comic performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and superbly performed. The cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. Voted the best foreign play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings has worked something of a miracle in reducing Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel to a coherent and frequently compelling play. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith bring three members of the Gant family marvellously to life, and George Roy Hill's direction and Jo Mielziner's sets are both beyond criticism. With Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, and Florence Sundstrom. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell are highly effective in this drama by Morton Wishengrad, which treats mainly of a woman overcome by a feeling that she has sinned. Just why this lady feels so bad is not made too clear, but the play is impressively sincere and, at times, very affecting. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 3.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. His collaborators are Marian Bissell and Abe Burrows; Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs; and David Wayne and Vivian Blaine head the large and generally very talented cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. The admirable supporting cast includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

* * *

Page
THE AIR 110
THE ART GALLERIES 127
BOOKS 145
THE CURRENT CINEMA 72
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 79
MUSICAL EVENTS 138
CONCERT RECORDS 139
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
THIS AND THAT 130
THE RACE TRACK 143
A REPORTER AT LARGE 117

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

* * *

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes once more shows herself to be incomparable in this translation of Jean Anouilh's delightful comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Among the others in the cast are Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft do brilliantly as the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Some droll doings involving Peter Lind Hayes, as a professor who gets mixed up with the F.B.I.; Mary Healy, who plays his wife; and Larry Blyden (temporarily batting for Ray Walston), who is cast as a clumsy Mr. Fixit. The play was written by Norman Krasna, an old hand at this sort of comedy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—Auntie Mame: Greer Garson now is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Love Me Little—Donald Cook and Joan Bennett in a comedy by John G. Fuller, adapted from Amanda Vail's novel of the same name. The director is Alfred Drake, the producer Alexander H. Cohen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some superior ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a witless book. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this excellent piece about an Iowa con man who falls in love with a librarian. Robert Preston is splendid in the leading role, and his capable supporters include Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

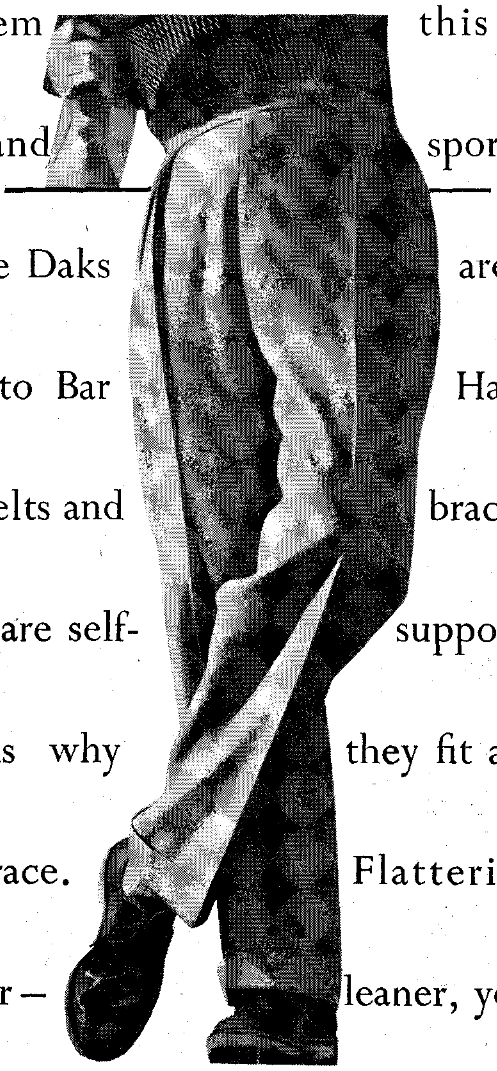
The Next President—A revue starring the young monologuist Mort Sahl and also employing the Jimmy Giuffre jazz trio and a group called the Folk Singers. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oh Captain!—An adaptation of an Alec Guinness film that isn't very subtle in its humor but is still genial. Directed by José Ferrer, who collaborated with Al Morgan on the book, it has songs by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and a worthy cast that includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 9, April 19, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

It's Saks for Daks . . . and as a Saks Fifth Avenue exclusive you will find the great new Daks trousers in 7½ oz. worsteds, in British greys; dark or medium. They're lightweight, springweight, crisp and porous – you'll love to wear them this summer, making the rounds with blazers and sports jackets. You probably know why British-made Daks are the favoured trousers of men from Calcutta to Bar Harbor. For one thing, Daks allow you to abandon belts and braces for a new ease in modern dressing. Daks are self-supporting. They're faultlessly tailored. That explains why they fit and hang so well, move with such ease and grace. Flattering? Why, they make any man look slimmer – leaner, younger. Meet perfection in trouser form – our new Daks, tailored by S. Simpson Ltd. of London, England, 30 to 42 waists, regulars, shorts, longs, 29.95. Mail or phone your orders



THE MEN'S SHOPS

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Rockefeller Center · White Plains · Springfield, N.J. · Chicago · Detroit · Beverly Hills

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. With Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. Sydney Chaplin is also in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Wynne Miller, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Billie Hayes. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** Thelma Ritter in a musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

ACTORS PLAYHOUSE—Federico García Lorca's "Blood Wedding," directed by Patricia Newhall and with Margot Lassner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, April 18: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, April 24, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Jay Gerber. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CRICKET THEATRE—A new version of Jean Anouilh's comedy "Ardele," with William LeMassena, Gertrude Corey, and David Hooks. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

GATE THEATRE—"The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Av . 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

JAN HUS AUDITORIUM—"Fools Are Passing Through," by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt, with Gladys Holland, Sheppard Kerman, and Carl Low. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MARTINIQUE THEATRE—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," presented by the Stratford Festival Company of Canada. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin and Frances Reid in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Closes Saturday, April 26.)

TARA THEATRE—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. Previews Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 8:40, and Sunday, April 27, at 2:40 and 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, April 28. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE 74—François Mauriac's "Asmodée," translated by Beverly Thurman, with Louis Edmonds and Elizabeth Farrar. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Final performances Thursday and Friday, April 17-18, at 8:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

LES BALLETS DE PARIS—A company headed by Jeanmaire and Roland Petit. Three of four new ballets ("La Dame dans la Lune," "Counter Point," "La Rose des Vents," and "La Chambre"), plus "Carmen," are being offered at each performance. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-7209. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 3.)

DANCE RECITALS—At **HUNTER PLAYHOUSE:** May O'Donnell with her company. (Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call CH 2-0692.)... **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** Y.M.H.A.: Mary Anthony and her company, the American Mime Theatre, and Ruth Currier and her company; Sunday, April 20, at 2:40.... ¶ Paul Draper, Saturday, April 26, at 8:40. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)

BALLET THEATRE WORKSHOP—A program of four new ballets (by William Dollar, Enrique Martinez, and Herbert Ross), one to be danced by the Ballet Theatre Workshop and the remaining three by the American Ballet Theatre. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, April 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JOYCE GRENFELL—The British comedienne in a one-woman show of new monologues and songs, with music by Richard Addinsell. (Lyceum, 45th St. E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 3.)

THE CIRCUS—The latest concoction of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 11. ... ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Of necessity, through the years, the elder mimes in the interesting old morality play on view here have one by one dropped out, but the replacements are letter-perfect, and the play still has a message for each and every one of us. Freddy Alonso's rumba group and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is a rest home all evening—no fanfare, no fury. In their stead, there's Joseph Ricardel's happy but muted little dance band, and a vast covey of violinists slowly winging their way hither and yon. The sole touch of glitter is the song recital by Betty Benee, a breath of old Broadway. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ted Straeter, one of the seven sartorial wonders of this world, presents his richly engraved piano style, his offhand tenor, and his virtuoso dance band from dinnertime on in the Persian Room. He gets an assist from Mark Monte's bouncy quintet. Twice a night, Jane Powell picks idly at a bouquet of songs—and good ones, too—which, in accordance with Hollywood custom, are overwhelmed, along with her wee small voice, in

new pro...our Litchfield Golfer

Two, from our new golf dress series, designed to give you
unhampered freedom in motion, fresh good looks in repose.
Camisole top style in White, Yellow or Blue.
The print in Blue, Yellow or Pink strawberries
on White. Each, 10 to 20. 16^{95}

Peck and Peck

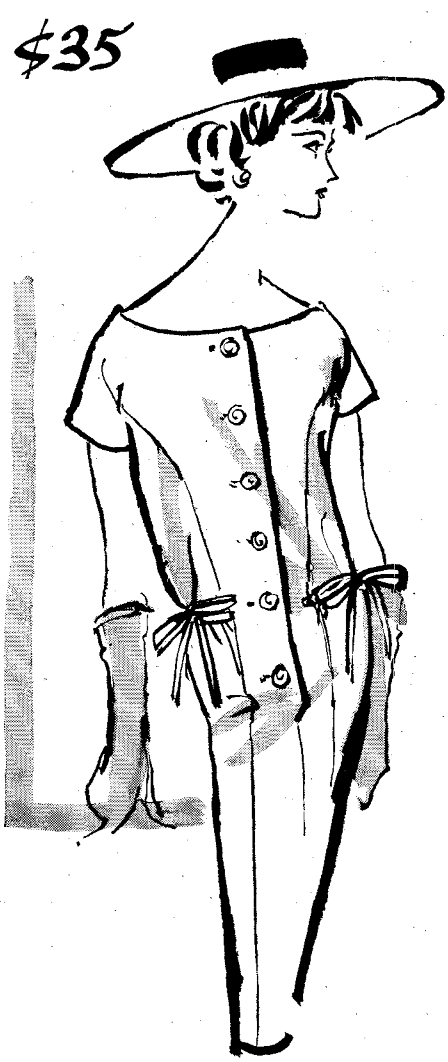
Graff

Famous golf pro Al Collins giving instruction at Bahamas Country Club, Nassau.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

Miss Bergdorf

$35



Step Right in

to this crisp linen dress
and spend the summer.
It has the look you like,
the feeling of ease,
and it's completely unfancied
except for bows at the side
that you tie and adjust to
yourself. In black (for town),
sapphire, sand or aquamarine,
sizes 8 to 14.
Mail and 'phone orders accepted,
add 35c for sending beyond
our delivery area.

BERGDORF
5th floor GOODMAN
746 Fifth Avenue New York 19 N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

orchestration. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, an excellent setting for affairs of state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, there's music by Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which, in its enthusiasm for audience participation, tries to lure the customers not only onto the dance floor but up onto the bandstand. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's minute dance bands prance from one end of the evening to the other. At dinner and supper, Florence Henderson and Bill Hayes, who have done well for themselves in musical comedy, are adjusting their voices to a cozier precinct. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—You'd swear, from the looks of the place, that it's really the cherished old Ambassador Hotel, and (in everything but name) it is. The Embassy Club, which hasn't so far been recaptioned, still murmurs calm dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

Statler Hilton, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Xavier Cugat band, sort of a Latin-American grand slam, is in the Café Rouge, which is barely big enough to hold all the decibels. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Maurice Chevalier, surely the most active Légionnaire d'Honneur in all France, can really make the Empire Room seem like April in Paris. Those old Parisian horse chestnuts bloom in a couple of his songs, but it's not what Chevalier does, it's how he does it. He appears at dinner Mondays through Wednesdays and at dinner and supper Thursdays through Saturdays. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do emphatic dance music the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by the trio of Cy Walter (Ivy League) and Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room is far enough up in the world to be above the smog belt. Languid non-dance music burbles now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Joel Forbes is the Sunday driver. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. Jack Banan, the piano man here, is of the good old school. He starts in at about eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Everybody seems to know everybody, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts; some of the late-evening guests also know the newest show tunes, and prove it. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single piano until curfew rings the night out. Six is the opening hour; Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Love, in the wily words of Mabel Mercer's *salonnière* ballads, is a potion to be taken with a grain of salt or a quarter grain of Equanil. She's one of our best after-dinner condiments; there's also piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis, and some of it by Don Evans, whose virtuosity is everyone's reward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henry IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the aural amusement comes from Johnnie LaSalle's instrumental quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in an elegant new stage set, offering an old Spanish mixture—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles along the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Old World toward a more up-to-date concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight, and nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Hamish Menzies, perhaps the only Scot who understands the ways of American jazz piano, arrives around ten for a long session of balladry and banter, both largely of his own authorship. The establishment is now presided over by the venerable night-lifer named Freddie Lamb, which is a good idea. Closed Sundays.

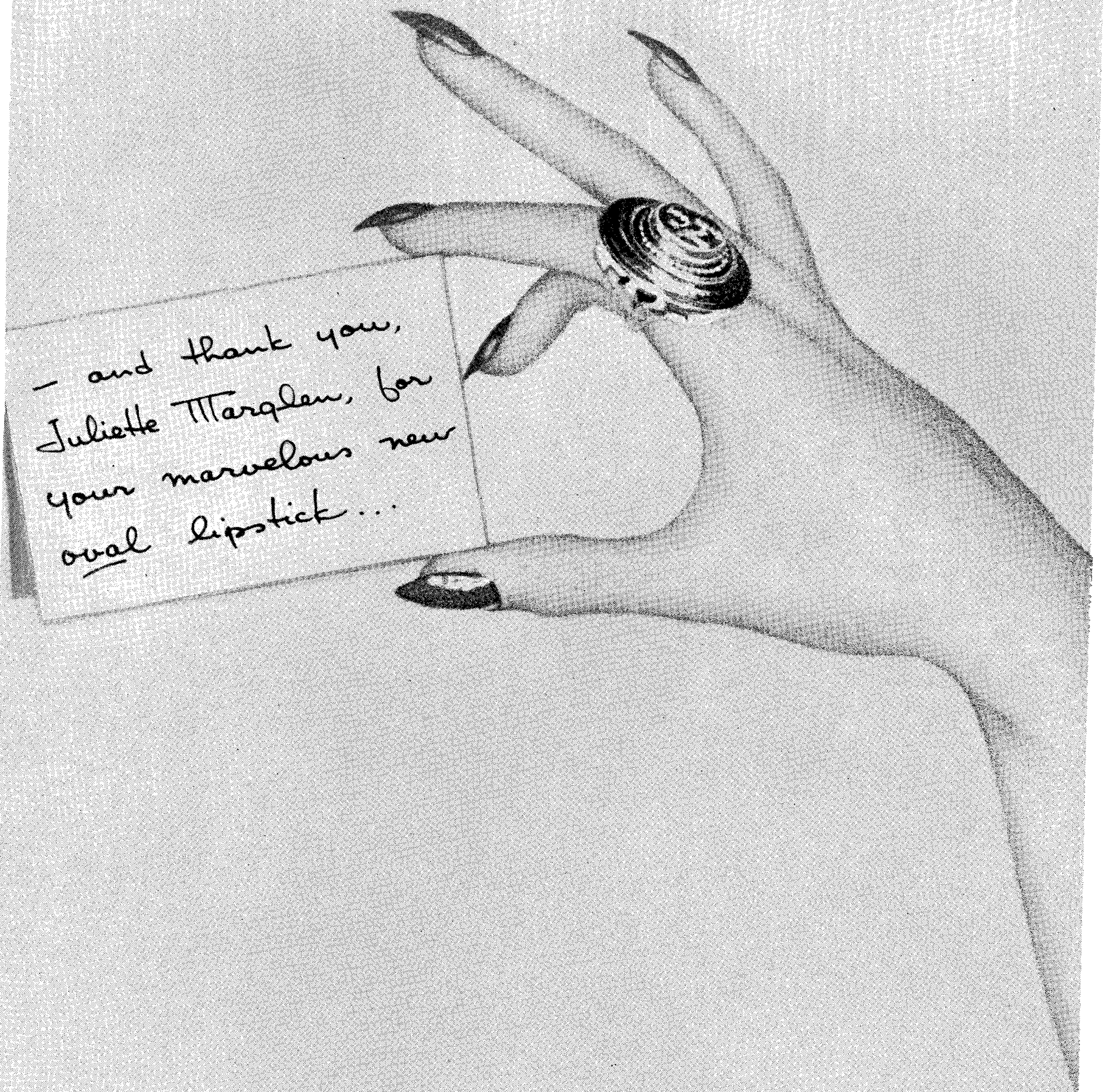
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, baggage-smasher and scenery-chewer, is in his usual state of merry uproar, which is the best way to get attention around here. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Tuesday, April 22, is the date set for the arrival of Sallie Blair, whose teasing voice has so far reached us only on wax and tape. The Bernard Brothers, the first and the most competent of the groups that do pantomime to recordings, are due the same evening. Dancing.

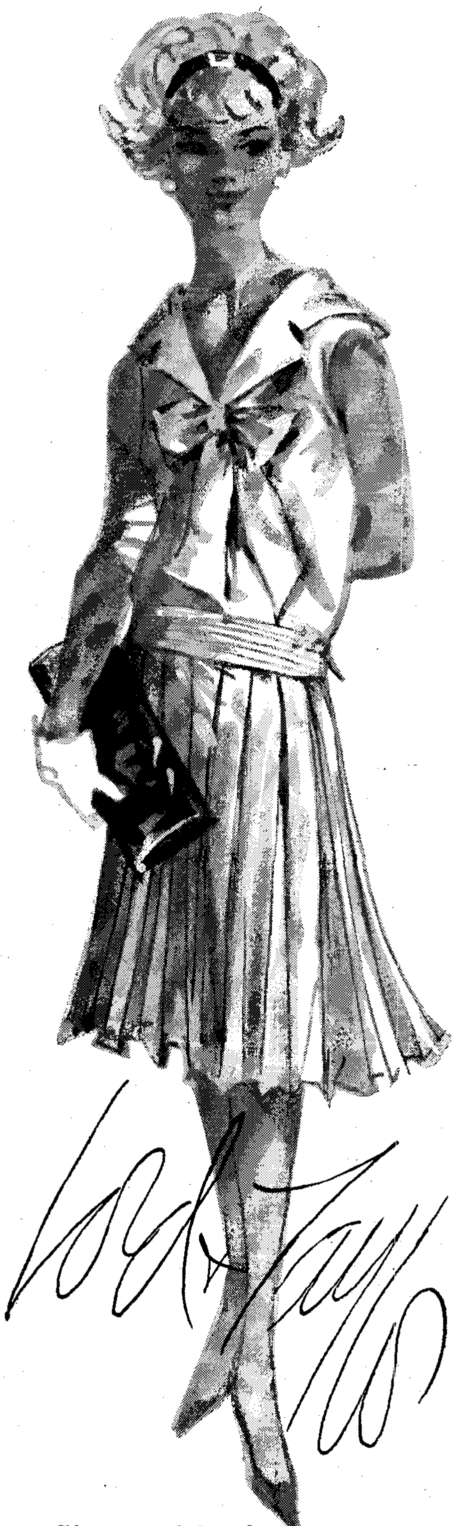
SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Songs—glad ones, sad ones, mad ones—sung the way they ought to be sung, by Anita Ellis, a truly yearning, burning voice; songs—silly ones—pulled deftly apart, petal after petal, by Dorothy Loudon. Their escort is George Matson, whose pantomime commentary on American womanhood (present company excepted) and other American landmarks


— and thank you,
Juliette Marglen, for
your marvelous new
oval lipstick…

a FABERGÉ presentation



The middy drops over

a flare of pleats—result,

this fresh young silhouette.

The two-piece dress—seafoam,

black or beige silk pongee. A

Jonathan Logan design

—in sizes 5 to 15, 24.95

Second Floor, Junior Dresses

Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is outrageous and funny in approximately equal measure. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio (Jim Raney, who's a *Down Beat* medalist, and Beverly Peer are his colleagues) and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The revue, an art form lately smothered to death by the sheer weight of its own trappings, has here been revived by a new miracle drug—humor. It involves a quartet of engaging but not altogether innocent little lambs (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold) and a very big bad wolf (Ronny Graham). The architect of this project is Julius Monk; its rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the zero hours; Sunday is the holiday. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The anteroom of the Downstairs Room, and also within the orbit of Julius Monk. Its design—the whiling away of idle hours—is served by the trio of the eminent Norman Paris, the pianist with the shortest fingers and the longest melodic line in all jazz chamber music, and the piano and voice of Warren Vaughn, which are cheery. Justin Arndt and Frank Cerchia are the Paris sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Three of the characters who have made the Bon Soir the jolly place it is today will be flying this coop as of Sunday, April 20—Sylvia Syms, the basso-profundo spirit of rhythm; Phil Leeds, a keen student of life, and a funny one; and Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* whose forecast is heavy thunderstorms, followed by going home to Mother. Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics, and the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance, will stick around, to be joined on Tuesday, April 22, by Felicia Sanders (emotional-crisis ballads), Jane Dulo (up-and-at-them comedienne), and Larry Storch, a humorist long absent from night life. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Phyllis Diller (another way of spelling "dither") is making the jokes, and Dean Sheldon is making the songfests. There's also lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn. The ditherer is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Mr. Sheldon is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): The minute saltcellar of the Hotel Duane is now the home of a revue still being put together by the trial-and-error method, which may not be everyone's favorite. The three inmates who know what they are doing are Jean Shepherd, the all-night radio filibusterer, and two girls named Mary Harmon and Dottie Love. Mickey Leonard's quartet provides the instrumental underpinning. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The whole thing, tucked away behind the sort of jaunty Midtown Café, is probably something out of a dream, but the music—the voice of a wisp named Janice Mars, and the piano of the composer Baldwin Bergerson—is as real as can be and quite free of cliché. All quiet Sundays. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): A hanging garden of Babylon that survived the ancient holocaust. Monique Van Vooren, a girl who might have made Nebuchadnezzar think twice before turning himself out to grass, is in the siren tradition, which she violates now and then with a streak of elfin humor. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's new and handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bud Freeman, saxophone emeritus of the Condon hierarchy, leads his trio (in which Mousie Alexander operates) into action. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stan Getz, just about the coolest customer in the entire tenor-sax industry, is displaying his trio here. Also in orbit is the Kingston Trio, a very new group from the West Coast. Sundays, there are matinées at four, as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, for whom the world stopped back around 1913, are reproducing as faithfully as possible the music of that long-ago sphere. They are assisted in this memory course by Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Whether it's new-school jazz or new-school concert piano that Bernard Peiffer is playing in the back room is not always completely clear, but whatever it is, he shouldn't ever go back where he came from (France). He works with two aides who read him like a book. The Randy Weston trio, which steps in whenever he needs a breather, signs off on Wednesday, April 23. Next evening, Mary Lou Williams brings her trio back home. The Peiffers are away on Sundays; the alternate group is off Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which has a bit of screech-owl blood in its veins, and the Sonny Rollins trio, a worshipper of *l'art moderne*, are standing by through Wednesday, April 23. Johnny Richards' orchestra will be one of the new arrivals the following evening. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, there's music every night but Monday. You need a swizzle stick to get all the bubbles out of the dithyrambs of Don Shirley, an accomplished keyboard technician now flanked by two bassists; Edna Corbett's piano is plain, sturdy, and largely to the point. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The hurricane warning is always prominently displayed, and with reason. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such Dixiecrats as Vic Dickenson, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Music for nostalgists, from the teething age on up, and plenty of nut-brown ale to wash it down with. On Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, the battledores and shuttlecocks should include a collectors' item—George Lewis and other senior citizens of New Orleans, among them James Robinson, Alvin Alcorn, and Alcide Pavageau, ragtimers all. Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Jo Jones, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis are expected, too. The Lewis gang will do a W. C. Handy memorial concert on Sunday, April 20, at 8. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): If people would only stop talking, they'd discover that the illustrious Bobby Hackett, whose cornet may someday put this country back on a silver standard, is leading his quartet, and that Eddie Heywood is running a steady-going trio from his piano. They start pouring oil on troubled waters around nine. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Any resemblance between this small world and the one the rest of us live in is coincidental. At the moment, Jimmy Giuffre's vanguardist trio, which takes life and modern music ever so seriously, is presumably on hand; Bob Brookmeyer is part of the group. Wilbur Ware's trio departs on Thursday, April 24, to be replaced a night later by the sextet of Miles Davis, who has introduced modern music to many of his countrymen, and Brooks Brothers jackets to modern music. Sundays, the doors open at five; nothing doing Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet of Lee Konitz, of which Billy Bauer is an active member, woos a muse of music unknown to any of the classicists and to quite a few nontraditionalists. Sundays, the wooing runs from six until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A fairly accurate reconstruction of the seething Romany Marie days in the Village—all except the music, whose sense of doom is quite modern. It comes from Pepper Adams, Donald Byrd, and two or three fellow-mourners. Kenneth Rexroth chimes in with a bunch of his own hexameters, which he decants to a background of the same sort of jazz. Mondays, Mal Waldron's band does the housework. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): Beside the tiny dance floor of the Hotel Duane, Max Kaminsky's sextet (Dick Cary, Charlie Queener, Bob Wilber, Joe Benjamin, and Bobby Donaldson are included) plays the kind of solid, old-time dance music it's almost impossible to track down any more. The boys begin at ten. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A seventieth-birthday showing of recent oils, vigorously vibrant in color; through Saturday, April 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings; through Saturday, April 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RENATO BIROLLI—Paintings, suave in color and design, by an Italian artist; through May 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Warm and sunny landscapes and other studies, in one of his best shows to date; through Saturday, April 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GIUSEPPE CAPOGROSSI—The first one-man show in America of one of the major contemporary Italian abstractionists; through Saturday, April 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

NORMAN CARTON—Abstractions, strong in color if a little loose in design; through Saturday, April 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—A loan show of paintings, some dating as far back as 1911; through Saturday, April 26. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

AGENORE FABBRI—Bronze sculptures, medieval in their suggestion, by a contemporary Italian. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

DOROTHEA GREENBAUM—Representational sculptures in terra cotta and other mediums; through May 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

RENATO GUTTUSO—A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings by this Italian social realist; through April 28. (Heller—weekdays, 11 to 6—and A.C.A., both at 63 E. 57th St.)

ELIOT HODGKIN—Meticulously detailed still-life paintings by a British artist; through Saturday, April 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDRE ISTRATI—Large abstract oils by a French painter; through Saturday, April 19. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALEXEJ AND ANDREAS VON JAWLENSKY—Oils by the early German Expressionist and by his son Andreas; through May 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

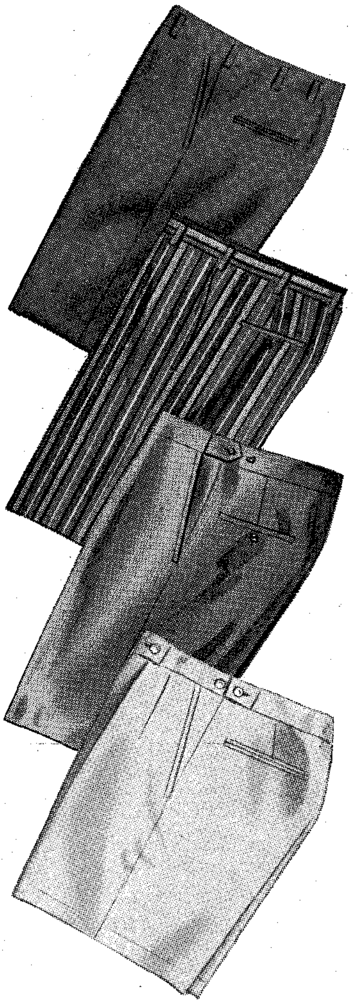
IBRAM LASSAW—Welded-metal abstractions; through Saturday, April 19. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—Expressionist oils, including a number of landscapes; through Saturday, April 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE—The first full-scale exhibition in

COLORFUL, WELL-TAILORED SHORTS
cut on our models in attractive materials, and in Bermuda, Jamaica or tennis lengths

We have an unusually good-looking selection of casual shorts, including our traditional Bermuda length, and a new, slightly shorter Jamaica length.



TOP TO BOTTOM:

Bermuda length shorts of medium or oxford grey flannel or tropical worsted, $18.50. Washable Brooksweave® (Dacron*-and-cotton) in bamboo, navy, maize, tan, charcoal or light blue, $13.50. Navy, bronze, khaki or grey lightweight cotton, $11

Bermuda length shorts of colorful, hand-woven striped or plaid India Madras in unusual colorings, $13.50. State predominant color desired.

Jamaica length shorts with adjustable waistband, in washable ribbed cotton piqué. Red, charcoal, or gold, $12

Washable Orlon*-and-cotton white tennis shorts with adjustable waistband, $15

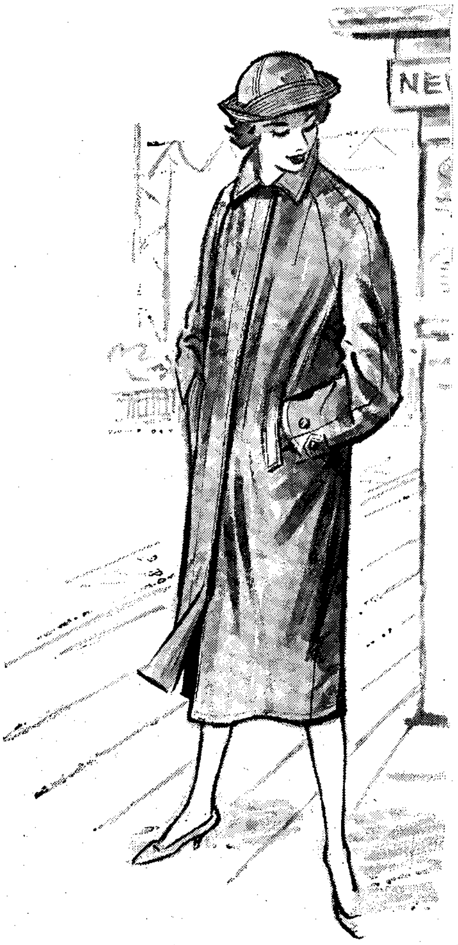
Mail orders carefully filled.
Please state waist size.

*Du Pont's fibers

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

Address Mail Orders to 346 *Madison Avenue, New York* 17, *N. Y.*
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO



A&F

Raincoat Supreme

Spring's pet—our superb Lady Macintosh prepares you for any change in the weather! Of choice Egyptian cotton... with the traditional British tailoring that is a specialty at A&F. Plaid lined, to be worn with or without belt. Tan or Dover sand. Regular sizes 8 to 20. Petites 6 to 18. **$32.95**

Hat to match. S. M. L. **$4.95**

Macintosh trenchcoat in Dover sand only. . **$49.95**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

New York—360 MADISON AVENUE
Chicago—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH
San Francisco—220 POST STREET

many years by a veteran of the early Cubist days; through Saturday, April 26. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—Recent bronzes, smoothly stylized, by this German sculptor; through Saturday, April 19. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ezio Martinelli—Drawings; through May 10. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

André Masson—New paintings, plus some earlier ones, in his first exhibition here since 1953; through May 17. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Janie Michels—Semiabstract oils. First one-man show in this country; through Saturday, April 19. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker—Works by a forerunner of the German Expressionist movement. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 19. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman—Fifteen small bronzes (all being shown for the first time) and a group of drawings; through April 30. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City; through May 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Ralph Rosenborg—Paintings; through Saturday, April 26. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Charles Shaw—Colorful abstractions (1957-58); through May 3. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler—New paintings, unusually vigorous in design; through Saturday, April 19. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through April 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

James Sterling—Sweepingly Expressionist landscapes and figure studies; through Saturday, April 19. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Thon—Oils and water colors of Italy, Spain, and Maine; through May 10. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Semiabstract oils and gouaches; through May 3. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Paintings from the Adelaide Milton de Groot Collection—Delacroix, Modigliani, Gris, and Soutine are among the artists represented. For the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. Through May 3. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Still-Lifes—Examples from various schools and periods by European and American artists, including Eugène Boudin, Frans Snyders, Jan van Huysum, Paul Cézanne, William M. Harnett, and Joseph Stella; through Saturday, April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-first annual exhibition of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels; through Sunday, April 20. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Robert D'Arista, Jack Levine, Nathan Oliveira, and Reuben Tam, in a showing of oil, wash, ink, crayon, and pencil drawings; through May 3.... **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Robert I. Russin, and others; through Saturday, April 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, mostly by Picasso and Braque, together with sculptures by Fred Farr, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others; through Saturday, April 26.... **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary English and American sculptures, in various mediums, by Kenneth Armitage, Joseph Konzal, Costantino Nivola, and others; through May 3.

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Chagall, and Buffet, and sculptures by Archipenko, Marini, and Cappello; through Saturday, April 26. (Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sidney Gordin; starting Tuesday, April 22.... **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henri Laurens; starting Tuesday, April 22.... **james graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Jacob Epstein; starting Monday, April 21.... **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: French tapestries; starting Monday, April 21.... **kottler**, 3 E. 65th St.: Orval Kipp and Suzie Reichman; starting Monday, April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) ... **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Walter Feldman; starting Monday, April 21.... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Whorf; starting Monday, April 21.... **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paul Klee; starting Tuesday, April 22.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by European and American artists, among them Picasso, Matisse, Sloan, and Marin, at the Downtown Community School, 235 E. 11th St., on Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, from 7:30 P.M. to 11:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, from 1 to 11:30, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and drawings by the French Neo-Impressionist Georges Seurat; through May 11. ... ¶ A retrospective of the works of the Cubist artist Juan Gris; through June 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Guest House, 242 E. 52nd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings (ranging from Courbet and Corot to Motherwell and de Kooning), sculptures, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bareiss, of Greenwich; starting Wednesday, April 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—The first full-scale showing of Picasso's ceramics in New York; through May 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Alicia Penalba, Shindo Tsuji, Etienne Hajdu, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in an international sculpture-and-drawing exhibit; through Sunday, April 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Some sixty oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and John Sloan; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, enamels, and mosaics by Anna Walinska, Edith Bry, and others of the Manhattan Group; through April 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original stage and costume designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through Sunday, April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Regina."... ¶ Friday, April

18, at 8:15: "Tale for a Deaf Ear" and "Trouble in Tahiti."...¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:15: "The Taming of the Shrew."...¶ Sunday, April 20, at 2:30: "Lost in the Stars."...¶ Sunday, April 20, at 8: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium."...¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8: The première of the late Robert Kurka's "The Good Soldier Schweik," with a text by Lewis Allan....¶ Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, at 8:15: "Lost in the Stars."...¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2:30: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."...¶ Saturday, April 26, at 8:15: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "The Medium." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, May 4.)

Mannes College of Music—The Mannes College Opera Workshop and Orchestra presenting three one-act operas—Ned Rorem's "The Robbers;" Vittorio Rieti's "The Pet Shop," which has a libretto by Claire Nicolas; and Georg Philipp Telemann's "Pimpinone." Carl Bamberger is the musical director and Ralph Herbert the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, April 17, at 8:40.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein directing the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 17, at 8:45, and Friday, April 18, at 2:30 (both with Artur Rubinstein, piano); Sunday, April 20, at 3 (no soloists); and performances of Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," on Thursday, April 24, at 8:45; Friday, April 25, at 2:30; and Sunday, April 27, at 3 (all with Felicia Montealegre and Martial Singher, narrators; Adele Addison and Leontyne Price, sopranos; Frances Bible, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; Lorenzo Alvary, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing the final concert of the season here—a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Maria Stader, soprano; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and the Temple University Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide and Maurice Nobleman conducting a free concert, with Howard Aibel, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, April 18, at 8:30....¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 20, at 2.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Schola Cantorum of Hobart and William Smith Colleges—Lindsay Lafford directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 2:40.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Yale-Smith Glee Club—Howard Boatwright directing Brahms' Requiem and Hindemith's Canticle, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Margaret Tobias, contralto; Benjamin de Loache, baritone; and the Yale University Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Ralph Hunter directing a program of antiphonal choral music of the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Alfred Mann directing a program of works by J. S. Bach and his forebears, with Helen Boatwright and Charlotte Bloecher Anderson, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Paul Matthen and Brayton Lewis, basses; and a baroque orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, April 24, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

RECITALS

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by a number of composers, among them Samuel Adler and Herbert Elwell, performed by Mildred Hunt Wummer, flute; Eugenie Dengel, viola; Leander Dell'Anno, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving

NOW...the magic sparkle of

STARDUST

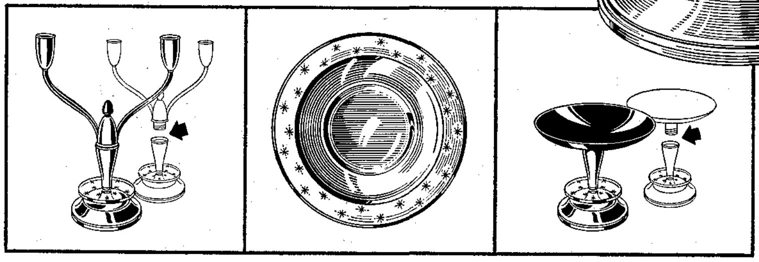
on stunning new

sterling silver accessories...by

Gorham

Stardust...Gorham's enchanting new pattern in flat silver, now decorates these matching accessories. Note the sparkling, crystal-clear drip catch on the candlesticks and candelabra—the etched-in design that catches the light and sends sprays of stars dancing on the sterling silver bases. At finest stores everywhere.

Pair of Candlesticks...............$23.50*
(Attractive candelabra branches and compote tops can be purchased separately and used interchangeably with the candlestick bases.)



Candelabra
$58.50*
per pair

Sandwich Plate
9¼", $25.*
Cookie Dish
8¼", $17.50*

Compote
$13.95* ea.

Gifts in
Stardust
flat silver
start at
$4.50*

Gorham STERLING
America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

*PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX—SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE ©1958 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Velvet-Threaded Cotton

Grobé's bit of Summer sophistication ... a dark fantasy-print with deep-dipped neckline and gently-furling skirt. Navy and white or black and white, with nylon velvet ribboning.

Sizes 10 to 20. **35.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
AND 17 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-58—The seventh in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Robert Bloom, oboe; Douglas Nordli, piano; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and composers Ray Green and Lester Trimble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 20, at 5:30.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—The last in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Angelo Consoli, and several choruses, directed by Alfred Heberer, with Carlotta Ordassy, soprano; George London, baritone; Norman Kelley, tenor; and William Wilderman and Gerhard Pechner, basses. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

TOM LEHRER—Satiric songs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Baltimore (first official league games here), Friday through Sunday, April 18-20. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Monday and Tuesday, April 21-22. (Games begin at 2.)

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 26.)

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 26.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 10. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 3. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 19.

TRACK—Boston Marathon. (Starts in Hopkinton, Mass. Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 19, at noon.) . . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA: Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season, with Irene Gabriel and her dance company and the Pickwick Puppeteers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

PLAYS—By the KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Friday, April 18, and Sunday, April 20, at 5.) . . . CRICKET THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty," a musical play. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. GR 7-0640. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.)

PUPPET SHOW—The Folktale Puppet Studio presenting "The Rabbit and the Fox." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 19, at 3. Tickets at the box office only,

whosays
Sulka can't tie up the situation!

Take stripes, for instance. Sulka has some new views of stripes—subtle, tasteful. Definitely stripes of a different color. In precious imported silks. Just the right bit of decor for a handsome suit! Illustrated, $8.50. Made to order at no extra charge, $6.50 to $15.

established 1895
A. Sulka
& Company

405 PARK AVENUE AT 54TH ST., NEW YORK 22
2 SO. MICHIGAN AVENUE AT MADISON, CHICAGO 3
278 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
PARIS, LONDON, PALM BEACH

after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Children's Zoo—Where the youngsters may roam at will among such tame animals as lambs, ducks, rabbits, goats, a skunk, and a cat and her four kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. Through May 5. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Economic and Social Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Saturday, April 19: Robert Frost reading from his own poetry works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23: Robert Lowell reading from his own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

New York Antiques Fair—A couple of acres of antiques, American and European, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 17-19, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, April 20, from 2 to 7.)

Flower Show—A display of narcissi and other spring flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, April 23, from 1 to 4:30.)

America's Cup Races Exhibition—In anticipation of the revival of the America's Cup Races next fall, there are on view yacht models, paintings, prints, photographs, and other memorabilia of the racing series held between 1851 and 1937; through Oct. 5. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Manuscripts and Books—A collection of literary classics. Included are a fragment of the Iliad, on papyrus; the earliest-known illustrated manuscript of Aesop's Fables; and first editions of Shakespeare, Cervantes, St. Augustine, and St. Francis of Assisi. Through May 29. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 18, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, April 19, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture, plus paintings and drawings, Georgian and other silver, bronzes and porcelains, and a large group of Oriental rugs; from the estate of Nanna Rasmussen Lothe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 23, at 8: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, from the estate of Samuel Friedenberg and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 19.

Rosenthal

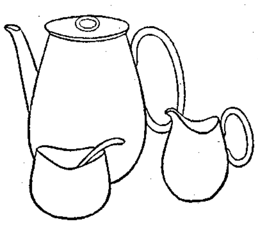
makes exciting news... with

CONTINENTAL CHINA

designed by Raymond Loewy

ARBOUR

A flowing vine of delicate flowering pinks amid soft, shimmering, vari-shaded leaves of green. A lovely lyrical pattern on a sparkling Continental white ground. (5 pc. place setting) $9.95



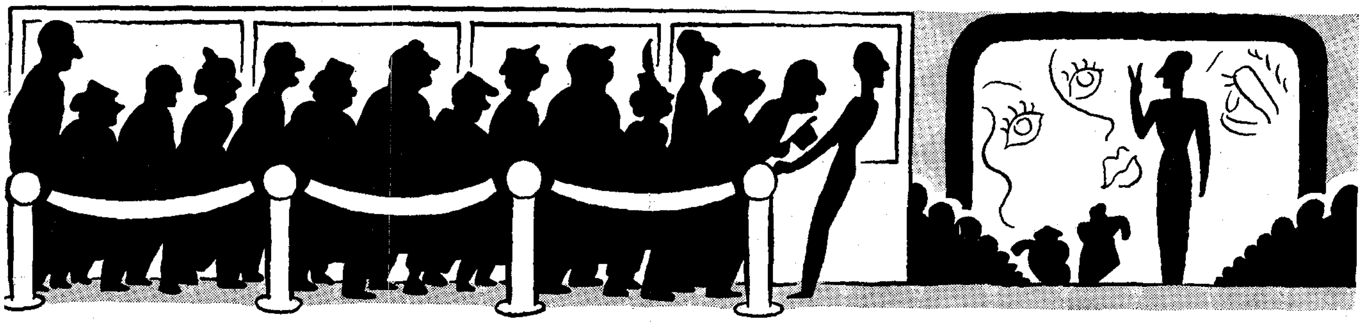
In Continental you will find something NEW . . . in shape . . . in the fresh and spontaneous treatment of pattern . . . exciting and ever-new "mix-match" settings. These, and much more, in fine china that comes gracefully to the formal dinner table — yet is practical for every day use. Something truly WONDERFUL — the unbelievably low prices for this imported German china . . . for quality never equaled before for as little as $6.95 (5 pc. place setting). See the beauty of Continental for yourself in one of the fine stores near you.

FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS IN COLOR OF ALL PATTERNS SEND 10¢ TO DEPT. 84Y
THE ROSENTHAL-BLOCK CHINA CORP. 21 EAST 26TH ST., N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. The piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris—René Clair's funny and tender sketch of a denizen of a poor quarter in Paris who discovers some sort of meaning to his life when he takes over the care and feeding of a criminal. Pierre Brasseur is wonderful in the leading role, and the support he gets from Henri Vidal and Dany Carrel is substantial indeed. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting April 23, tentative.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this powerful French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Operation Mad Ball—An eminently satisfactory excursion into the droller aspects of military life. The soldiers on view are attached to a medical unit in France after the Second World War, and their methods of distracting themselves—mostly with the unit's nurses—are consistently amusing. Heading up a splendid cast are Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 23.)

Rouge et Noir—A blurred version of the Stendhal novel, but enough of the Master's wit and acumen comes through to make it worth your while. Gérard Philipe is a charming Julien Sorel, and Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi are delectable foils for him. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film contains quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also visible in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. Daily at 2 and 8. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, with Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet (1956)—A Russian item which offers a score by Prokofieff and the dancing of Galina Ulanova. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 23.)

Five Fingers (1952)—Spy stuff, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 22-23.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 21-22.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—An adaptation of the play about drug addiction. Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 20-22.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 19.)

Marcelino (1956)—A Spanish film about the life of a small orphan who is being reared by a group of kindly monks. Pablito Calvo plays the waif. With English dialogue. (Guild, 33 W. 50, PL 7-2406.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—Carson McCullers' play, translated to the screen. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon de Wilde again enact the leading roles. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 23.)

Mister Roberts (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting April 23.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 22-23.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 19: "The Illegals" (1948), directed by Meyer Levin. . . . ¶ April 20-23: "The Great Adventure" (1955), written and directed by Arne Sucksdorff. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through April 22: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.
From April 23: "The One That Got Away," Hardy Kruger.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

MART
SCO
F
O
R
MABL
DePAUL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through April 22 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

From April 23 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)

Through April 22: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

From April 23: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through April 22 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.

From April 23 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)

"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)

ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Through April 23: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

April 17: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

April 18-22: "Lafayette Escadrille," Tab Hunter; and "Fort Dobbs," Clint Walker, Virginia Mayo.

From April 23: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)

"The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

Through April 22 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.

From April 23 (tentative): **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

Through April 23: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET,** revival.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)

Through April 22 (tentative): "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

From April 23 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

Through April 22 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

From April 23 (tentative): "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

April 17: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

April 18-22: "Lafayette Escadrille," Tab Hunter; and "Fort Dobbs," Clint Walker, Virginia Mayo.

From April 23: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)

Through April 19: "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "Aïda" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.

April 20-21: "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

April 22-23: **THE THIRD MAN,** revival; and **FIVE FINGERS,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through April 22 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.

From April 23 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through April 19: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and **LAST HOLIDAY,** revival.

April 20-22: **A HATFUL OF RAIN,** revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

From April 23: **OPERATION MAD BALL**; and "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)

April 17: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

April 18-22: "Lafayette Escadrille," Tab Hunter; and "Fort Dobbs," Clint Walker, Virginia Mayo.

From April 23: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)

Through April 19: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

April 20: "Northwest Passage," revival, Spencer Tracy, Ruth Hussey; and "Crashing Las Vegas," revival, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall.

April 21-22: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH,** revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.

From April 23: **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING,** revival; and **MISTER ROBERTS,** revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

MARCELINO, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

"Mitsou" (in French), Danièle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

Through April 20: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

From April 21, at 8:30: "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)

April 17: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.

From April 18: "Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

April 17: "Ordet" (in Danish).

From April 18: A program of eight short George K. Arthur films.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)

Through April 22: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

From April 23: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)

"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "Handle with Care," Dean Jones.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)

April 17: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

April 18-22: "Lafayette Escadrille," Tab Hunter; and "Fort Dobbs," Clint Walker, Virginia Mayo.

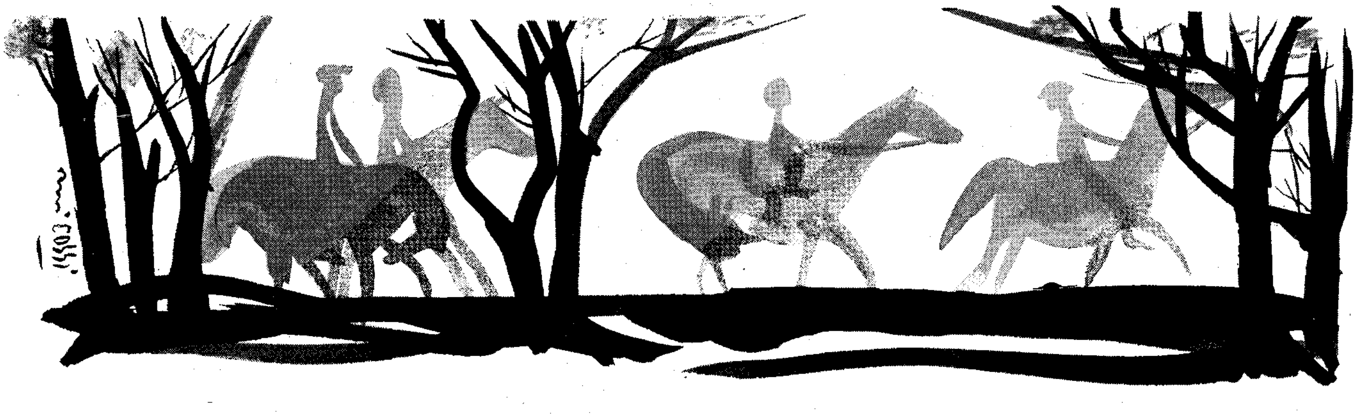
From April 23: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)

April 17: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

April 18-22: "Lafayette Escadrille," Tab Hunter; and "Fort Dobbs," Clint Walker, Virginia Mayo.

From April 23: "Stakeout on Dope Street," Yale Wexler; and "Black Patch," George Montgomery.



YARDLEY

YARDLEY
LAVENDER
Hand Care Lotion
WITH SILICONE

Oh, come on soften up–

pamper your precious hands with a brand-new and most special lotion—Yardley Hand Care Lotion. Contains everything that's good, good for your skin, including silicones. Softens, smooths, protects, beautifies even the most abused hands. Hand Care Lotion is creamy, not sticky, scented with fresh, feminine Lavender. You've never used a lotion like it, certainly none that's better.

$1.10 and $2 plus tax

Arnel triacetate jersey. Dress by Koret of California. Rose, aqua, white, navy, black. Sizes 8 to 18. About $17.95. At Lord & Taylor, New York and all stores; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

Summer loves
ARNEL*

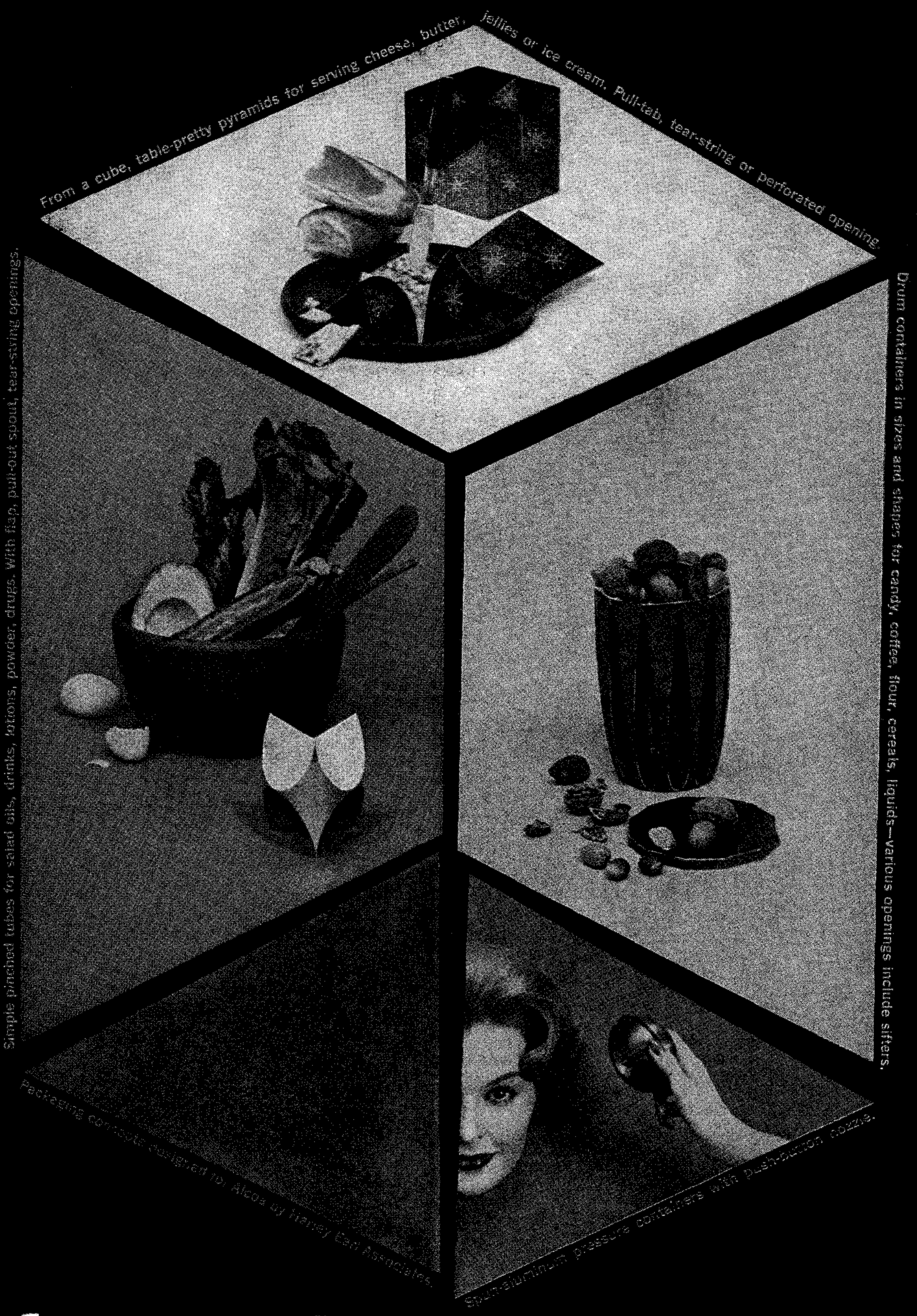
Arnel makes it easy to take it easy! Arnel cool wrinkle-resistant jersey permanently pleated from collar to hem can be hand-washed in minutes. Needs only the touch of an iron. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese® Arnel®

*This is the official Summer Loves Arnel tag—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed.

. . . a Celanese contemporary fiber

Photographed by Ben Somoroff



From a cube, table-pretty pyramids for serving cheese, butter, jellies or ice cream. Pull-tab, tear-string or perforated opening.

Simple pinched tubes for salad oils, drinks, lotions, powder, drugs. With flap, pull-out spout, tear-string openings.

Drum containers in sizes and shapes for candy, coffee, flour, cereals, liquids—various openings include sifters.

Packaging concepts designed for Alcoa by Harley Earl Associates.

Spun-aluminum pressure containers with push-button nozzle.

forecast: THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW . . . where stores will shine with packages of moistureproof, lightproof aluminum . . . colorful, textured, many-shaped packages of aluminum that will grace table or boudoir and zip or flip open . . . pour, sift, separate into sections . . . or spray like a Lilliputian blizzard.

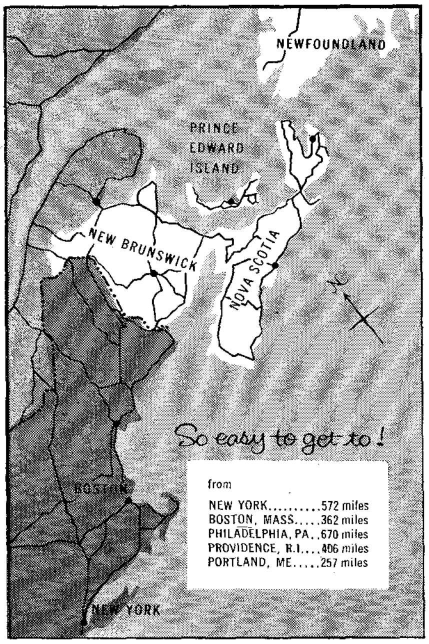
ALCOA ALUMINUM Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh

Your family will love the picturesque ports of Nova Scotia

Snug harbours and colourful fishing schooners add to the old-world charm typical of Canada's Atlantic Provinces—Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Newfoundland.

Here are hundreds of interesting places to see—things to do to make your vacation a completely relaxing and memorable one. The map shows how *easy* it is to reach this colourful vacation land.

Friendly people, pleasant places, modern accommodation—and an especially warm welcome—await your family in Canada's Atlantic Provinces!


NEWFOUNDLAND
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
NEW BRUNSWICK
NOVA SCOTIA
So easy to get to!
BOSTON
NEW YORK
from
NEW YORK..........572 miles
BOSTON, MASS.....362 miles
PHILADELPHIA, PA..670 miles
PROVIDENCE, R.I....406 miles
PORTLAND, ME.....257 miles

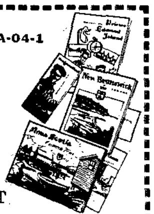
Canada's
ATLANTIC PROVINCES
family vacation land

FREE!
ATLANTIC PROVINCES
TRAVEL KIT

A-04-1

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send me immediately your free ATLANTIC PROVINCES TRAVEL KIT

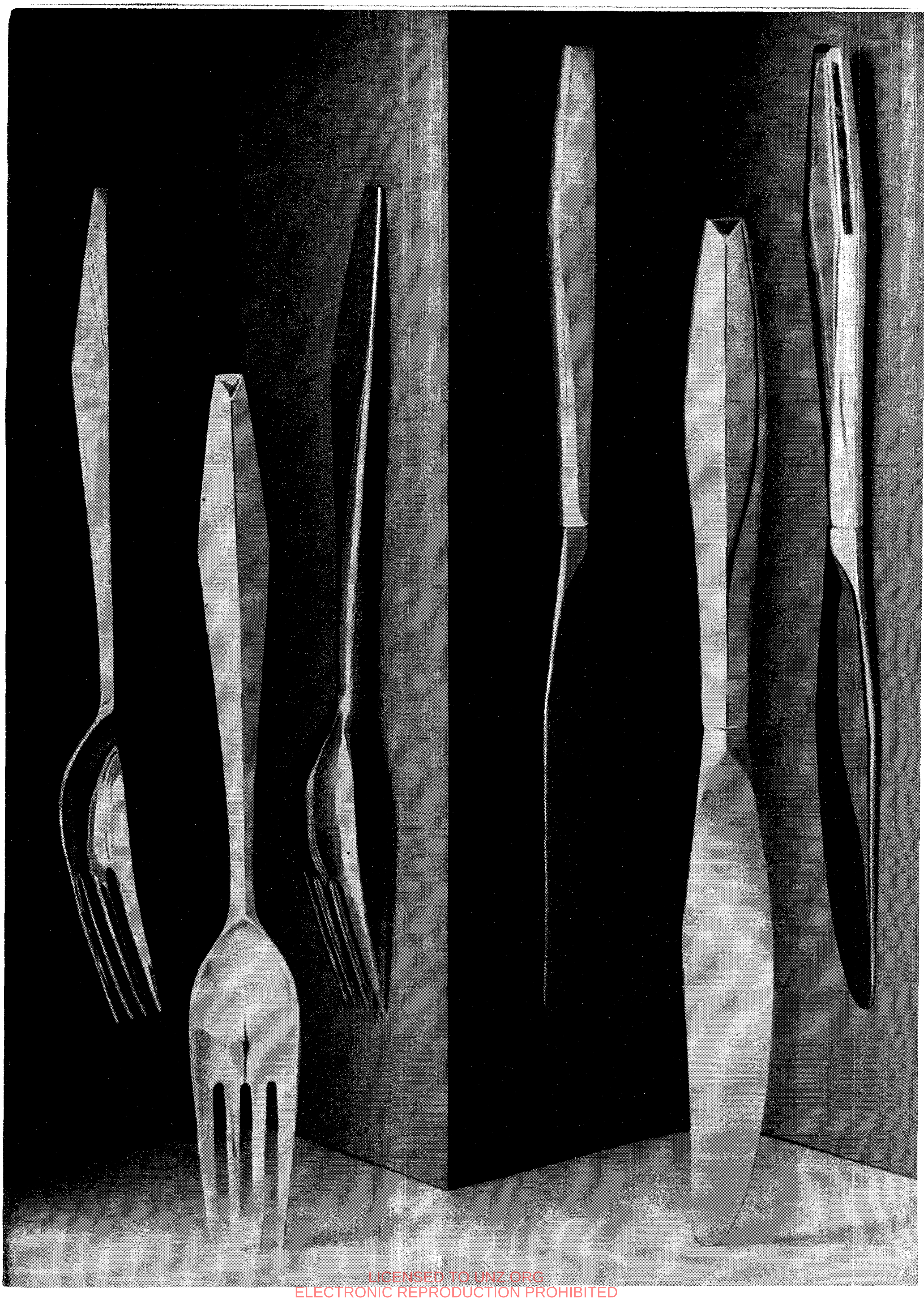


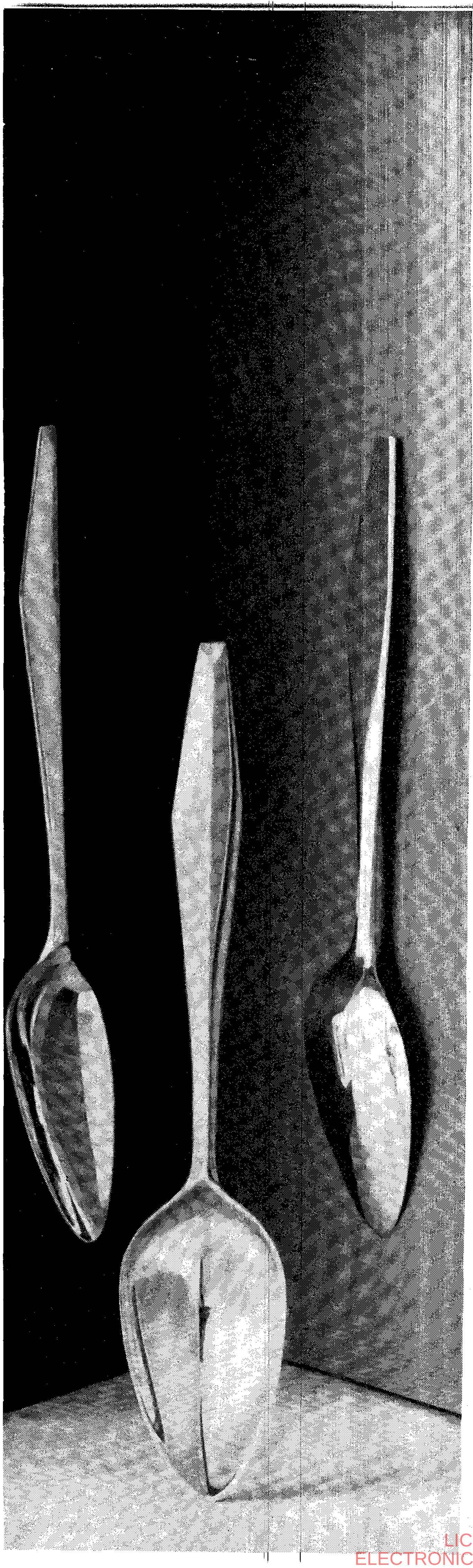
NAME ________ *(please print)*

ADDRESS ________

CITY/TOWN ________ STATE ________

Stick this coupon on any postcard, or mail it in an envelope.





ARE YOU READY FOR IT? THE MOST ADVANCED STERLING OF OUR GENERATION

THE DIAMOND PATTERN BY REED & BARTON

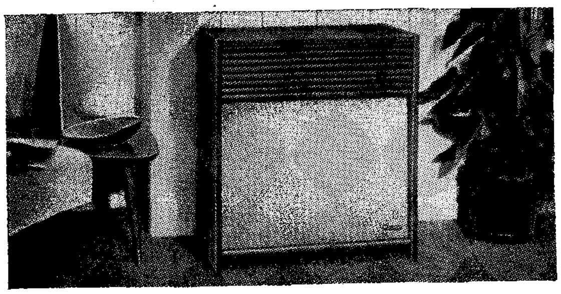
Beginning April 21st see imaginative table-setting ideas for The Diamond Pattern at Georg Jensen, Inc., 667 Fifth Avenue.

For nearest store or for illustrated booklet on the new Diamond Pattern write Reed & Barton, Dept. NY-48, Taunton, Massachusetts.

An innovation in beauty and functional design. The Continental *is the only high fidelity FM-AM radio-phonograph with 25-watt dual-channel amplifier, 15" bass and treble exponential horn speakers. Precision changer with Diamond Pick-up. Select from a variety of styles and fine woods. In mahogany, $389.50.*

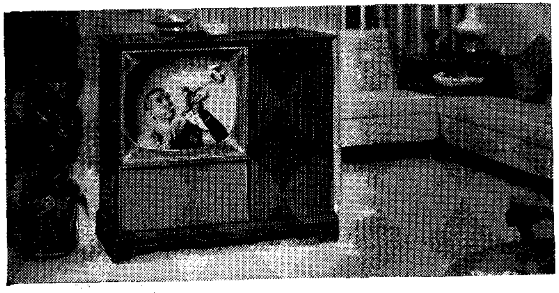
Let Magnavox High Fidelity fill your home

with the glow of beautiful music



An example of Magnavox value—*The Magnasonic 297* hi-fi phono with 10-watt amplifier, four speakers including 15" bass, precision changer, Diamond Pick-up. In a variety of finishes. In mahogany, now only $179.50.

High Fidelity in TV, too. *The High Fidelity Theatre,* 332 sq. in. Chromatic TV, superb FM-AM radio, precision record changer, Diamond Pick-up, 4 speakers, 20-watt amplifier. Magnavox TV priced from $169.90.



Music becomes magic when Magnavox sets it free. *All* of the world's great symphonies, ballads and popular dance tunes are perfectly re-created with tonal beauty and purity that will amaze and delight you.

Magnificent Magnavox high fidelity instruments are the finest you can buy, combining superior engineering and features not found in brands that cost twice as much. And only Magnavox fine furniture offers you so many innovations in beauty and functional design.

Prove to yourself that Magnavox is the finest . . . and the best buy on *any* basis of comparison. It costs you less than you may think. Magnavox is sold direct only to fine stores in your community; carefully selected for their integrity and ability to serve you better. Select from 44 beautiful styles, in all price ranges, at your Magnavox dealer's.

magnificent
Magnavox

high fidelity television • radio-phonographs
Precision electronics for industry and our Government

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
Prices and specifications subject to change without notice

A Lebow Suit Worth Slipping Into

For hot weather wear, every man wants to be comfortably cool. Lebow's exclusive Daytimer fabric is the world's lightest weight blend of Dacron* and worsted . . . tailored into a suit that gives wrinkle-free pleasure for Daytime wear.

The lady says "Yes . . . he wears

Lebow

CLOTHES"

* DUPONT TRADEMARK FOR POLYESTER FIBER

Sunday Stroller

Toni Owen,

known for uncluttered, fluid fashion,

swings into the current picture

with her version of the Trapeze

in Galey & Lord shimmering plaid cotton.

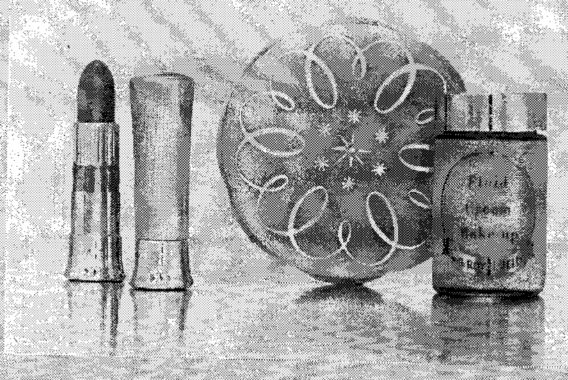
Galey & Lord Burlington QUALITY

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

The beautiful complexions in the world today have discovered Make-up with Royal Jelly

by FRANCES DENNEY



Lipstick with Royal Jelly. *The cling is the thing in this beauty treatment formula. Keeps lips soft, alive, protected. In gold-plated case.* 5.50. *Refills,* 2.50

Over-tone Cake Make-up with Royal Jelly. *The cling is the thing in this superb make-up. It almost makes you forget touch-ups. Non-drying mat finish.* 5.00.

Fluid Cream Make-up with Royal Jelly. *The cling is the thing in this foundation that defies comparison. Leaves the skin smooth, translucent.* 15.00.

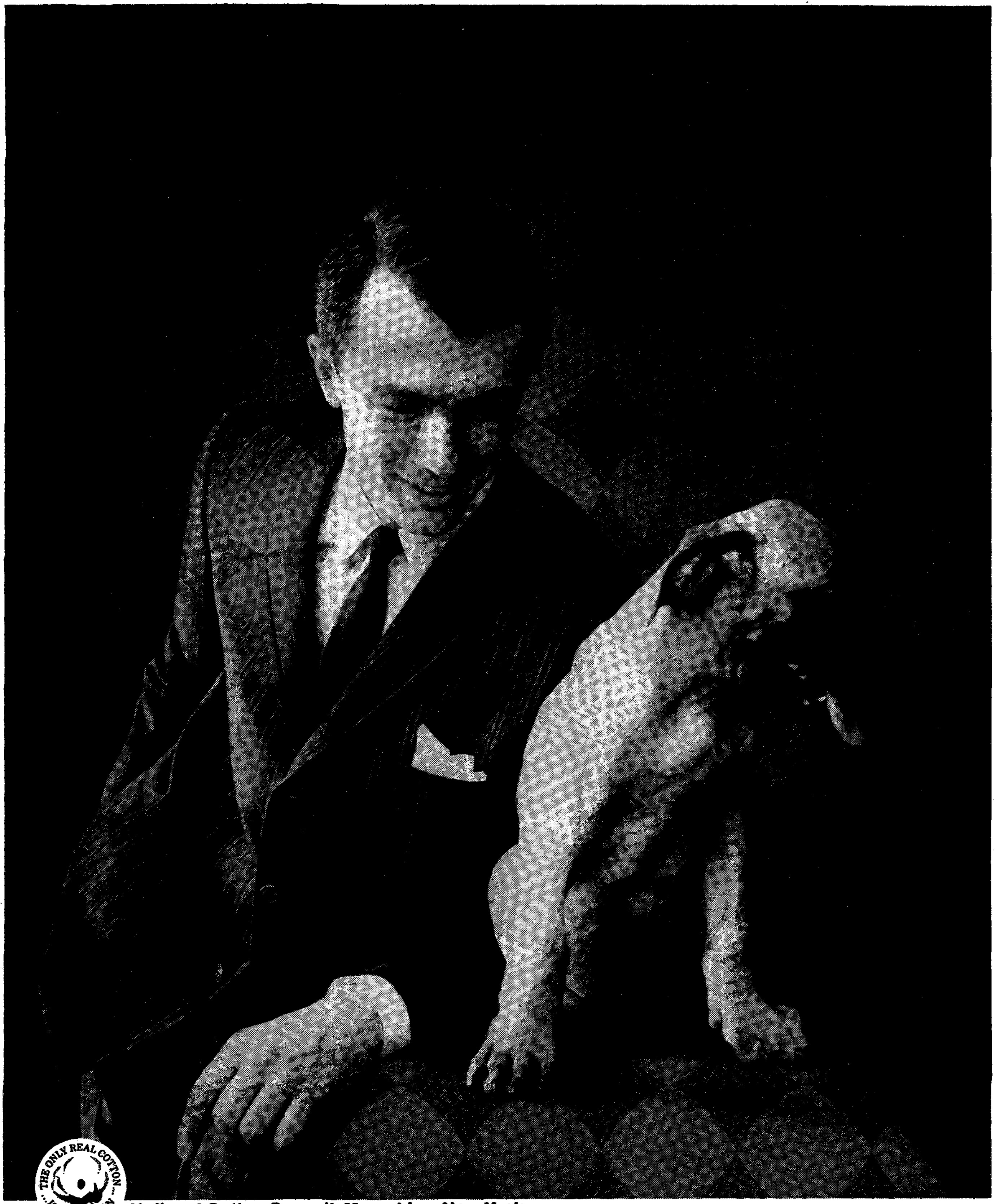
Prices plus tax

Miss Denney invites you to visit her Consultant at the fine stores where her preparations are sold.

cotton

grows better every day

Wherever smart men gather there's abundant proof that cotton grows better every day. You see it in their well tailored cotton jackets and slacks; in their handsome cotton sport shirts; in their smartly practical cotton raincoats. You see it, in fact, in more and more of the attire they wear with pride. For cotton, always cherished for its comfort and wearability, is equally prized today for its fashion importance. Admirable example is this dark-hued jacket in **Crestwood** cotton from **Mavest, Inc.**



THE ONLY REAL COTTON IS 100% COTTON

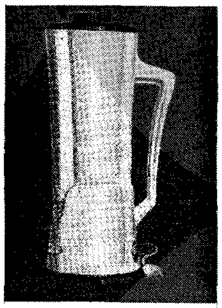
National Cotton Council, Memphis—New York

DRESS BY DAVID GOODSTEIN; HADLEY SWEATER

Done . . . anywhere with the portable Waring Drink Mixer

On the coffee table, at the bar, out on the patio, in fact, *anywhere*—that's the whole story of the colorful new Waring *portable electric* Drink Mixer. Delicious drinks—cocktails to sodas—yours to enjoy instantly any place you choose—and the nifty new Portable, with its self-contained mixing unit and removable cord, is a mixer you will be proud to display. A conversation piece in any one of five enchanting colors: Flame Red, Deep Charcoal, Antique White, Skipper Blue, and Curry Yellow. Buy the one that blends with your decor—blend a Waring welcome for your guests!

P. S.—For 32-page Drink Mixer recipe book send 25¢ to Dept. (N) . . . WARING PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 25 West 43rd St., New York City 36, Subsidiary of Dynamics Corporation of America. Also sold in Canada.



TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WARING DRINK MIXER ONLY $24.95

Handsome new two-way coat by Aquascutum. Completely reversible and water-repellent. About $60.

Aquascutum leads the way

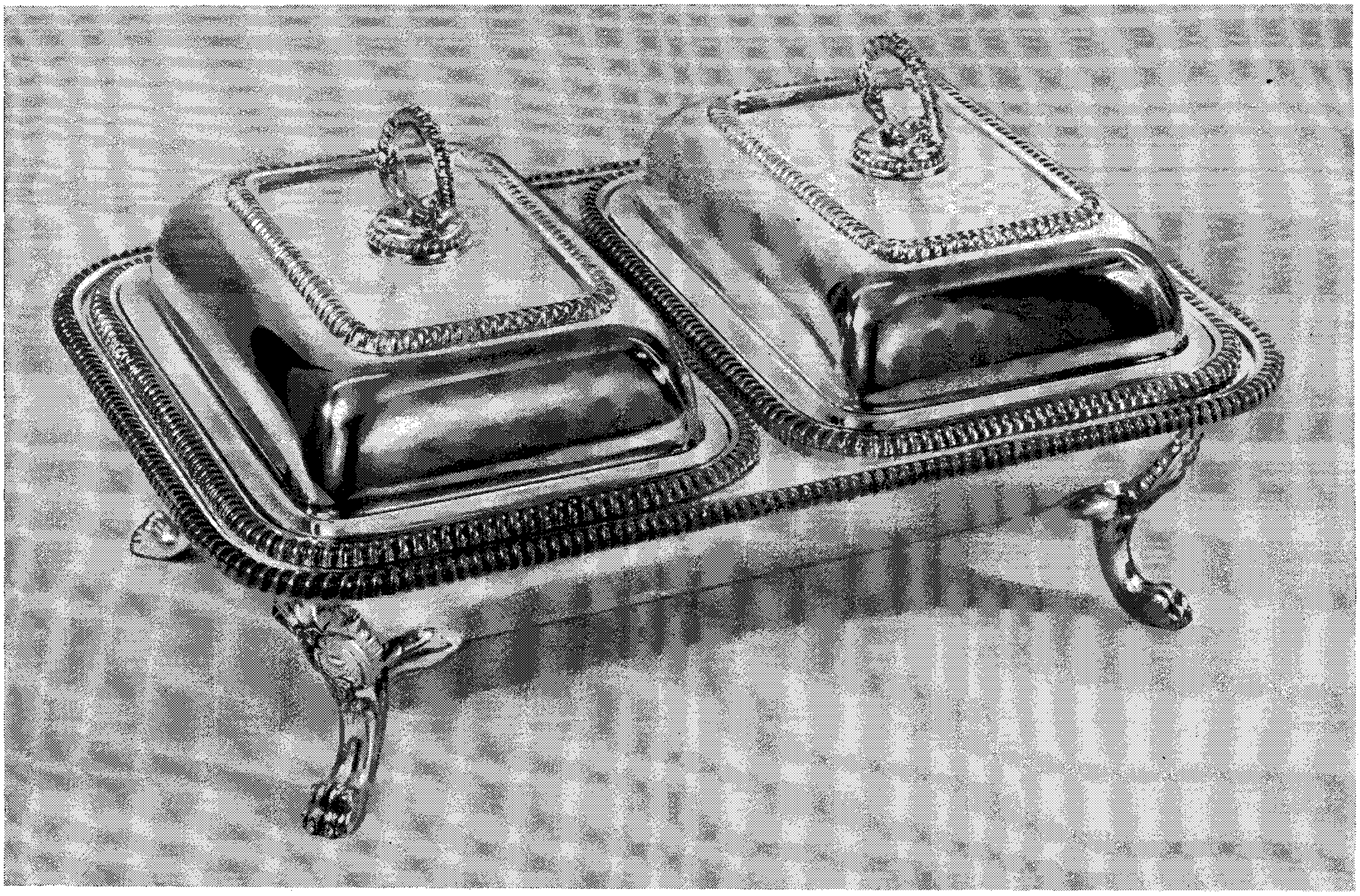
OF LONDON

with the women's urbane Cotton Topcoat

In lustrous iridescent tones of finest English cotton. Man-tailored—with every detail revealing its meticulous British craftsmanship. Choose from five classic styles in fashion's exciting new sunny and subtle colors.

IMPORTED BY LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

I. MAGNIN, CALIFORNIA, AND SELECTED FINE STORES. Aquascutum Imports, 2 East 37th St., New York 16



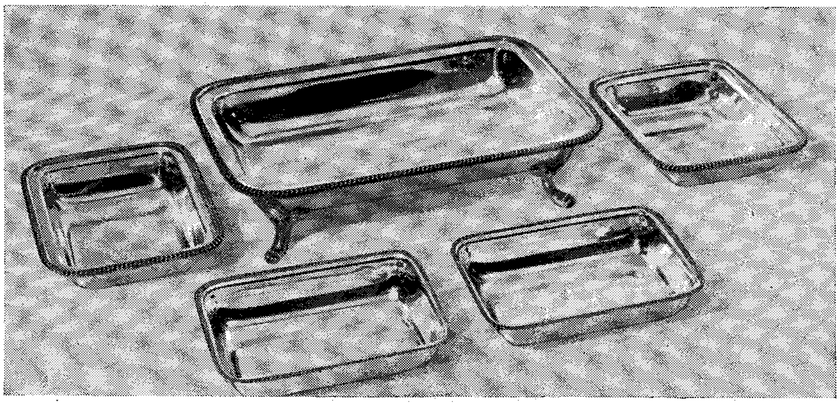
Grandeur in Silverplate . . . by International

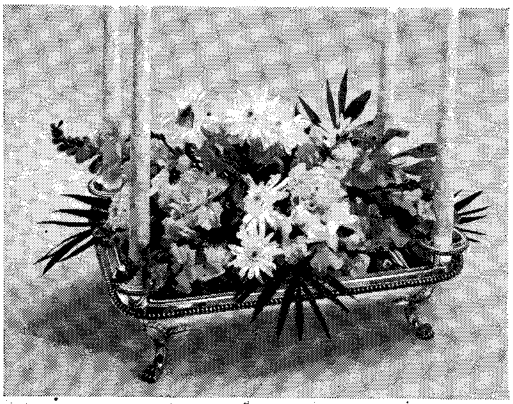
This striking serving dish, with its simple lines and rich Gadroon borders, has remarkable hidden talents.

Fashioned of the heaviest of silverplate obtainable . . . by the finest of silver craftsmen . . . this set is superbly beautiful, as well as ingeniously practical.

As you see it here, it is ready to serve two hot foods from its covered insert dishes. The footed base holds hot water to keep food warm at the table.

There are many *more* uses for this multiple serving dish—as you see pictured below. Gadroon Multiple Serving Dish, $167.50. Candle Holder, $20.00. Prices include Federal Tax.





(*Above*) What a magnificent buffet table you can set with this versatile serving set! Use the base for your main dish—the insert dishes and their covers (handles are removable) for vegetables, salads, fruits, desserts. (*Right*) See what a delightful centerpiece you can make of the large base dish. Just add the silver candle holder and fill the dish with your favorite fresh flowers! And you'll love using the insert dishes every day for family meals.

Another fine product of **International Silver**

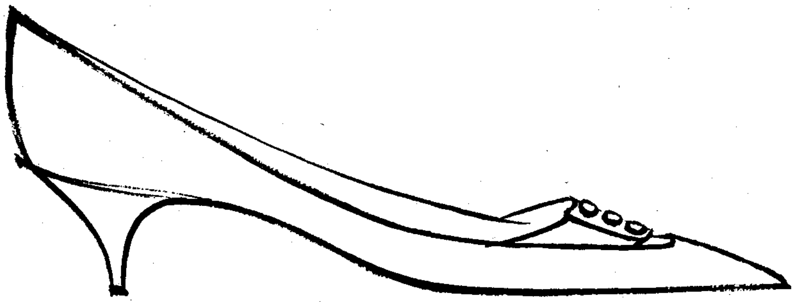
E. G. Webster & Son Division The International Silver Company

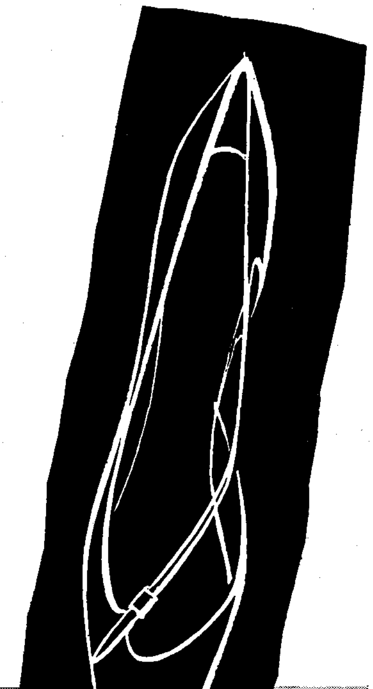
B. Altman & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE

as exciting as the trapeze!

The shoes of Charles Jourdan of Paris. Now with sloping, squared-off toes they create startling fashion here and abroad. All molded of soft, French kidskin in vibrant colors. **26.95**

second floor



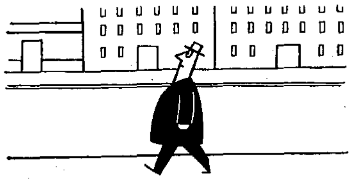


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS we go to press, the City Transit Authority is about to retire from service on the Myrtle Avenue elevated-railroad line in Brooklyn fifty wooden cars that were built in 1904. They are to be replaced by cars built in 1905-06, which were fitted with steel ends in 1938. This is progress at about the right rate, in our opinion—getting ahead without unseemly haste, as the retiring cars themselves have been doing for the last fifty-four years on Myrtle. It represents neither stagnation nor the kind of ferment of progress that gets out of control, like a keg of beer tapped by an amateur bartender. The replacements, demi-metallized after their first thirty-two years of service, bridge the gap between all-wood and all-steel construction. Now that steel seems to have worked out, the Authority can risk installing steel middles between the ends in 1970. That will mark the passage of another thirty-two years, and the cars will be as good as new, and ready, probably, for the fitting of aluminum ends in 2002, aluminum middles in 2034, titanium ends in 2066, and so on, marching with metallurgical progress into the rainbow glow of the atomic future. Change is unwelcome, and should be introduced as discreetly as possible. A couple of days ago, we were walking on the lower East Side of Manhattan, in a neighborhood that we remembered as an appalling slum but that is now abloom with public housing, playgrounds, and supermarkets. Thirsty, we stopped in at a delicatessen holding its station in one of the few surviving old-style blocks and ordered a celery tonic, a carminative beverage indigenous to the region.



"This neighborhood has changed a lot," we said, in a tone intended to signify approval.

"I'll say it has," the man behind the counter said. "Dis neighborhood is a ting of da past."

From *his* tone, a stranger would have got the idea that, to make way for the housing, Progress had knocked down an avenue of Taj Mahals interlaced with Hampton Court Mazes. The delicatessen man could have adapted himself to the change if the innovators had gone more softly, replacing the 1860-70 tenements one at a time with tenements in the style of 1880-90.

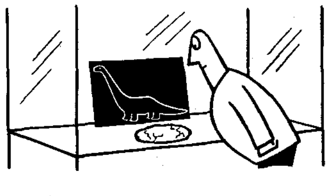
Dinosaur Egg

EASTER WEEK made us think of (a) eggs and (b) how old we are getting, which two preoccupations naturally led us to a concern with the oldest egg in New York—a dinosaur egg a hundred and twenty million years old. This egg rests in that catchall of the ages, the Museum of Natural History, whose Curator of Fossil Reptiles and Amphibians, Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, told us, "We acquired it in a trade with a little museum in southern France—Aix-en-Provence. They found quite a few of these eggs not far from the surface near the mouth of the Rhone. Harvard University has another. Dinosaurs made nests and deposited eggs in them, much as alligators and crocodiles do today. For some reason, these didn't hatch. In time, they cracked, and the goo—the albumen and yolk—ran out, and mineral-bearing water and sand flowed in and solidified into rock."

A woman with harried hair and anxious eyes burst into the office where we were talking and exclaimed, "Dr. Colbert, there's a man from Guatemala waiting downstairs with some strange bones he wants you to look at!"

Dr. Colbert's shell, unlike the egg's, didn't crack; he calmed the lady and said to us, "While this egg is the oldest in the city, far older ones have been found. Our egg is Jurassic—that is, in the vicinity of a hundred million years old. The oldest existing vertebrate eggs were dug up in Texas and date from Permian times—about twice as long ago. They are at Harvard. We have some eggs from Mongolia that are Cretaceous. A few bits of what may be embryonic bone can be glimpsed in them. These are smaller than the Jurassic egg, and so are the Permian eggs. We don't know what creature laid the Permian eggs; our Jurassic egg is pretty certainly from a sauropod dinosaur that was about forty feet long. The egg is twice the size of an ostrich egg, which, of course, is small in relation to the size of the parent. That's how reptiles are; they lay many smallish eggs. Our egg is about as big as they come."

We thanked Dr. Colbert and went downstairs to look at this wonder. The egg sat alone in a glass case, thousands of miles and millions of years from Mother. She was pictured, in white ink, above her egg; she looked like a tadpole evenly mounted on four lumpy legs resembling an elephant's. Her head was a mere cursory termination of a long and rather lovely neck. The expression in her eye was faint but earnest; she was probably not very bright. Beneath the picture was written "*Hypselosaurus priscus.*" The egg was mostly a smooth yellowish-gray stone, much wider than it was high, like a partly deflated volley ball. The stone was cracked and chipped but clearly ovoid. To sections of the surface clung curving flakes of the shell, its texture delicately stippled, its color a blackened but still fairly suave reddish brown. The shell was less than an eighth of an inch thick; its fragments adhered to the rock with a



Napa Valley
MUSCATEL
STEVENSON

gentle, even tender convexity.

The little children in their Easter clothes, emerging goggle-eyed from under the horrors of the adjacent Tyrannosaur Hall, tended to pause by the egg.

"There's an egg!" a mite cried.

"I *wanted* you to see this," a schoolteacher told her brood.

"It's shaped funny," a little boy complained.

Most of the onlookers rushed up to the case, gazed a long moment, and walked away silently. Nearby were Iguanodon footprints a yard square; bones the size of boulders littered the wall. Comparatively, the egg was a pebble. The emotions of its viewers seemed to be, in sequence, expectation, surprise, readjustment, a certain ineffable content and pleasure, and, lastly, disappointment.

A man and his son, dressed in matching lumberjack shirts, came up. "There's the dinosaur egg," the father said, with a pride almost paternal.

The boy, plump and saucy, stared and said, "It doesn't look like a dinosaur egg to me."

"That's what they look like," said the father.

Dark Locale

A LADY lately returned from Honolulu tells us that while she was there, she had reason to visit an office in the Iolani Palace. The directory of the building gave her pause. It went like this:

1st Floor: Throne Room—Senate
2nd Floor: Governor's Office
Basement: Subversive Activities Committee

Pleasant Disease

THE collecting of art, so often the handmaiden of publicity, or the vehicle of a leg up in a vertically mobile society, or an investment gimmick, is simply a natural and continuing pleasure to Walter Bareiss, a fraction of whose oils, water colors, pastels, prints, sculptures, and illustrated books will go on display next Wednesday for three weeks at the Museum of Modern Art's Guest House, on East Fifty-second Street—fifty items, from Courbet and Corot to Motherwell and de Kooning. Mr. Bareiss, who is thirty-eight, has a house full of some five hundred works of art in Greenwich and an office decked out with a dozen more in the Lincoln Building, where, behind a door forthrightly labelled "Cobar Industries, Inc. Grenbar, Inc. Nomotta Yarns," we found him the other day, an animated, blue-eyed man with a merry expression. "Collecting is a little like a disease, but it's a pleasant one," he said. "I got my first print, a Picasso 'Dance of Salome,' when I was thirteen. It came from a gallery in Zurich near my school, the Freie Gymnasium. I kept going there to admire it, and eventually my father gave it to me as a present. He was born in Chicago but lives in Zurich, where he has a small, outstanding collection of Old Masters—Italian fifteenth-century and earlier, Flemish primitives, a beautiful Rembrandt, a very nice Cranach, a wonderful Rubens. When I was seventeen, and in my last year at the Landheim Schondorf am Ammersee, a boarding school near Munich, I chose for my thesis 'Bruges and the Flemish Primitives.' My father took me on a wonderful trip to Belgium, and after consulting the archives at Ghent, I was able to produce ninety typewritten pages, illustrated with sixty-five photographs. I went to Yale in 1937, and the authorities there were so impressed by my European background that they let me go through in three years. I majored in applied economic science and took several courses in art history. One of them was given by George H. Hamilton, who had a great influence on me. I really started my collection in New Haven, with Japanese prints and Chinese pottery and single-color porcelains, and I moved from them into drawings. I went to Yale more or less by chance. My father brought me here in the summer of 1937—I was born in Tübingen, Germany, near Stuttgart, where my family had, and still has, a textile business—to look over American colleges, and on my way here I found that Robert M. Hutchins, then president of the University of Chicago, was aboard the ship and I asked him for advice. He said I'd be welcome at Chicago if I could meet the requirements, and then added, 'But if I were you, I'd go to Yale,' so, after visiting Harvard, Princeton, and a number of other places, I did. Well, I bought my first painting, Courbet's 'Château Bleu,' six months after graduating, while I was a messenger for the First National Bank of New York. Subsequently, I spent a year at Columbia Law School. Then I was drafted, for limited service (I have very bad eyesight), rose to private first class, and at Christmas, 1943, when I was stationed in Texas, was discharged; the limited-service people were being let out at that time. I didn't go back to law school but became a financial analyst, for a year, with Fahnestock & Co. I started my own textile business in 1945—primarily wool yarn, which we manufacture in Germany, and sell here and in South America and Canada. I'm a director of my father's firm in Europe—Schachenmayr, Mann & Co.—and spend six months a year abroad, mostly in visits about a month long. My father's surname was originally Christophe—ours was a German Mennonite family that came here in the eighteen-forties—but *his* father died when *my* father was six, and my father soon acquired a stepfather and took his name, Bareiss. The Bareisses are descendants of the Schachenmayrs, whose factory, near Stuttgart, is a hundred and fifty years old. There's a guesthouse on the factory grounds, and my wife and I, and sometimes our five children, stay there when we go over. It's all very feudal—a company church, family plots, and so on. My mother's father was an aide to the Queen of Württemberg, and my mother grew up in a castle."

Mr. Bareiss is married to the former

Molly Stimson, a cousin of the late Secretary of War, and they have four boys and a girl, ages four to thirteen. We gathered that his life here is far from feudal. He eats a home-prepared box lunch of salad and chicken at his desk, on which a Marsden Hartley, a Dufy, and a Léger look down, and commutes to his Greenwich house, which he described as fake Mount Vernon with a modern addition. "My favorite paintings there are Cézanne's 'Bend in a Road near Aix,' Bonnard's 'After the Bath,' a very large Miró, 'Constellation,' and an oil portrait by Vuillard of the art patron Thadée Natanson," he said. "It shows how much Vuillard liked him. I have a Motherwell a hundred inches long, which is best seen from the garden. I collect what I like and know about, and have mostly nineteenth- and twentieth-century, since they're more accessible, but I have no feeling against Old Masters. You have to know them to appreciate the moderns. I go to galleries and museums all the time, here and abroad, and look and look. Weekends, I rehang my pictures, switching them around, since I can't hang everything at the same time. I would never hang a reproduction on my walls. My wife likes to garden, and we grow some outstanding asparagus."

•

OVERHEARD in a refurbished tearoom in the Berkshires, one matron to another: "We're trying to enlarge our circle of friends to include people we like."

Second Visit

O. HENRY died in the spring of 1910, a few days after collapsing in his room at the Caledonia Hotel, on West Twenty-sixth Street, while at work on a story called "The Dream." The last time we visited the neighborhood he lived in during most of his eight years in New York—a neighborhood that included Union Square, Madison Square, Irving Place, Gramercy Park, and limited stretches of all the avenues between Third and Sixth—we were saddened to find that, except for an unlabelled photograph of him in the lobby of the Caledonia, scarcely a trace of O. Henry remained. Recently, we made another survey of the neighborhood, and, to our delight, discovered that time has worked some curious restorations along with its usual erasures; indeed, it seems likely that O. Henry's memory is greener now, nearly fifty years after his death, than it was a generation ago.

O. Henry came here in April, 1902, and spent his first night at a cheap hotel on Freeman Square, at the corner of Canal and Hudson Streets. The hotel is gone, and so is the square—swallowed up by the exit of the Holland Tunnel. His second night and most of his nights for the following year and a half were spent at the Hotel Marty, a French rooming house on West Twenty-fourth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The Marty, which went out of business about seventeen years ago, consisted of two converted brownstone houses; the shells of the houses remain, and the room that was once occupied by O. Henry—a front room on the second floor—is now occupied by the Elastic Loop Corporation. From 1903 to 1906, O. Henry had a front room on the second floor of a house at 55 Irving Place, now the prem-

ises of the New Starlight Restaurant, which honors the writer by displaying a large photograph of him above the printed legend "He was happy with the three large windows and he sat for hours watching folks passing by."

For a short while in 1906, O. Henry had rooms in a house on East Twenty-fourth Street; the house is gone, and the North Building of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company covers the site. Except for this, and a stay of several months at the Hotel Chelsea in 1908, O. Henry spent most of his time from 1906 to 1910 at the Hotel Caledonia. On our previous visit, the Caledonia had been pretty much its old self, and O. Henry's photograph had been genteelly gathering dust on the mantelpiece in the lobby; on this visit we discovered that the hotel had been turned into apartments and that the photograph, having first descended to the superintendent's quarters, in the basement, had accompanied the superintendent into retirement in Poughkeepsie. We made some mention of O. Henry to the present owner of the property, and he looked blank. "Who *is* this Henry?" he asked. "What's the interest?"

One of O. Henry's favorite hangouts was Allaire's Scheffel Hall, a German bar-and-restaurant at Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street. Writing of it as Old Munich, O. Henry noted that "the big hall with its smoky rafters, rows of imported steins, portrait of Goethe, and verses painted on the wall—translated into German from the original of the Cincinnati poets—seems atmospherically correct when viewed through the bottom of a glass." The Hall is now known as Joe King's Rathskeller. Joe's partner, who introduced himself simply as Jack, said that he had been tending bar there for thirty years. Though O. Henry died long before his time, Jack has managed to acquire a remarkably vivid memory of him. He pointed out a table to the left of the door. "There, in the corner!" he said proudly. "Right there is where he sat and wrote some of his stories!"

Leaving Jack lost in happy recollection, we made our way up to the building at 66 Irving Place, known to O. Henry as Healy's Café and used by him as the setting for the story "The Lost Blend." For forty years now, it has been known as Pete's Tavern, and it is a sort of local headquarters for O. Henry-ana. The lettering on its awning reads, "The Tavern O. Henry Made Famous," and reproductions of several O. Henry stories and letters hang in the windows. Inside, in the booth said to have been favored by O. Henry, are two original letters, neatly framed. One of them is signed "Toujours Yr. friend, S. P." (O. Henry's real name, of course, was William Sydney Porter); the other is signed "Yours with Violets, S. P.," and is accompanied by the author's sketch of himself entering a café. As a young man, Pete Belles, for whom the tavern is named, served O. Henry drinks at a bar farther downtown. Pete is retired and living in Mount Vernon, but the present proprietor of the bar is an ardent O. Henry fan and, despite the fact that he never knew O. Henry, will soon have memories as vivid as Jack's. Pointing out the O. Henry booth to us, he lowered his voice confidentially and said, "That's where he done most of his writing, right on that table there!"

Complete

AN undercover operative of ours in the League of Women Voters tells us that, in preparation for a forthcoming national convention in Atlantic City, a number of memorandums have been arriving in the mail of local and state presidents of the League, all of them beginning as follows:

> Memo to: Local and State League Presidents
> From: Mrs. John G. Lee (pres.)
> Re: 1958 National Convention

At first, these contained all kinds of information—travel and hotel accommodations, agenda, and stuff like that—but lately they have become somewhat less consequential. Just about every loose end appears to have been tied up now, for in the last memo there was hardly anything worth a second thought except a short paragraph that said:

> It is customary not to wear hats while Convention is in session.

Nide

LAST week, the National Industrial Development Exposition was being held at the Coliseum, so we travelled up to where Columbus presides over what must be, in its present state of repair, the most chaotic and angular circle in the world. Signs on the glass doors said, "ENTRANCE TO NIDE." We went inside, or innide. Our hope of being reassured about the recession was promptly disabused; the economy was not resurging here. On the pseudo-mica floor, a few footfalls echoed hollowly. The exhibits wore the fixed grins of ghost-town saloons. One advertised Nevada County, California. Nuggets of gold reposed in a glass case beneath a map of the county, which was adorned with names like Rough and Ready, Red Dog, and You Bet. "We got the deepest and some of the richest gold mines in the world," a young native, cleverly camouflaged in a Brooks Brothers suit, told us.

"How deep is the deepest?" we asked, to be affable.

His face fell. "Oh, about— about ten thousand, maybe. John, offhand, how deep's the deepest gold mine?"

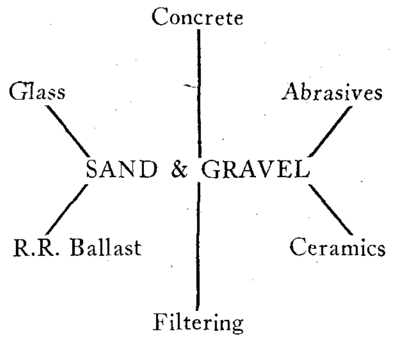
"North Star's eleven thousand feet," said John.

"This town here," non-John said, "Rough and Ready, seceded from the Union in 1850, and they didn't get their post office back until a hundred years later."

"Tell me," we said, waving at everything. "What does all this *mean*?"

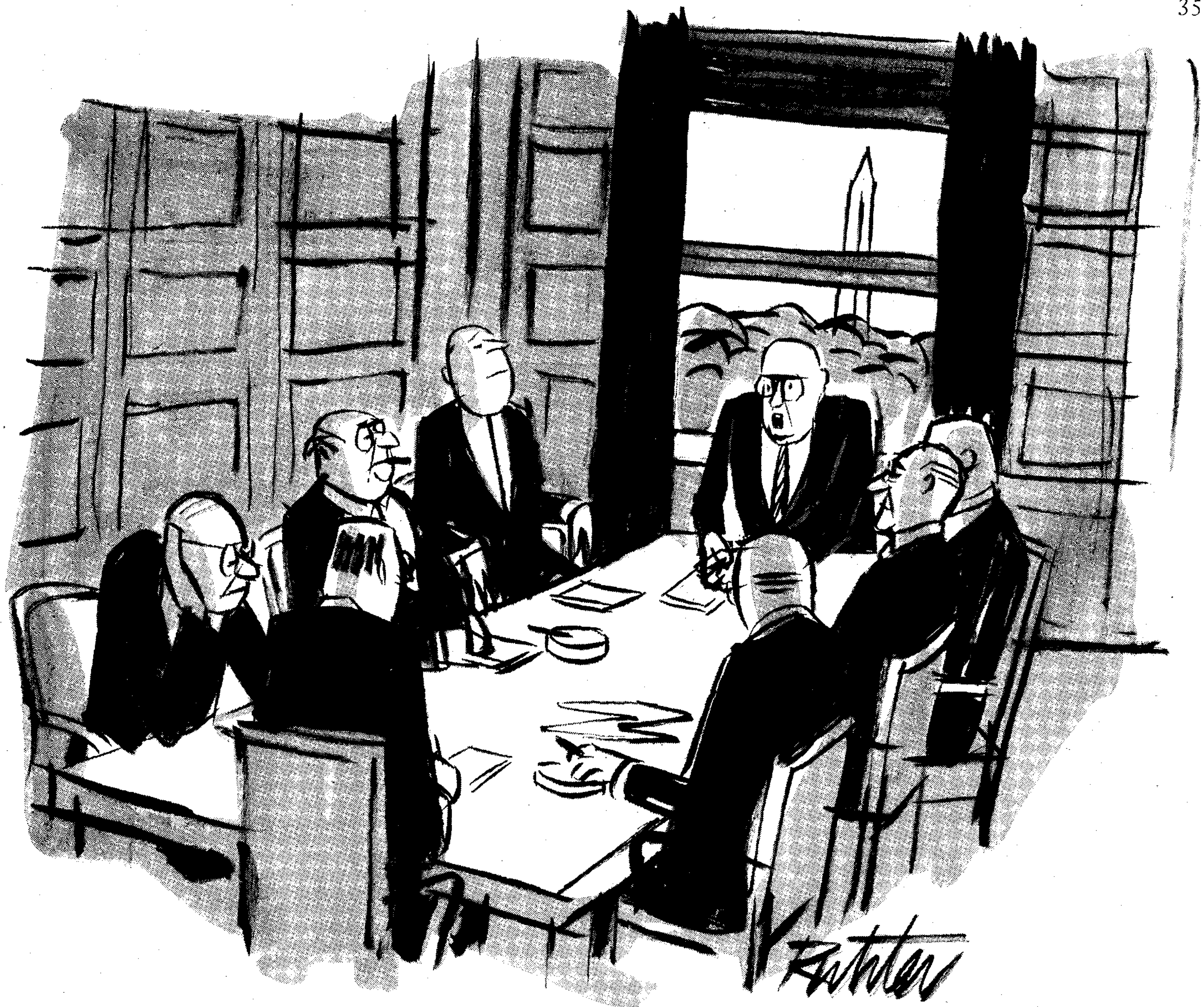
We feared the question might prove too big for him, but he handled it deftly. "The National Industrial Development Exposition may be likened to a mammoth real-estate sale," he said. "We exhibitors are seeking to attract industries to our plant sites."

"Thank you sincerely," we said, and walked to Louisiana, where there were hundreds of square feet of photographs—plump women in orange trees, sulphur fuming, factories percolating—and placards such as:



The connections were not always so technical; on another card, Trapping, Fishing, Swimming, Opera, Tennis, and Fairs and Fiestas were compounded into one simple industry-attractor named Fun. "We have rice heah, oranges heah, and we raise cane all oveh the state," the Louisiana man said, stroking a map. "This down heah is mahshland; *all* this up heah is hilleh. One notion Ah'd like to dispel is thet the whole state's undeh wateh."

Piqua, Ohio, a City Geared to the Atomic Age in the Funnel of the Nation, took an exhibit entirely upon itself. A film was being shown; the Piqua police station, the Piqua *Daily Call*, the "popular Mall which divides High Street," Piqua fire trucks, Piqua banks, a Piqua girl in a Piqua bathing suit, Piqua surfboard artists, the Piqua Veterans' Club, the Piqua Masonic temple, various brick buildings in Piqua devoted



"This is a diplomatic mission of the utmost delicacy. The question is, who's the best man for it—John Foster Dulles or Satchmo?"

• •

to the Loyal Order of Moose, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—all these things flashed by.

Everywhere was enterprise. Near Rhode Island we heard this ominous murmur: "In the last three months, we have opened one billion [mumble, mumble] existing facilities; this breaks it down by parish, by years, by industry [mumble, mumble], about eight hundred thousand." Over at Oregon, we looked through plastic binoculars at bright photographs—three-dimensional in a papery way, like those Easter eggs you peek into—and saw girls on mountainsides, girls looking down upon cities, girls walking past beautiful white tanks of natural gas. "OREGON OF COURSE," a sign said. New Jersey called itself the Crossroads of the East. Southern Illinois was the Hub of the Nation. Missouri was the Crossroads of Opportunity. Alabama was the Gulf Gateway to World Commerce. Portsmouth, Virginia, was Where Rail Meets Sail. A man gave us a tiny pellet marked "Dope." "That's dope about Altoona, P-a.," the pusher said. So it was, on a roll of India paper.

A pretty girl with her hair swept to one side of her head handed us a summons. There was something bothersome and flickering about her face; ghostly lines seemed to traverse it horizontally. "Haven't we seen you on television?" we asked.

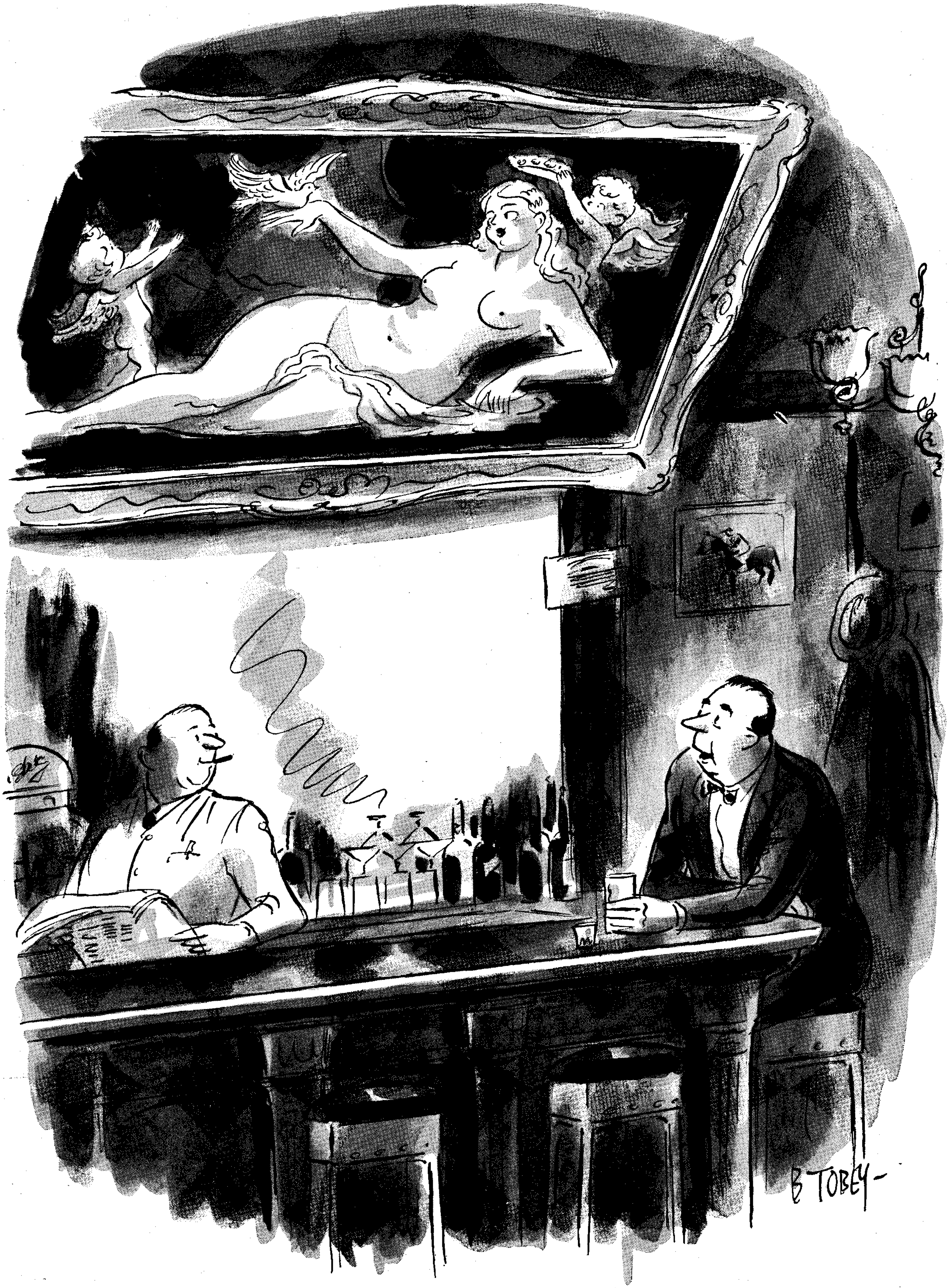
"In 'To Tell the Truth,'" she answered. "I am Pat Dwyer, the youngest justice of the peace in Illinois. Only Polly Bergen guessed me."

The summons was addressed not to us but to a Mr. Industrialist. The charge: He had "willfully neglected to inspect and investigate the area known as Southern Illinois and to make a fair and unbiased appraisal of its advantages for plant location."

And meanwhile, over in Piqua, two elderly men were running sections of the Piqua movie backward. An athlete falling from a surfboard on stilts was made to rise again, then fall, and again rise out of oddly splashing water. "Whee!" one of the pranksters exclaimed, and people in a six-state region smiled.

Gourmet

A NINE-YEAR-OLD Westport lad whose mother had sent him off to his first cookout supplied with frankfurters, buns, and ears of corn announced when he returned that his effort had been a culinary sensation. "Everyone else brought a TV dinner," he said.



"I want you to promise me something. No matter how fantastic my offer, promise you won't sell that thing to me later in the evening."

THE GIFT HORSE

MY half sister Jill, who is eight years younger than I am, had two misfortunes when she was a child: she was smarter than she was pretty, and she lived in Hollywood. Our father being the movie producer Henry Hastings, and her mother and younger sister Kitty having faces of the kind that are constantly exclaimed over, her world was full of beauty, from the house and the people in it down to the food she ate. At parties, people often said, "Jill has such an interesting little face!," which, of course, hurt and infuriated her, and caused her to go to her room and make hideous grimaces at herself in the mirror, while the voices from the patio below drifted up to her window. If she looked down from the window, she could see bronze shoulders, necks like flower stems, a face that had the summons of a flare of trumpets—all the things she thought so important—and in anger she would snatch a book and read it with desperate concentration, as though she hoped it would suck her into it and take her into another world, where she was right and all the others were wrong.

I spent all the summers of my childhood in California. I shuttled back and forth between there and New York, where I lived with my mother—she was my father's first wife—and went to school. When Jill and I were both children, and when I was only approaching the brink of adulthood, we got along very well. I had few friends in California, and I spent most of my time there swimming or reading by the pool, and Jill would bob around the pool in her life preserver, talking to me. If I didn't listen, she talked anyway; she had a lot to say. She asked hundreds of questions, and expected me to have the answers to all of them. After all, I went away to the strange East every winter, and she thought this gave me some sort of omniscient power. If an occasional girl friend of mine came for lunch, Jill and the two younger children, Kitty and Henry, followed us around and listened to us talk. I painted startling pictures of life in New York and how the people who lived there passed their time. Jill listened, fascinated, and if she didn't understand something, she would ask, "Why do they do *that*, Celia?" The girl friend or I would reply with something like "Oh, don't be such a dope! Go away and leave us alone!" She would look at us, hurt, and disappear for a while, and then come back for more. Whenever a boy came over, she would hover around suspiciously, her eyes full of interest and envy.

There was a gap of five years, during which I considered it more important to go to Europe or take jobs during my summers than to visit my other family; then, when I was twenty, I went back again, this time for a short visit before starting a job. From my immensely mature viewpoint, Hollywood seemed to have become simplified. I felt I could take it all with a smile and a yawn. The house and the pool were somewhat smaller, and the driveway was not an endless avenue but only a steep little road that was difficult to drive on. The morning I arrived, Jill was out riding. Kitty and Henry, fascinated by my reappearance, stared at me from behind doors and giggled whenever I spoke to them. They probably couldn't think what to make of me, and undoubtedly had no idea what mother and father I belonged to. After half an hour or so, they got used to me and came into my room, asking questions about everything in my suitcase.

"What are they wearing in New York this season, Celia?" asked Kitty, who was eight.

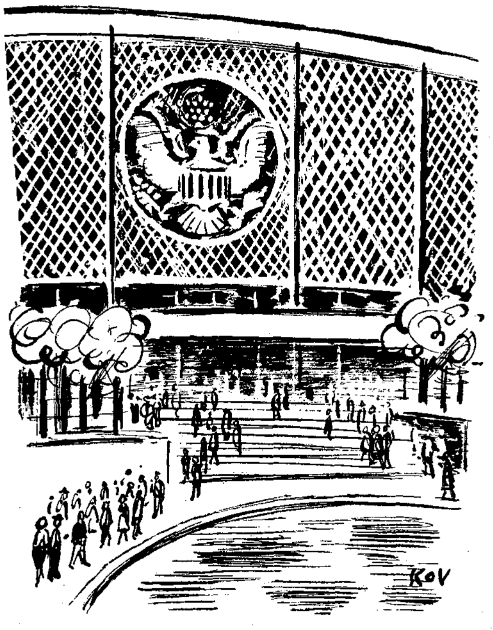
"Just about what your mother wears," I said.

"What Mommy wears!" she exclaimed disappointedly. She seemed to regard the faultlessly dressed Louise as tattered and provincial.

"What does it look like in New York?" asked Henry.

"It's very tall and thin, and there are shadows on the streets, and if you look way up you can see the blue sky."

He regarded me skeptically. "I don't believe it," he said. "I think I'll go take a look myself."



Kitty pulled her skirt up over her black-and-blue knees and assumed a suffering expression. "I'm Marilyn Monroe," she said.

Henry laughed, and slapped his small thighs, feeling more relaxed with homely topics. "So am I," he said, banging his heels against the sofa he was sitting on. Then he looked out the door and shouted "Jill's here!" and ran to meet her, with Kitty after him. There were a few whispers, and I heard Kitty say that I was all right and that I had said New York was tall and thin, and then they all came back through the door and stood in a row.

"Hello," I said.

"Hi," replied Jill. She had on blue jeans, and her straight reddish hair was stuck under an old necktie, which was wound around her head. I couldn't laugh at her. I saw in her too clearly that painful time I had only recently got over with no regrets but only with relief at being at last more or less at one with the world. I knew too well how it felt to be forced into something called womanhood, with nothing in return, apparently, but a tedious security and an utter lack of freedom. I wanted to tell her that it was all right; that it was better to give in on a few things, and be rid of the misery; and that when she got there she would find it unexpectedly pleasant. But Jill, defiance written all over her, was not ready to give in on anything. With her, I could see, it would be a fight to the finish.

"Do you ride every day?" I asked, since they were all staring at me expectantly.

"Practically," she replied. "I did today, for two hours."

"Did you have a good ride?"

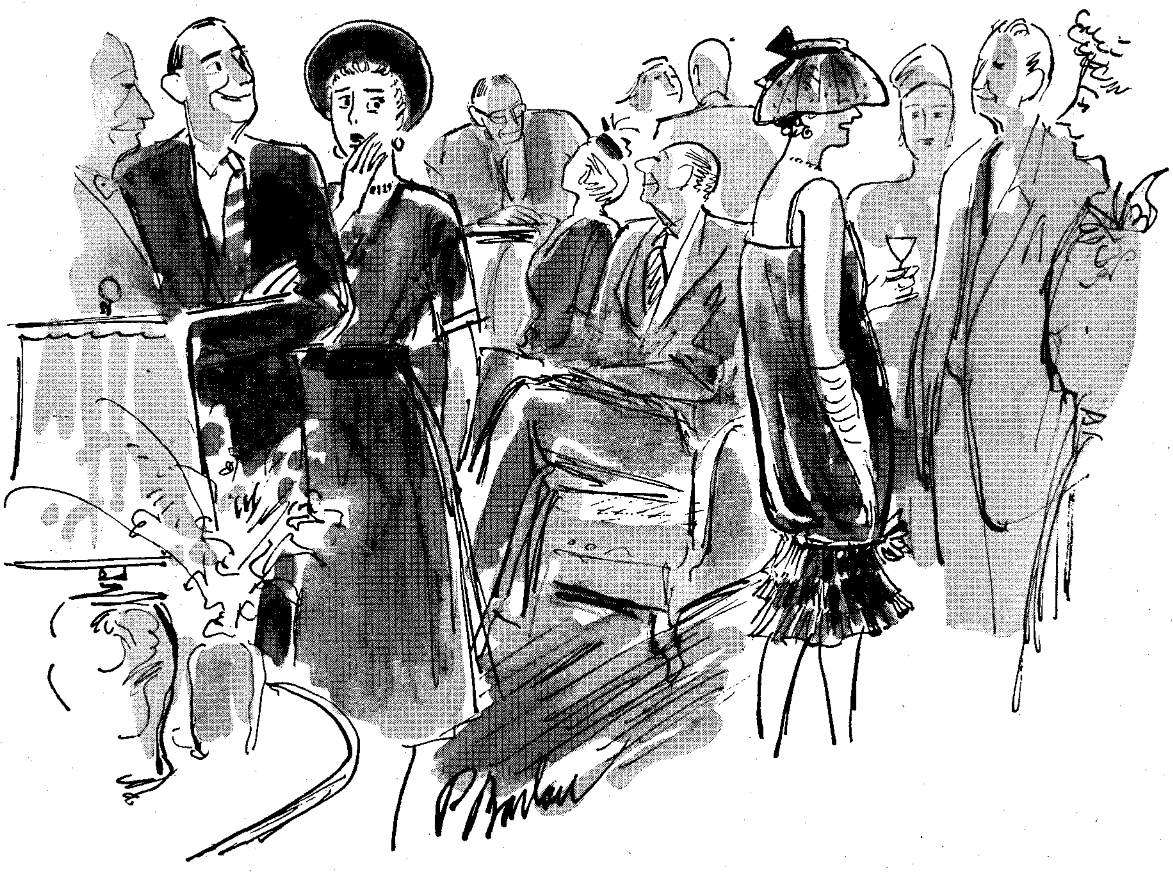
"Nope." Her voice was husky and a little gruff. "My usual horse was laid up and I got a lousy old palomino. Typical stable horse. I could hardly get him into a canter."

"That's very dull," I said.

"Do you know about horses?" she asked, with a flicker of hope.

"Well, when I was your age—" I began, then stopped. She looked acutely bored, and I couldn't blame her. I held it back; I didn't tell her that my room had had horses on the wallpaper and an oat bin in the corner and a bridle hanging over the bed. Her room undoubtedly did, too.

"New York is tall and thin, with shadows on the street," Henry said, dancing around the room. "It's so dark *nobody* can see anything,



"Ssh! She'll hear you."

and everybody uses flashlights all day."

Jill looked at him with some disgust. "I warned you," she said. "Now shut up." She was standing on one foot, holding the other behind her. Kitty began to pull at her arm. "She has something to show you," Jill said to me. Kitty ran out of the room.

"Tell her you like it," said Jill. "She's pretty proud of it."

Kitty came back in. Oddly enough, she had a bird on her head. "It's a parakeet," she said. "Its name is Jane Russell."

"Oh, a girl?" I asked.

"No, a boy."

"It looks very well on you," I said. "Much better than a hat."

Jill began to bite a fingernail. There was a silence. "I guess we better go now," she said to the others, with the air of an embarrassed wife trying to get her drunken husband home from a party. They fled. I heard their busy little voices as they went down the hall.

THEY appeared again later, while my father and Louise and I were having a cocktail in the living room. The younger children wore Chinese pajamas, and Jill had on what must have been a best dress. It was blue silk, and she looked rather uncomfortable in it. We went in to dinner, and I sat next to her.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to make conversation with you, won't I?" she asked gruffly.

"Not if you don't want to," I said, surprised. "You can just sit here and sulk, if you like."

She made a face. "I look like a horse," she said.

"Stop it, Jill," said Louise.

"I don't like people," she went on, a little hysterically. "Phew! They always smell like perfume. I like sweat better." She began to bite her nail, and swayed slowly back and forth in her chair, chanting, "I like sweat better, I like sweat better."

"Celia just came a long way on a plane, Jill," said Louise, in a determined voice. "Do you remember the time we flew to Uncle Bert's ranch?"

"I threw up," said Kitty excitedly. "All over Mommy's dress."

"You could have aimed better," observed my father.

Henry began to bang his spoon. "Mommy was tall and thin in New York, and she carried a flashlight," he said.

"Uncle Bert has stinky horses," said Jill. Then she opened her eyes wide and stuck her tongue out. "We're having chicken! I hate it!" She turned to me. "Do you like chicken?"

"Very much," I said.

She looked at me for a moment.

"You *would*," she said, in disgust.

"Jill," said my father warningly.

She looked at him quickly, then dropped her eyes to her plate. "O.K.," she said. She didn't say anything for the rest of dinner. Afterward, she went straight upstairs. I looked up after her as she left, wondering if I should go and pay her a visit, but my father took my arm and led me into the study. He went to the bar and poured us each a brandy, with the faintly impatient look that came over him when he was called upon to perform any practical task, then sat down.

"I wonder if you know how you're being adulated," he said. It had not occurred to me, but now that it did, I felt rather flattered. I wished I had the modesty to be honestly bewildered. "Everything Jill does when you're around is a frantic effort to attract you," he went on. "If she thinks she isn't succeeding, she makes a fool of herself." He lit a cigarette. "This is all by way of hoping you won't be too impatient with her. It will probably be a little boring at times, but try not to show it."

"I won't," I said. "I understand her perfectly. She's just the way I used to be."

"No. You lived in a stable, and you put on a dress about as often as she does, but you had a certain easy confidence. Thank God!" He smiled. "You've always had a certain common sense about you that made your mother's and my job much easier. We've always been determined to do anything we could to prevent you from feeling the misery of a child of divorced parents. And you've always been nice enough to cooperate." He came over and kissed me. "Now, here's a test for you. Put yourself in Jill's place. Think how you would feel being a small girl with a glamorous older sister who's been living in New York, getting good marks in school, and going out with boys. Your achievements are very much talked about around here."

I looked at him as he stood in the middle of the room, a little gray and tired, but still a man unquestionably in charge of his surroundings. Without him, the family would fly about in the air like paper dolls.

"Pop," I said, "Jill adulates you, too, don't you think? She believes anything you say, and you're the one she obeys."

He glanced at me, and then grinned. "I may be her Gregory Peck *this* week. But don't expect her to remain faithful." He finished his brandy and looked at his watch. "I have to go and talk to my tax man."

LATER on, in my room, while I was thinking over what he had said, it occurred to me that the broad understanding my father showed for his scattered family had its natural limitations. If there was anything I did not have at Jill's age, and still didn't have most of the time, it was easy confidence. I had always felt particularly vulnerable in Hollywood, where I was a visitor in spite of everyone's efforts to make me feel at home. I understood that this was intrinsic in the situation, and did not blame anyone for it. My father was a god, who wrote me biweekly letters full of an almost superhuman compassion. He always seemed to be trying to explain the world to me singlehanded—trying to be father and mother and six uncles. He came to New York and took me to beautiful restaurants and then to the theatre, where we later went backstage to meet the actors. He far surpassed all the other fathers I knew in every respect. He was determined to prevent me from feeling like a relic from the past; he wanted me to consider myself a fully established daughter. And he had certainly succeeded. Now I felt a wave of gratitude and affection for him, together with a curious sadness over the realization that all his efforts had not resulted in our really knowing each other. That he could think I had ever been as sure of the world as I appeared to be now! I was vaguely wondering what could be done about it when there was a small tap on the door. I opened it, and Jill stood there, a book in her hand.

"I thought you might like something to read, so I brought this," she said, in a rush, and handed me the book. It was called "Horses, Horses, Horses." "These things are all written for morons, but this is better than most. This chapter is the best." She thumbed through the book, pointing out things to read. "Of course, if you think it's boring, you don't *have* to read it," she added.

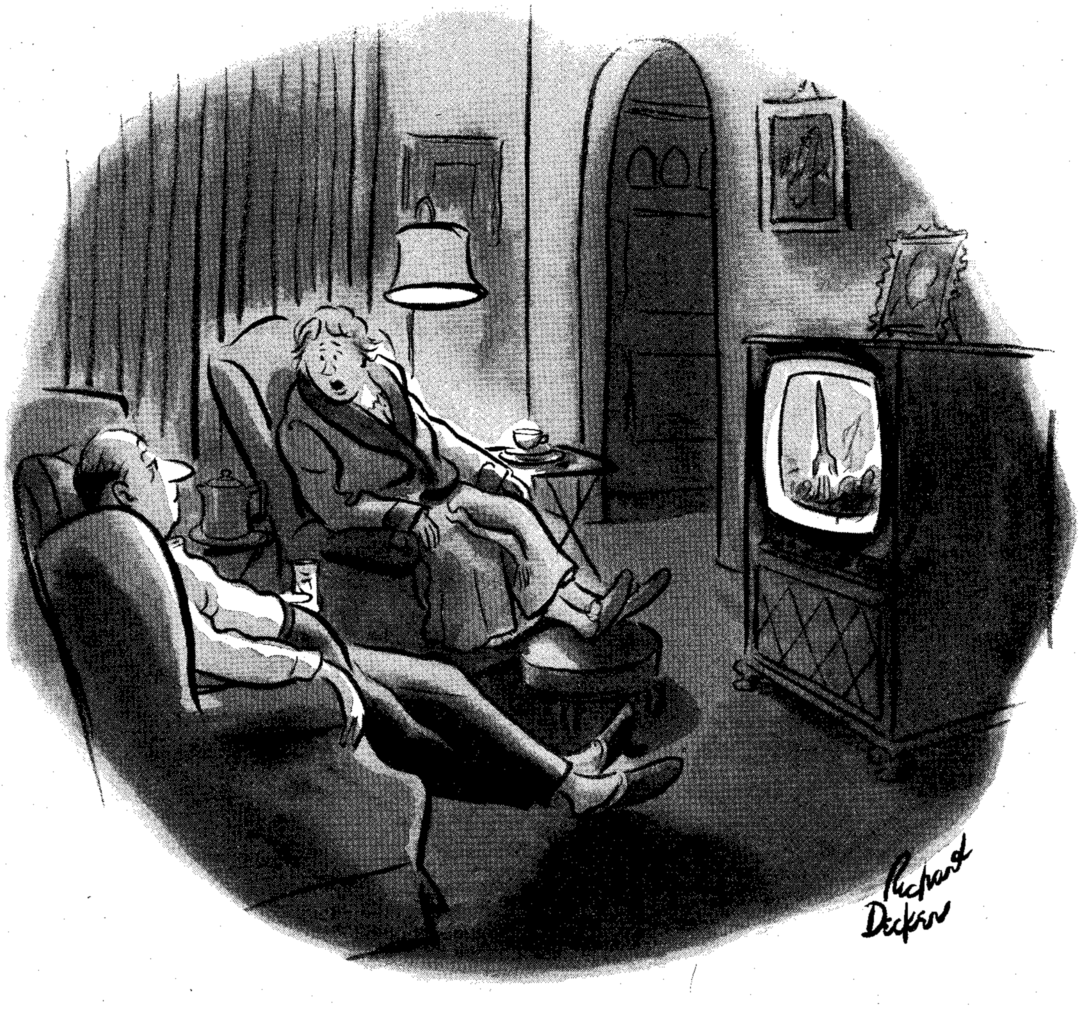
"I'd like to," I said. She stood on one foot, staring over my head. "Won't you sit down?" I said nervously. For a moment, I had the insane idea of going downstairs and fixing us both a hooker of Scotch, but I remembered there were rules about that. I tried to think of other lures, but she collapsed the one leg and landed on the floor with a thump. She was still staring into space. Now that she was here, what would I say?

There was a long silence; then she said, "Mommy said I should apologize for being rude at dinner."

"That's all right," I said generously, and there was the suggestion of a smile in her eyes. I added expansively, "I hate to think I make you nervous." There was an electric silence; then, to my dismay, she laughed. "Everybody gets nervous sometimes," I babbled on, trying to save myself. "I was always nervous when I came out here before."

She stood up slowly, her face skeptical. She took this as a lie, and she was not going to tolerate my degrading myself for her benefit. "If there's anything in the book you don't remember about, or something, I'll be glad to explain," she said. Her voice trembled a little, as though she were conscious of how ridiculous it all was. Then she looked more defiant. "I know I'm fairly stupid, but this is one thing I *do* know about." She went out and closed the door behind her.

LIFE in the house in Beverly Hills was smooth and silent, perfectly ordered, and quietly efficient. Every day my bed was made by magic, and my



"What's happening to us, John? People will soon be going to the moon, and we don't even seem to get out of the house any more."

clothes were hung up or whisked away to be laundered almost the moment I took them off. Only in Jill's room, at the other end of the house, did the system break down.

"I *told* you I didn't want anybody to tidy up my room!" I heard her saying angrily to Louise one day. "It's my room, and I don't want anybody making it *neat*. Whenever anybody goes in there, I never can find anything."

"I give up," I heard Louise say, with weary patience. "Keep it looking like a stable, if you want. But don't ever invite me to go in there."

"I won't!" returned Jill, and the front door slammed. A few minutes later, Louise came into my room. She was wearing a green linen dress, and her blond hair was wound into a chignon. She was tall and very pretty, still young, and she took her responsibilities seriously. She was carrying a vase of roses.

"For the mantel," she said. "This room is a little barren."

"Don't worry about me," I said, smiling. "At college, I live in the slums of Glasgow."

"Speaking of slums—" She put down the roses. "I go to such trouble with this house, Celia. I've tried to make an attractive home for the children, and Jill is driving me wild by living in an absolute pigsty back there. I suppose it shouldn't bother me so much, but it does. I don't seem to remember you being so messy."

"I never really moved in," I said.

"I suppose not. I tried to coöperate with Jill, and I had her room done with horse wallpaper. I thought if anything could make her sick of horses, that wallpaper would. No such luck!" She smiled, looking vaguely worried. The running of a large house and family weighed heavily on her, and when anything went wrong, she blamed herself. She glanced around the room. "Is everything all right here? I never did get the curtains up."

"I never even noticed, the rest looks so attractive."

She looked at me. "I hope you're not bored out here. I know most of your friends are in New York. Ann Carrigan is here, and so are the Bernsteins, if you'd like to have them over. Do anything you want. You know." She ran a hand over the bedspread. "Do you want the Buick this afternoon? I have to take Henry to the dentist, but I'll take the other car."

"I'm not going anywhere," I said.

"Well, it's all yours. I'll see you later."

She disappeared. I was left in the golden silence of early afternoon, the sunlight streaming in on the pale rug, the jacaranda tree rustling outside the window. I put down the letter I had been writing and wandered out of the room. The hall was silent, the bedrooms were silent, and everywhere the sunlight fell in yellow pools. I heard the faint hum of a motor as Louise drove the car out of the driveway. Kitty was at a friend's house, and Jill had gone riding. I went down the circular stairway, built for entrances by beautiful people, and through the hall and out on the patio. It swept around in a semicircle, and beyond was the green lawn, clipped like velvet. At the other end of the lawn was the pool, and I thought of taking a swim. But there was no incentive. I wasn't hot enough to want to cool off, I wasn't cramped enough to want exercise, and my dress wasn't even wrinkled enough (it had been mysteriously washed during the night) for me to feel like exchanging it for a bathing suit. I gave up the idea and sat down in a lounge chair. I heard the maids laughing in the kitchen, at the other side of the house. They were probably sit-

---

A LESSON FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Gazing and gazing in the glass,
she might have noticed slow cotillions pass
and might have seen
a blur of others in the antique green.
Transfixed, instead,
she learned the inclinations of her neat small head,
and, startling her own surprise,
wondered at the wonder in her jewelled eyes.

Gardens of rainbow and russet might have caught her,
but, leaning over goldfish water,
she watched the red carp emphasize her mouth,
saw underneath
the long green weeds lace in
through a transparency of face and skin,
smiled at herself smiling reflectively,
lending a new complexion to the sky.

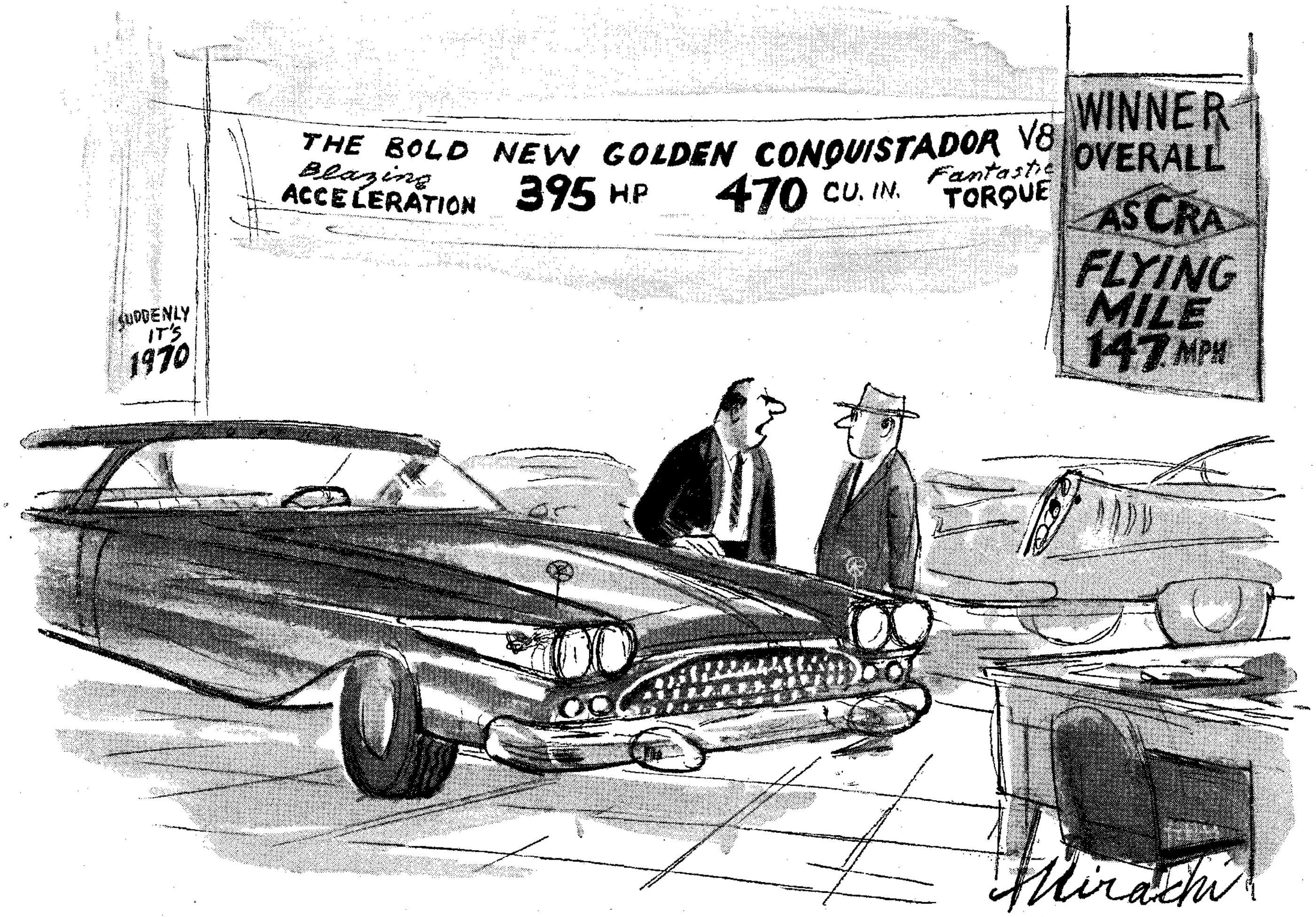
In service to her beauty,
long mornings lengthened to a duty
patiently served before the triple mirror
whose six eyes sent her many a time in terror
to hide in rows of whispering dresses,
but her small soul her own three goddesses
pursued, and if she turned away,
the same three mouths would breathe "Obey, obey!"

And, in procession, young men princely came,
ambassadors to her cool perfect kingdom.
Given her distance by their praise,
she watched their unspeaking eyes adore her face.
Inside, her still self waited. Nothing moved.
Finally, by three husbands richly loved
(none of them young), she faded to her death,
the glass clouding with her last moist breath.

Mourned like a portrait, she was laid to rest,
and, left alone at last,
the small mim servant shuttered in her being
peeped mousily out and, seeing
the imperious mirrors glazed and still,
whimpered forlornly down the dark hall,
"Oh, grieve for my body, who would not let me be.
She, not I, was a most beautiful lady."

—Alastair Reid

• •



"How many miles per gallon! Listen, Mister, you've got one hell of a nerve bringing up a subject like that around here."

• •

ting around the table, smoking and drinking coffee, and soon they would start preparing dinner.

I went back in the house and up the stairs, and down to the end of the house where the children slept. I opened the door to Jill's room, and smiled at once. Books and clothes were strewn everywhere, the small desk was littered with pieces of paper (A poem? Pages from a diary? Or just thoughts that came into her head, too important not to be written down?), and the rug was speckled with bits of earth, wisps of grass, and small white grains that looked like oatmeal. I knew what *that* was for. You brought the oatmeal upstairs in a dish and put it in the oat bin for Thundercloud. In Jill's room, Thundercloud's habitat was marked off by the bed, the desk, and two chairs, which allowed him a fair-sized standing stall. There was straw on the floor, and a bucket that had probably once held hard candy from a Cape Cod gift shop. Now it held water, which was leaking out slightly on the floor. All his tack was neatly hung up. It had been carefully made from pieces of paper pasted together. I closed the door and sat down on the wrinkled bed and put my feet up on one of the chairs.

"Thundercloud," I said, "what are we doing here?"

I said it quite loudly, mainly to hear the sound of my own voice, and, to my chagrin, I saw the doorknob turn. The door opened, and Jill stood there. From where she was she could see only my feet, and when she saw the rest of me, she jumped as though she had seen a ghost. Feeling absolutely ridiculous, I said, "Oh, hello."

"Hello," she said, staring at me. She was wearing her blue jeans, and when she came into the room, the atmosphere of the stable became more authentic. "Do you like sitting here?" she asked.

"Oh, I do," I said, smiling foolishly. "It reminds me of home."

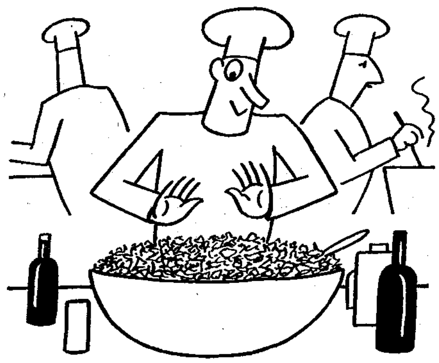
She stared at me for another minute, then began to giggle. "Is this what it's like in New York?"

I leaned back and laughed—wonderful, exhausting laughter that I thought would never stop. There was such relief in being able to see a common ground with her at last, and finding it such an utterly familiar one, that I wondered why I had wasted my time wandering through the sunlight-flooded rooms when life made so much sense here in the stable. She must have recognized a laugh of joy when she heard it, for she was not offended, and when I finally stopped, she was looking at me with an innocent, amused wonder.

AFTER that, I took to riding with her almost every day. We rode in the hills near Coldwater Canyon, along parched little trails where the air was full of the scent of wild dill. At first, I tried to make her talk about herself, partly because I was interested in her, and partly because so much of her was myself living over again and I felt she would shed some light on the unsettled problems of my own childhood. But if I pressed her, she became silent, and soon I realized that the best thing to do was to let her say what she wanted. So she talked about horses and

1

2

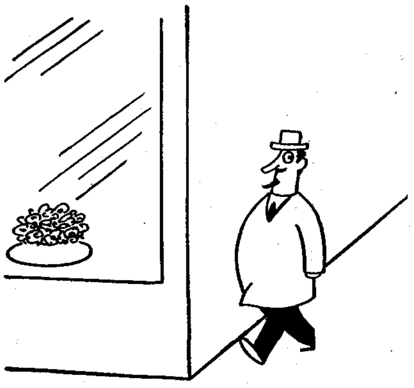


3

7

EMPLOYEES ONLY

8



school, and asked me what college was like. I told her about the courses I took, the professors I liked, weekends at Yale, and my friends and what they did. She listened silently, and one day, when we were resting our horses on top of a hill, she said, with a kind of awe, "You've done so much, and I haven't done anything!"

"You live in Hollywood," I said. "A lot of people would envy you that."

She looked slightly surprised. "What's so different about Hollywood?"

"It's considered a glamorous place," I said, trying not to smile.

"What's your mother's house in New York like?" she asked curiously.

"Well, it has four floors, and only two rooms on each floor. It doesn't have a front yard, and hardly any back yard at all. It's very old, and sometimes the furnace blows up or the water pipes explode and flood the house. Everything creaks and rattles." I grinned, and after staring at me for a minute, she began to laugh.

"How do you like it out here with the rich folks?" she asked. "Oh, boy. We're so rich out here. . . . We have so much money we sit and sift it through our fingers. Mommy drives me to dancing school in a Cadillac. . . ." Her voice got a little hysterical. Was she embarrassed because I lived in a creaking house? Then she caught my eye, and before I could say anything, she galloped off down the hill. This edgy embarrassment reappeared whenever we were alone together. She was too tense, too sensitive, and too self-conscious ever to forget the differences between us. Whenever we seemed to be reaching some sort of rapport, something went wrong, and I watched with despair as the barrier flew up again. She never talked about our father, nor did I ever try to make her, curious as I was about what she might say. When she talked—mostly about horses—her conversation was often clever and amusing. She had a sense of humor beyond her years, and it occurred to me that someday this might prove a formidable weapon in her battle to find herself.

At home, she spent most of the time in her bedroom stable. I went and sat in there with her for a while every afternoon, but we never recovered the astonished joy of the first day. Around six o'clock, she would be faced with the problem of dressing for dinner, which necessitated looking in the mirror, and this depressed her. One day, when she was scowling at herself and combing her hair, I told her I thought she would be wonderful-looking in a few years. She left the room without a word. After that, I realized that I could be no help to her.

My last evening in Hollywood came along; I was to start a summer job in New York in a week. It was the eve of Kitty's and Henry's departure, too—for summer camp. Louise had invited a few people for dinner—Ann Carrigan and the Bernsteins, who were childhood friends of mine, and some people from the studio. When I went out on the patio with Louise to help her place the tables and arrange flowers, she told me that the children had made some presents for me, which they would give me in a formal ceremony before dinner.

"They don't need a camera to become absolute hams," she said. "I wish they were as ceremonious about keeping their faces clean."

"I think they're wonderful," I said.

"Kitty told me last night that she didn't want you to go. She wants you to stay and live in the doll's house, and Jill said mournfully that everyone is leaving but her."

My father came outside, followed by the two smaller children. Henry was wearing a natty white suit, and Kitty had Jane Russell on her head.

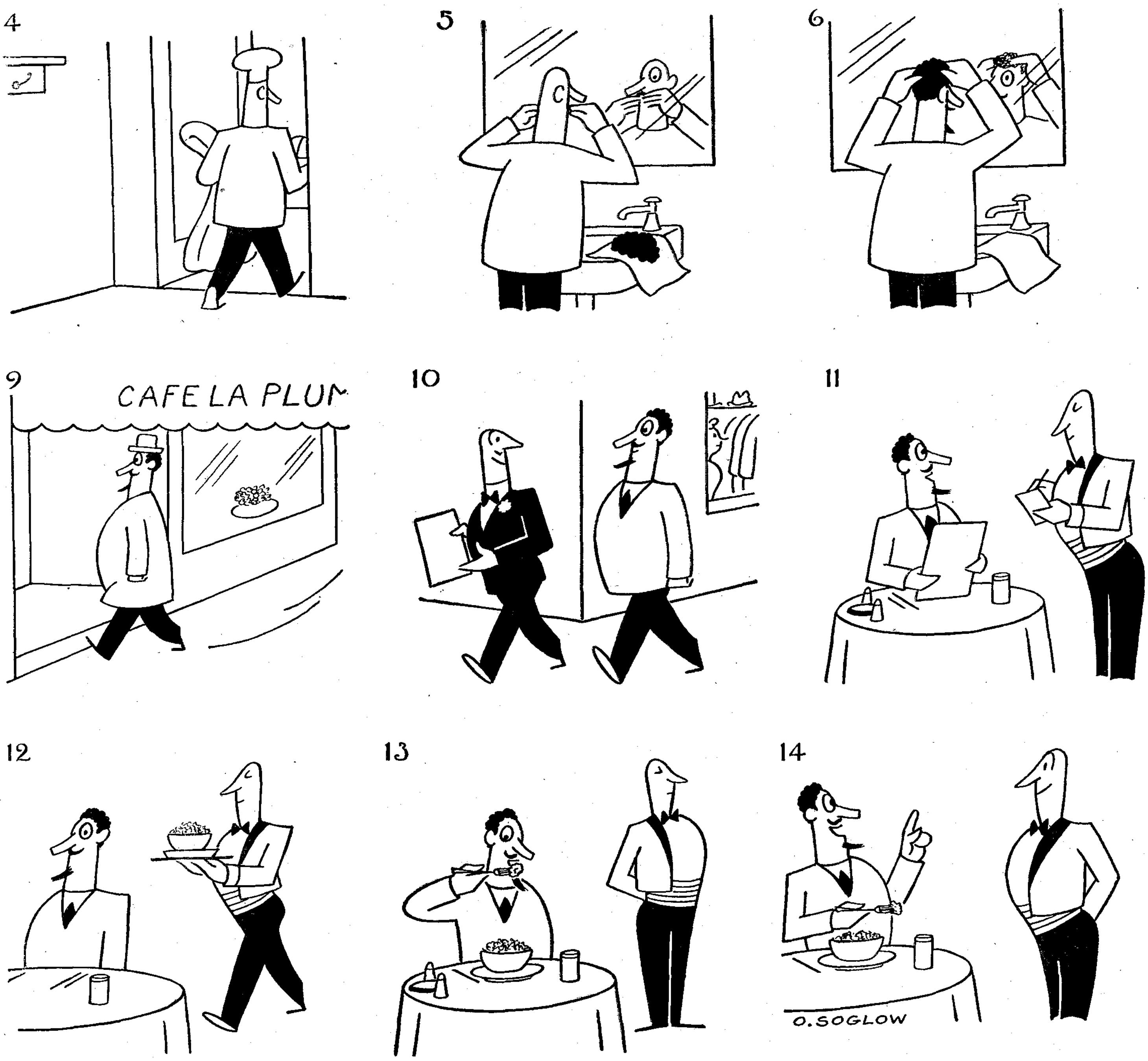
"No, Marilyn Monroe is not coming," Pop was telling them. "Neither is Tyrone Power." He grinned at me. "Who are *you* in love with this week?"

"You both look very nice," Louise said to the children. "Where's Jill?"

Kitty went to her mother and whispered loudly in her ear, "She's busy with the present." Then she turned to me. "You didn't hear, did you?"

"Not a word," I said.

The guests began to arrive, and drinks were served, and everyone sat around talking as the last red rays of the sun streamed across the lawn. As usual, I was somewhat bewildered by the studio people, and I welcomed Ann Carrigan and the Bernsteins with relief. Ann had become the water-skiing champion of southern California, and one of the Bernsteins was a Communist, and while they didn't care much about



"My compliments to the chef!"

my life in New York, their interests were bizarre enough to keep me amused. I began to enjoy myself, and I felt sun-warmed and wonderfully healthy, as I always did after a stay in California.

After a while, Kitty, who had been introducing Jane Russell to the guests, suddenly remembered her duty and dragged Henry indoors by the hand. Louise explained about the ceremony, and in a few moments Kitty and Henry reappeared. Each held a present wrapped in white tissue paper.

"Jill will be down in a minute," Kitty announced, simpering a little. "She's just finishing."

Henry was first. He straightened his bow tie, giggled nervously, and walked up to me. He tried to say something, but ended up by tossing his present at me and backing away in silence. I opened it and found a small red card, with careful stripes crayoned around the edge, green polka dots in the middle, and yellow letters that spelled out "HAPPY GOING WAY FROM HENRY TO CELIA."

"It's beautiful!" I said. I would have kissed him, except that his expression so clearly anticipated this with dread. "You must have worked very hard on it."

"All morning," he said soberly.

"My turn," said Kitty, who was anxious to take the limelight. She marched over and stood in front of me. "This is in deep appreciation for a delightful two weeks," she said, "from me and Jane." Jane was holding a present in his beak, and I gently removed it. It was a small clay statue of a bird, slightly lopsided, with a pair of false eyelashes stuck above its eyes. "It's Jane," she said helpfully. "See the red tail?" Its tail was striped with red crayon, the wings with blue.

"Thank you very, very much," I said. "You're both so—"

I never finished. The door burst open, and Jill stood there. Her appearance stopped us all from saying anything. She was still wearing her blue jeans, her hair hung in limp strings, and her face was red and mottled, as though from crying. She stood rigidly in the doorway, impressive in her silent ferocity. She was holding a crumpled piece of paper in her hand.

"Here's your present," she said, and stepped forward and threw it at my feet. I picked it up quickly and looked at it. It was a water color of a horse, which had started out well enough but was now ruined. It had been scribbled on with rage, cried on, and probably stamped on, and it had been given in a fury. She stood there trembling, and during the split second I caught her eye I saw humiliation and defeat in it, and the wild accusation that somewhere, somehow, I had let her down. Then she disappeared.

There was a moment of awful silence. Then Kitty began to cry. "She worked so hard," she sobbed, "and then she spoiled it!" She picked up the blotchy little piece of paper.

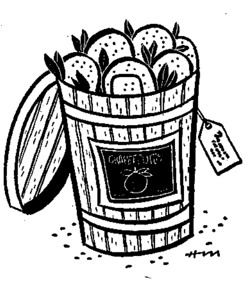
"I can't tell you how sorry—" began Louise.

"They're all difficult sometimes," someone said. They laughed and began talking about something else, because it was all they could do. There was an unhappy exchange of glances between Louise and my father, and then he put down his glass and went into the house. After five minutes of agony, I followed.

I went upstairs and along the hall to Jill's room. The door was partly open, and I could see my father's back, tall and slightly stooped. He was standing by the bed. I started to go in, but as soon as my hand was on the knob, I stopped. There was one of those silences that only Jill could conjure up, and I could feel it through the door.

"Stop trying to comfort me," she said at last. "I'm all finished crying. It's sissy."

Stop trying to comfort you? I thought. It's like asking a mountain to crumble in a passing breeze. He comforted me and he'll comfort you, and Kitty and Henry, when their turns come.



"Honey, you shouldn't have expected so much of a two-week visit," he said. He spoke in the tone of voice I knew so well, solving everything. "It takes a long time to get to know someone well. You have to remember she's older—"

"Older! She said she liked to sit in my room, and she went riding with me. But what does she care? She didn't have anything else to do, that's all." I found myself hanging miserably on her words, as though she were a sibyl. "Then I messed everything up and she pretended it was all right. I did everything wrong. I couldn't think of anything to say to her. I bored her, always talking about horses. . . ." There was a dreadful pause, and then sobs came. "It's all I know about! Nothing but horses!"

"If she hadn't wanted to be with you, she wouldn't have, Jill. I know she found you so nice and interesting to be with, she enjoyed the time you spent together."

"How could she, when I spoiled it all? *You* know I did. I wanted somebody to talk to, I get so bored with those brats! Now I have to wait another five years till she comes back, and we'll go through the whole dumb thing again. Why is this family such a stupid mess? Why do I have to try so hard, and why does she? Why can't we just— just—"

There was a pause, and then he said, "The family is this way because I made a mistake years ago, Jill, and married Celia's mother. . . ."

"Oh, Pop, I know all about *that.*" Her voice was weary. "That isn't what I meant. It's just that I get so lonely. All I ever do is ride and go to the dentist and dancing school with Mommy. I get so *bored.*" It was the eternal complaint of youth, eternally annoying to parents.

"That's something you'll have to take up with your mother, honey. You know we let you do almost anything you want, and take any lessons you like. Everybody has to find a way to fill their days." It was the wrong thing to say, and Jill's tone changed immediately.

"I suppose *Celia* never got bored," she cried. "I suppose she's so *perfect* she never even got lonely or tired of the things she was doing! Oh, no, she's too busy going out with boys and getting A's in school. All I ever hear is how great *Celia* is! And then she comes and we're supposed to be fast friends, even though she's so marvellous and I'm just . . . I don't know what."

She broke off, half afraid of what she had said, and I saw my father stand up slowly. There was something in his manner that made me see him, for the first time, as he was—not as a god, flying to New York to take me to the theatre, but as a father who had miscalculated the apportionment of love he distributed to his family. My heart went out to him. It was such a human mistake—human to feel guilty about me and to try to make up for it, and human not to realize the anguish of Jill, the cherished child of the present marriage. Now do everything for her you did for me, I told him silently. I turned away and went quietly back along the hall, and from the patio below I could hear the bright, confident sound of grown-ups' voices.

—Nora Johnson

•

IRIS, AT THE PIANO

As if the aimed
heads of swans
with reaching necks,
their napes curved,
came to their images,

to the glozed,
the sleeping surface
black-white beamed,
her hands, on sinuous arms,
the wrists reared, dipped.

Dilations of light
ran rapid and chill
from the high splints
on the panel;

lower, the fingers
spanned, plunged like bills,
and slower orbits
began, and opened.

A kind of dawn
awoke, clean in the bone
of the ear:
clear lake-lappings
against the steady
breasts of swans.

Targets in the brain
were pierced by rays
glancing from the poises
of those scarcely plucking
beaks on the keys'
reflected pinions;

then prongs ripped
a heavy element,
strong, muscled like whirlpool,
flinching the heart's drumskin.

Whips of light
across the eyes:
those swans
and her body dived!

In groans as of great
stones embracing under water,
she came to her images;
then silence, a long
mirror, rose upright.

—May Swenson

ARE WE LOSING THE NOVEL RACE?

As if things weren't bad enough already, word has just reached me that the Russians have recently published a 1,600-page novel. If you don't think 1,600 pages is a lot of novel, try reading "Ivanhoe" sometime. (And don't start telling me you've already read "Ivanhoe." I know you, and you probably haven't read "Vanity Fair" or "Don Quixote," either.) "Ivanhoe" is only 430 pages long, and it once took me five and a half months to read it, not counting time out for Christmas vacation and the measles. It may not even be as long as that, since I seem to remember that some of the pages had been printed over twice, although, now that I think of it, maybe they were just written twice. At any rate, the new novel is a good 334 pages longer than the latest James Jones book, "Some Came Running," and a full 432 ahead of the second-seeded American entry, "Atlas Shrugged," and I think the figures speak for themselves.

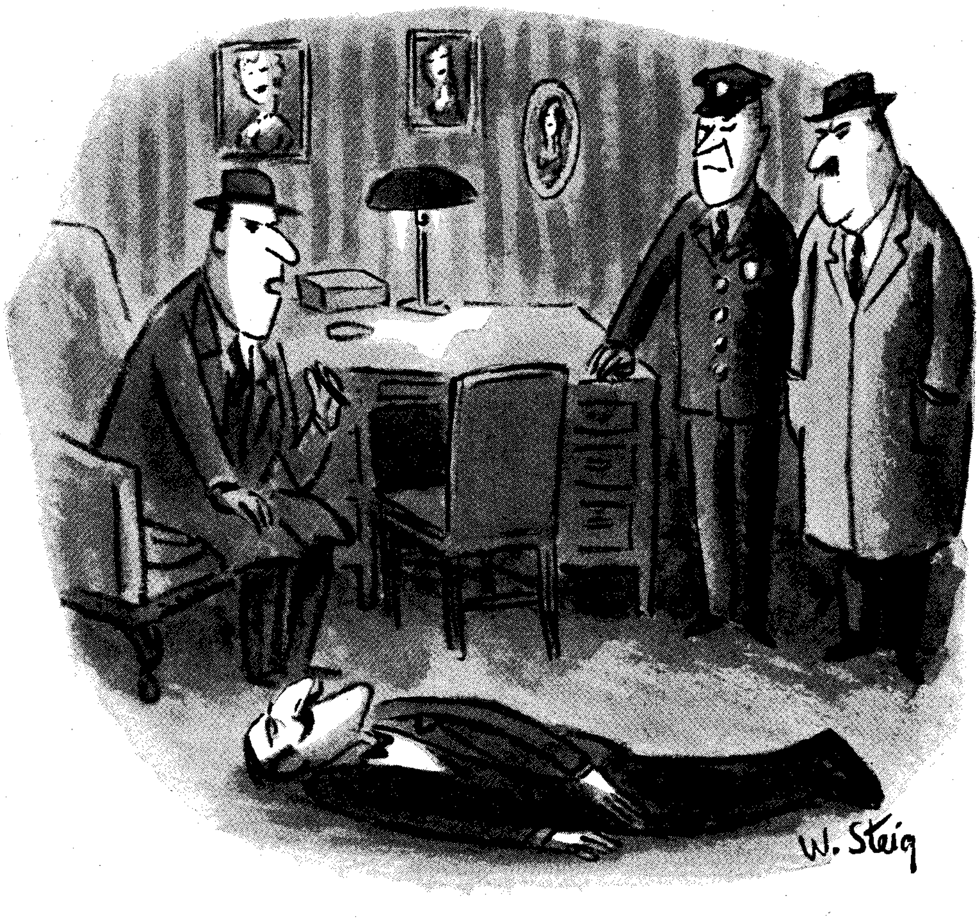
The Russian book is called "Kamenny Poyas," which means "The Stone Belt," or "The Stone Ring," depending on how you feel about these matters. It was written by a man named Fedorov, and published in Sverdlovsk, in 1956. Fedorov had already made something of a name for himself in and around Sverdlovsk on the strength of a two-volume book he'd tossed off a year or so earlier. But he's never made much of a dent on the international scene, and one can hardly wonder why. You don't write 1,600-page novels by hanging around *espresso* bars all day and then appearing in TV panel discussions of the Irish Question until God knows when at night.

Unfortunately, the Russians have been very poor sports about releasing any detailed information on the book (you know what poor sports the Russians can be sometimes), but from the little we know of the dimensions of the Sverdlovsk presses and the standard weight of Ukrainian paper (I am here indebted to Professor Joachim Lip for his monumental study), we can make a safe guess that the gross weight of "Kamenny Poyas" runs to somewhere between 4.5 and 4.6 pounds. Our own entries are shamefully puny by comparison. The Jones book and "Atlas Shrugged" weigh in at exactly 2 lbs. 11 oz., and neither seems likely to be able to clear even the three-pound mark in any operational edition.

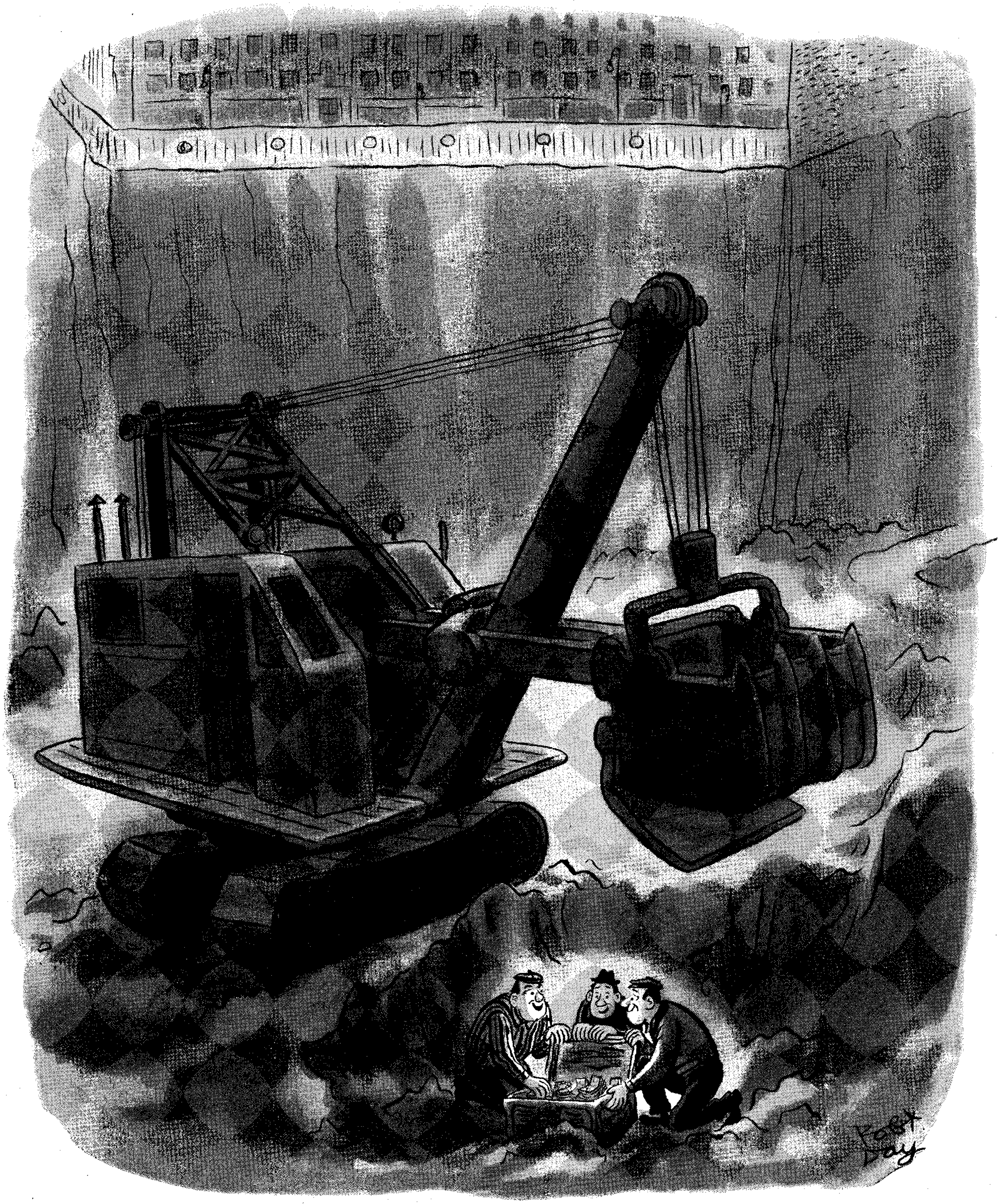
Of course, some of us have been saying all along that the Russians could do it, and when I say "us," don't think I am trying to rub it in, but a man gets a little tired shouting himself hoarse in the market place all day long. We've all known they had the manpower over there, and anyone who's ever tried running for a bus with a copy of "Anna Karenina" or "War and Peace" in his raincoat pocket must certainly have realized it was just a matter of time until they hit their full stride.

The situation is particularly discouraging in light of the Jones book, which almost all of us up to now have regarded as just about the heaviest novel anybody could be expected to produce under existing conditions. When word of "Kamenny Poyas" really gets around, the Scribner people will probably try to claim that "Some Came Running" was written largely for experimental purposes and that James Jones could actually have done a much longer or heavier book if he'd only put his mind to it. In fact, I hear that over at Random House a spokesman has already confused the issue by declaring that Miss Rand "wasn't really trying" with "Atlas Shrugged." In the storm of criticisms and recriminations that followed this statement, it was quickly amended to read that Miss Rand "wasn't really trying *for length*," but public confidence has already been severely shaken, and reassurances by Bennett Cerf to the effect that it's still the second-longest novel in the free world aren't likely to make things any better.

The alarming side to all this is that not so long ago we were second to none in our ability to produce novels of exceptional length and weight. Rare were the years, even in the thirties, when Tom Wolfe ever fell below 600 pages, and toward the end of his life he was turning out solid two-pounders with the regularity of a drop forge. And who will ever forget the magnificent 2 lbs. 11 oz. attained by Marguerite Steen with "The Sun Is My Undoing," or the beautiful impression of sheer weight one received when first lifting a copy of "Gone with the Wind"? More recently, the "younger crop," as I like to call them—Thomas B. Costain, Herman Wouk, and Dr. Frank G. Slaughter—have all been edging toward the two-pound mark and giving every indication of going beyond it at



"I guess it could have been anyone who ever knew him, even slightly."



"The way I see it, we divvy up—a third for you, a third for me, and a third for Sam—and what the George A. Fuller Company don't know won't hurt them."

• •

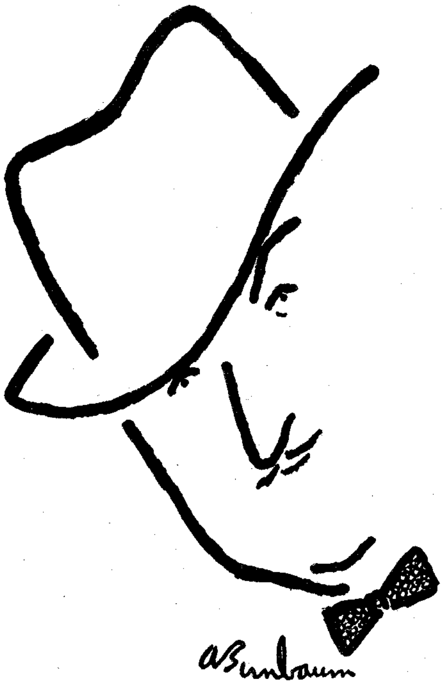
any moment. Now it's probably too late to pin our hopes on *them.*

What has happened is that we have plain frittered away our lead. The Russians have closed the gap and passed us. Heads will almost certainly roll at Scribner and Random House, but I see no point now in looking around for somewhere to place the blame. At their current rate of progress, the size of the novels the Russians will be turning out in a few years should be absolutely staggering. The immediate reaction in our own country will doubtless be "Why worry? Let the Russians worry; they're the ones who are going to have to read the things." But this is sheer complacency and escapism on our part. The Russians finally have a heavier novel than we do, and we might as well face up to it. —M. J. ARLEN

PROFILES

TALKER—I

NATE EAGLE, who manages the sideshow for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, may well be the last of the great carnival "talkers." In times past, these mellifluous adjuncts to the world of honky-tonk and calliope were known as barkers or spielers, but both the art and the terminology have been refined. Eagle speaks almost with contempt of barkers (circa 1900), whose address acquired a husky, staccato, canine quality from their subordinate chore of preceding a parade and bawling, "Hold your horses, everybody! Here come the elephants!" To Eagle, theirs was a marginal gift—the mere business of pointing with a stick, at show time, and crying a primitive description of their wares. He feels that spielers, a few decades later, advanced from this position, but not very far. They had a pat, inflexible screed, like a politician with a ghostwritten speech, and insufficient wit to depart from it, even in the face of earthquakes, stampedes, or, more likely, rude visits from the local constabulary. Eagle himself is a master of the talker's art—general, non-stop discourse—and is capable of limitless variety. He is silky, persuasive, sarcastic, deeply misleading, confidential, ingratiating, hugely adaptable, often insulting, and, at the core, impossible to ruffle by anything attributable to God, man, or nature. There is, indeed, some basis for the belief that Eagle has by now taken on in his own mind confused overtones of divinity. He is the country's leading entrepreneur of midgets, and presents a gay and talented troupe of eight or nine of them as the crux of his sideshow with Ringling's. At the end of their act—a sprightly musical revue—Eagle explains to his audience (known in the trade as the tip) that the only workable good-luck talisman on record is a miniature Bible taken from the hands of a midget. By a dazzling stroke of fortune, he goes on, his midgets have quite a supply of these at the moment and are willing, though reluctant, to part with them to interested persons at the knocked-down price of twenty-five cents. Eagle's implication is strong that one's chance of gaining access to Heaven without such a Bible is incredibly slim. "And these little books," he adds, "so handsomely made and yet only an inch square, are readable, legible, and understandable throughout. Yes, you can read each and every word with a minimum of effort or strain." It is melancholy to note that in all audiences there are always a few skeptics, and, sure enough, soon after the Bibles have begun to sell, somebody collars Eagle and says, "See here, Mister. This print's so fine there ain't anybody on earth could read it." "My friend," cries Eagle, in the blandest of humors, "you have nothing to worry about, nothing at all! My associate will be along shortly with an outstanding bargain in magnifying glasses—fifty cents, the half part of a dollar. Thank you very much. Remember to keep your Bible with you night and day. Don't forget to tell your friends about the show."



Nate Eagle

Eagle, at fifty-eight, has the healthy satisfaction of a man able to look back on a forty-three-year career of almost unparalleled professional duplicity. He has probably foisted more inspired hokum upon the American show public than any other man alive, and some of his feats of misrepresentation cast a shadow of loutishness over Phineas T. Barnum himself. But every artist has his Achilles' heel (O. Henry's Jeff Peters drew the line at widows and orphans in his pursuit of "unillegal graft"), and Eagle's area of tenderness involves midgets, or, as they often call themselves, with genuine pride, "little people." "Some men like babies or children; I've always liked midgets," says Eagle, looking fussed at his display of weakness. In Sarasota, Florida, where he and most of his midgets live, he is greatly admired for the sage and selfless way he has served as helper and guide to the band of bright, equable, diminutive entertainers whom he books to perform across the nation—advising them about investments, counselling them on domestic problems, and in general acting as a father and a mother. Eagle's fleeting expression of dismay when he is guilty of what he regards as a lapse from unethics is about the only hint of abashment ever seen in his face. He is of middle height, wispily mustached, broad-shouldered, with a rubicund countenance, snow-white hair parted in the middle, and a normal mien of beaming and mischievous good fun, as if his siren cry had just succeeded in steering a group of people into a tent to see a giant five feet ten inches tall. Altogether, he looks not unlike a youthful, beardless Santa Claus who has just dropped off a box of exploding cigars.

IN large measure, Eagle inherited both his composure and his taste for subduing the public. His father, Herman Eagle, himself a man of extraordinary nerve and audacity, was a Lithuanian immigrant who left home for America, unaccompanied, at the age of fifteen, as an alternative to being inducted into the Russian Army and chivied by Cossacks. He arrived at Ellis Island broke, save for a dollar; completed the formalities of entry with every show of confidence; and strode untroubled into the streets of New York—a total stranger in the busy new land, unable to speak a word of English. His first night he spent in a doorway, and then he found lodging with a Jewish family on the lower East Side, invested his dollar in beads, and sallied out to trade with the natives. He did remarkably well. As many historians have noted, American Indians were never alone in their predilection for stringing themselves with polychromatic silicon. Furthermore, O. Henry's Mr. Peters (who was soundly based on rich associations that the author formed while in prison) considered New York the ideal hunting ground, explaining that "all you have to do anywhere between the North and East rivers is to stand in the street with an open bag marked 'Drop packages of money here. No checks or loose bills taken.' " Herman found that the women in the new tepees of Manhattan—draping themselves with beads, gazing delightedly in mirrors, giggling in their simple, childlike way—made an excellent market, and he picked up business fast. Also, he began to absorb English. All in all, he progressed so splendidly that before long he saw an opportunity to expand, and, with a fresh supply of beads, struck out on foot for the Oklahoma land rush.

Nate Eagle, today, is not certain how long it took his father, pack on back, to walk to Oklahoma, but he feels that it wasn't very long. Once Herman reached a commercial decision, he always moved with greyhound celerity. It would be pleasant to record that the elder Eagle walked to Oklahoma and made a fortune, but the truth is that in the Western land he ran up against men with as much business acumen as himself; moreover, they had got there first. In no way daunted, he walked back in an easterly direction, across Arkansas and Mississippi, and at length found himself in the town of Fayetteville, Tennessee. Wishing to relax in his mother tongue for a while, he put up with the only Jewish family in town—that of a merchant named Teppich—and at dinner the first evening he met the daughter, Dora. By the arrival of dessert, the two were mutually smitten. Herman had long had a strong aversion to tedious, dragged-out engagements, and they were married the next afternoon. Teppich presented the couple with a handsome horse and buggy, then settled back with every expectation of bringing new blood into his business and taking life easy. For this purpose, he could scarcely have selected a more boneheaded wedding gift. Early the following morning, Herman hitched up the new rig, lifted his bride and his beads onto the seat, and headed off down the road, peddling as before.

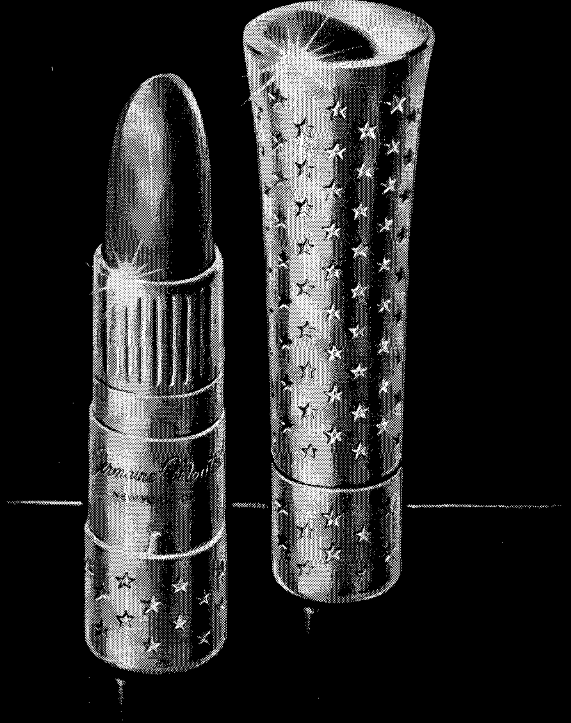
"Poor chap! They've remaindered his memoirs."

It was Herman's modest boast, via some placards affixed to the buggy, that whatever anybody else had to sell he could find and sell cheaper. Clip-clopping their way toward Alabama, the newlyweds prospered, but the groom became sidetracked briefly in the successful practice of medicine—a curious presage of the day when his son would make a name for himself as Dr. Eagle, "lecturing specialist in obstetrics and embryology," in connection with a specious exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair of 1933. Herman ordered some black velvet hangings and a box of window-glass spectacles from a firm in Chicago and had a carpenter in a hamlet near the Alabama-Tennessee line knock a booth together for him. He had noticed that a large percentage of the residents thereabouts had a fairly pronounced squint, possibly because of the sun. Overnight he became, according to his shingle, Dr. Eagle, a well-known and reliable optometrist, working out of New York. Exercising the canniness that had brought him triumph with the beads, he established his office in front of a popular saloon. Practically all the customers who reeled out were unable to see clearly, and Eagle fitted them with glasses; to some of the tipplers, who claimed to be getting double or triple images, he obligingly sold two or three pairs. In addition, he equipped the field hands of the region, both colored and white, with glasses that had only rims, often mere-

SUPER-ROYAL

LIPSTICK

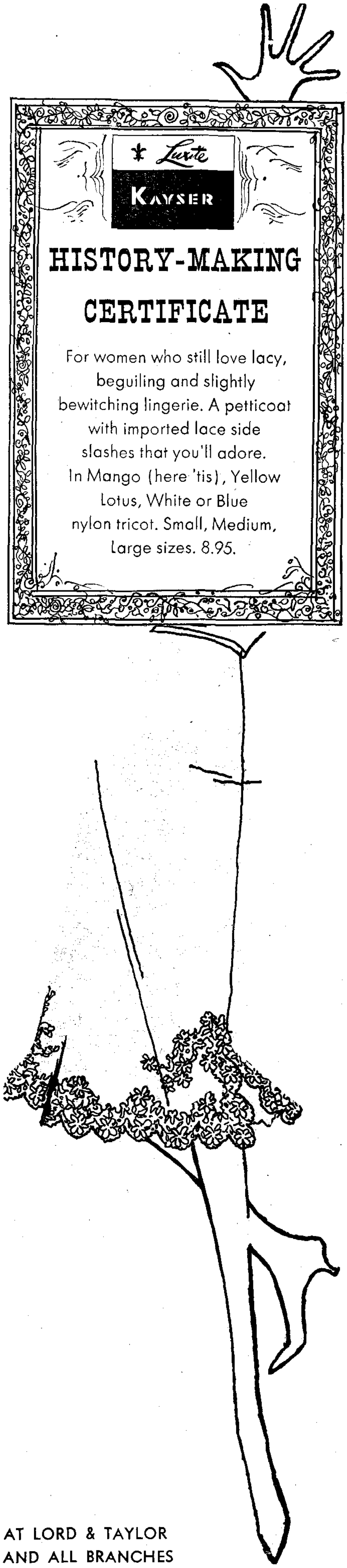
the new quick-change lipstick made with Royal Jelly
in the new automatic "Continental" case.



Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with recently developed emollients
to make your lips incomparably more beautiful.
Germaine Monteil's "Continental" case is all new too,
with a "click-in, click-out" refill cartridge that makes changing lipsticks a pleasure.

in nine new ultra-luminous shades

Germaine Monteil


✱ Luxite
KAYSER

HISTORY-MAKING CERTIFICATE

For women who still love lacy, beguiling and slightly bewitching lingerie. A petticoat with imported lace side slashes that you'll adore. In Mango (here 'tis), Yellow Lotus, White or Blue nylon tricot. Small, Medium, Large sizes. 8.95.

AT LORD & TAYLOR
AND ALL BRANCHES

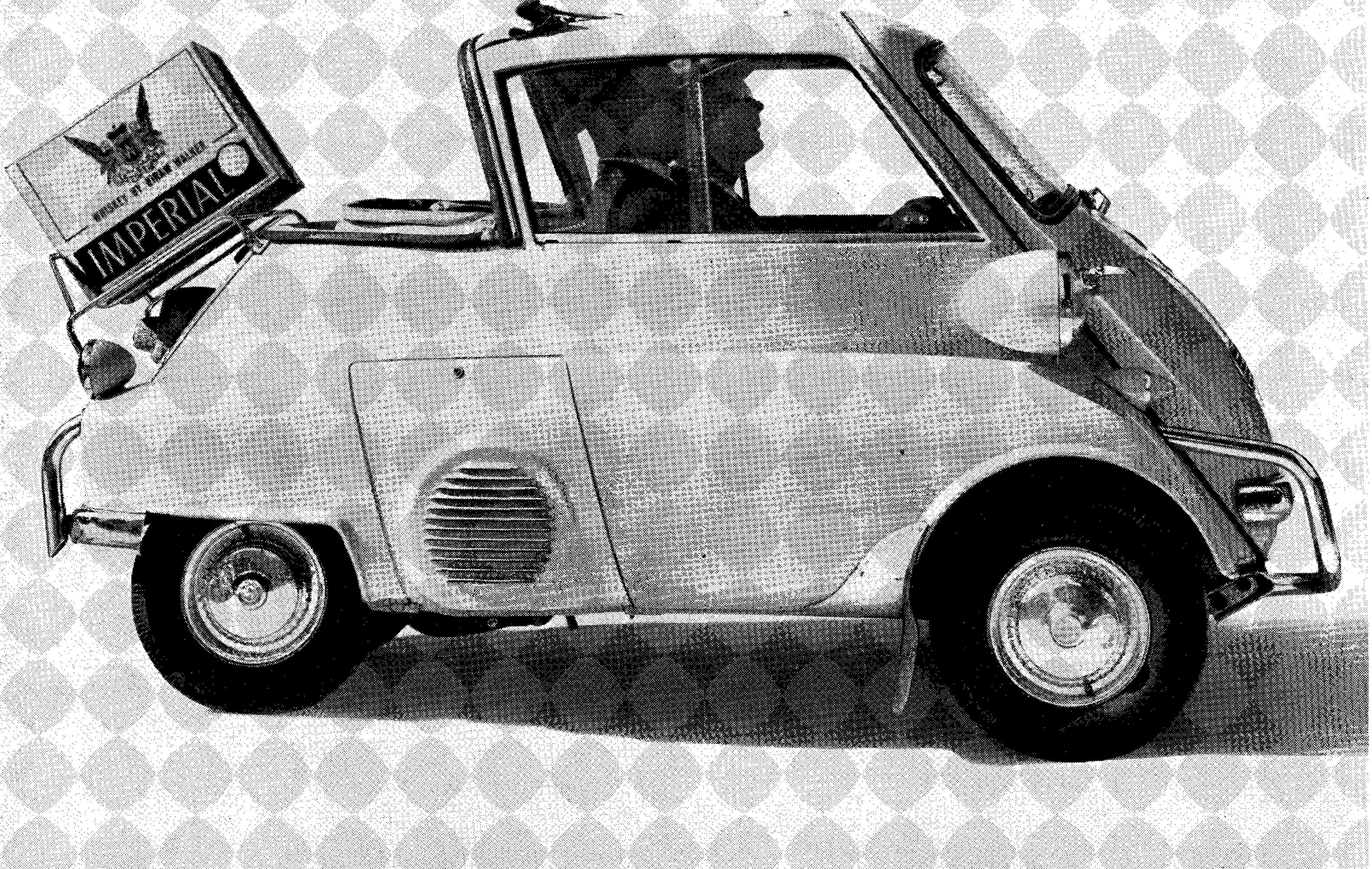
ly as a preventive, because, as he told these eager patients, "We doctors never know when and where eye troubles may strike. It hasn't been established yet." Reminiscing, as doctors will, he later confided to his son, "For years, whenever I'd go through that town, people would come up and thank me for the help I'd given them."

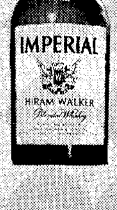
Nate was born in 1899, in Fayetteville, during a visit that his father and mother made to her parents' home. Shortly afterward, Herman moved his ménage to Montgomery, Alabama, where he set up a clothing store and began a final-closing-out sale that continued throughout the long and healthy life of the establishment. Young Eagle attended the local schools with immense reluctance, and received excellent marks. This was viewed as peculiar, since he never took a book home, never studied at school, doodled on examination papers, and, in general, spurned the traditional *modus operandi* of education. The way he worked it was he talked. Pondering this period and his astonishing life to follow, Eagle now says, without any spirit of brag, "I was always able to talk real good." In class, when the other students had gargled the familiar monosyllabic excuses of trapped children, the teacher usually said, in desperation, "Nathan, do you have anything to add?" "Why, yes," Eagle's answer would go, as he rose to walk to the front of the room, "I have. The subject you are pursuing, or exploring, here this morning is one in which I myself have taken an interest. You might say that I am something of an expert in it." And unless he was almost literally hog-tied and gagged, he would babble on until the bell. He seldom touched on the matter at hand, but the hypnotic melody of his side remarks was enough to divert both teacher and class. He got along brilliantly. Even so, by the time he was fourteen and a sophomore in high school he had conceived the uneasy notion that he was wasting his sweetness on the desert air. For a youth of his torrential syntax, the atmosphere was confining. He went to his father, who continued to be moderately busy with the sale, and said, "I wish to take up, or discuss, with you the possibility of my withdrawal from school on a lasting, or permanent, basis. That is," he recalls adding—and, for once, lapsing into the vernacular—"I'd like to get out of the joint for good. I'm bored." "My boy," said Herman, "I've had my eye on you. You're meant for better things. Come with me." Leading the way out into the yard, he con-

ARPEGE
Lanvin
MY SIN
BY
LANVIN
the best Paris has to offer

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

–and they buy it by the case

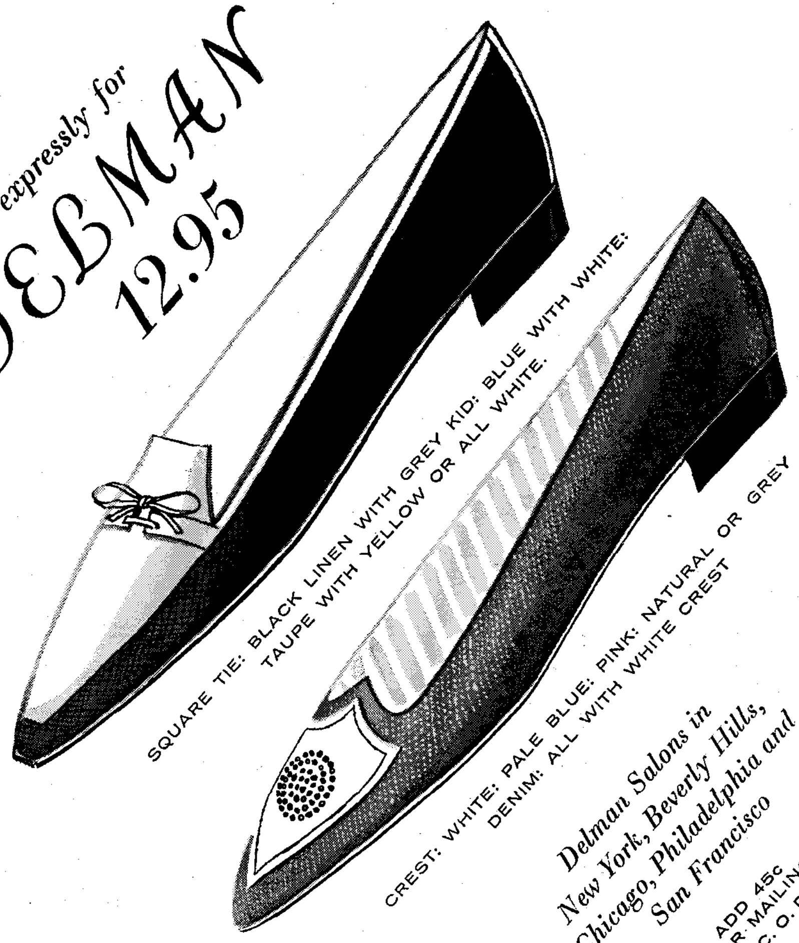

WHISKEY BY HIRAM WALKER
IMPERIAL


IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILLINOIS tinued, "I'm going to make you the greatest present a father can give to a son." He swept his arm around the horizon and said, "There it is, all yours—the world." Barely able to conceal the jubilation he felt at the generous size of his patrimony, Nate left home the next morning. Except for very brief visits, he never returned.

Historically, boys who flee their homes precociously are swept by special gusts of ambition. Ben Franklin and Mark Twain wished to become printers and then writers; W. C. Fields had his sights set on juggling, and, equally important, was desirous of escaping the heavy hand of his father. Young Eagle flew the nest because he was interested in show business. He had studied the carnivals and circuses that visited Montgomery and had found them ideally suited to his taste. About both entertainments there was a rich aroma of humbug and elocution; neither, he felt, involved the grinding toil so galling to a man who was born to talk. He could scarcely have been more chagrined, therefore, when he signed on with the Howes' Great London Circus, a show playing in the area, and was put to work swinging a maul. His plight was doubly ignominious because he had applied for the position of president. "Instead, I was instructed in the art of driving stakes," he says with painful memory. But even in that lowly niche he persevered, and he spent all his free time listening to the barkers. At the first opportunity—when a candy butcher fell seriously ill of cramps after eating some of his own wares—Eagle struck for promotion and took to the stands with an apronful of goodies. There are show people extant who recall his candy-sales period with a certain amount of awe. A resident of Sarasota who describes himself as "a retired street faker" believes that the circus-hawking technique reached its finest flowering in Eagle's days on the Howes' Circus, and Pat Valdo, the Ringling personnel director, who was formerly a clown and before that a candy butcher, has said publicly, "In the matter of milking the stands, Nate was in a class by himself." Eagle lays his success to adjectives. He had been getting three dollars a week for the sledge-hammer job and had invested his first receipts in a dictionary and a thesaurus. Each night, after work, he boned up until the late hours, absorbing words like "ambrosial" and "therapeutic," and the next day he pelted the audience with his finds. He sold a great deal of very dubious confectionery, mainly to people who didn't want it, and he has no idea how



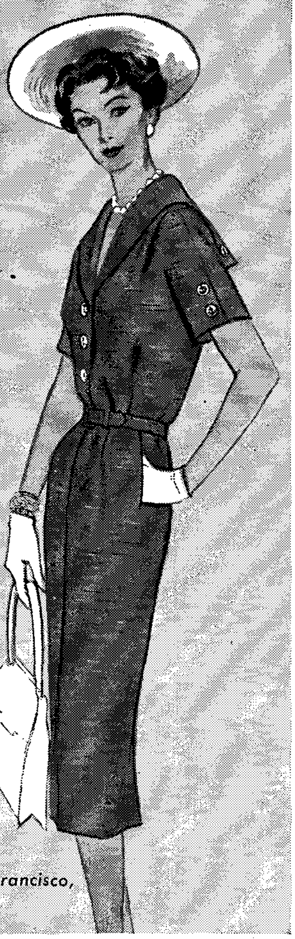
expressly for
DELMAN
12.95

SQUARE TIE: BLACK LINEN WITH GREY KID: BLUE WITH WHITE: TAUPE WITH YELLOW OR ALL WHITE.

CREST: WHITE: PALE BLUE: PINK: NATURAL OR GREY DENIM: ALL WITH WHITE CREST

Delman Salons in New York, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco

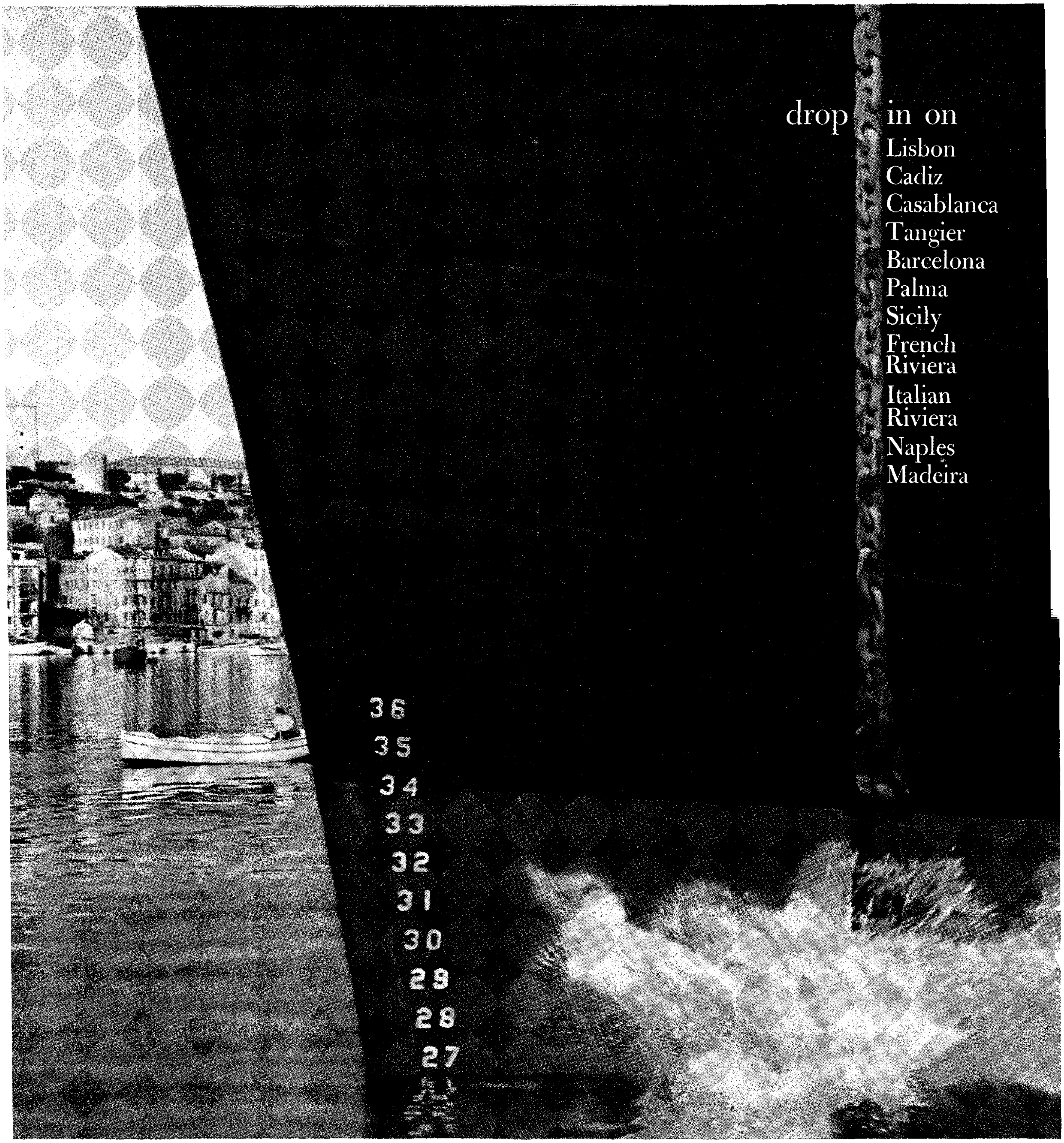
ADD 45¢ FOR MAILING
NO C. O. D.'S



I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE

Shipshape for summer . . .
in this sailor-collared dress by
Cliff Macklin-California of *Calcutta,*
a Cohama blend of rayon-
and-silk in signal red, lagoon
blue, white or navy, buttoned
in brass, 10 to 20 sizes 25.95

mail orders (please add 55¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco, or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store


drop in on
Lisbon
Cadiz
Casablanca
Tangier
Barcelona
Palma
Sicily
French Riviera
Italian Riviera
Naples
Madeira
36
35
34
33
32
31
30
29
28
27

Fall Sunlane Cruises to the Mediterranean

At the first glimpse of Cannes you'll shoot up a whole roll of film. Here on the fascinating French Riviera you can explore fabulous Nice, ancient La Turbie, go inland to Grasse, the world's perfume center. Must: a spin along the spectacular Grande Corniche Drive between Cannes and Monte Carlo (perhaps a small flyer at the Casino tables?).

Calls at colorful Genoa give you a chance to discover Italy's picturesque Riviera. Every Sunlane Cruise drops in at Naples. The glorious bay, Vesuvius, the nearby ruins of doomed Pompeii, and Sorrento and Amalfi are pure gold for the sight-seer. You can include visits to Rome, to Seville, to North Africa.

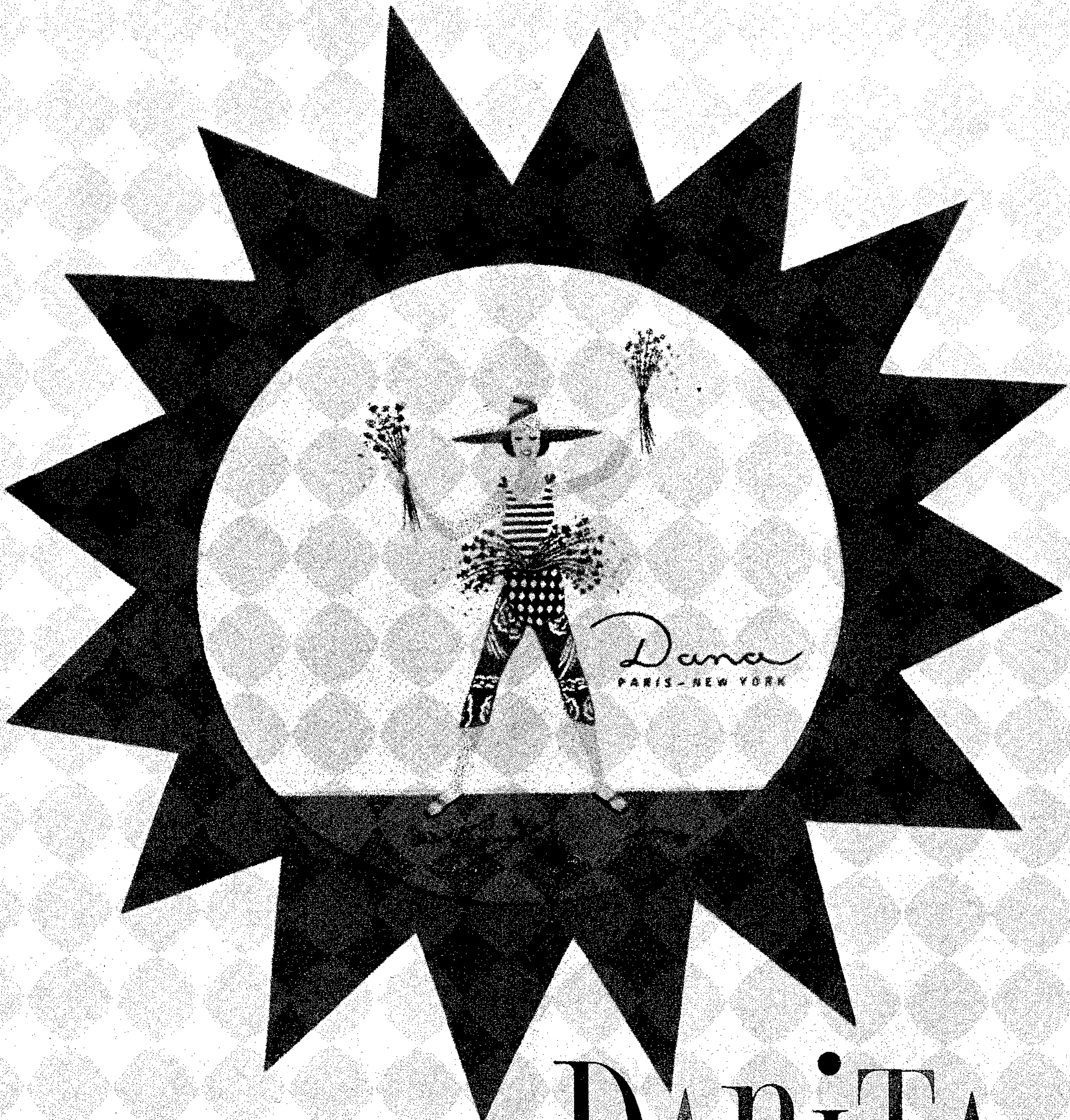
Take a 3-week Sunlane Cruise this Fall aboard the air-conditioned Constitution or Independence. It costs as little as $555 in Cabin Class or $715 in First. Sea-Air Cruises are also available. You cruise to Naples by ship, sight-see across Europe to Paris; London, too . . . return overnight by T.W.A. plane . . . 15 days or longer. See your Travel Agent soon, or send for illustrated brochure.

Constitution · Independence

flagships of American Export Lines

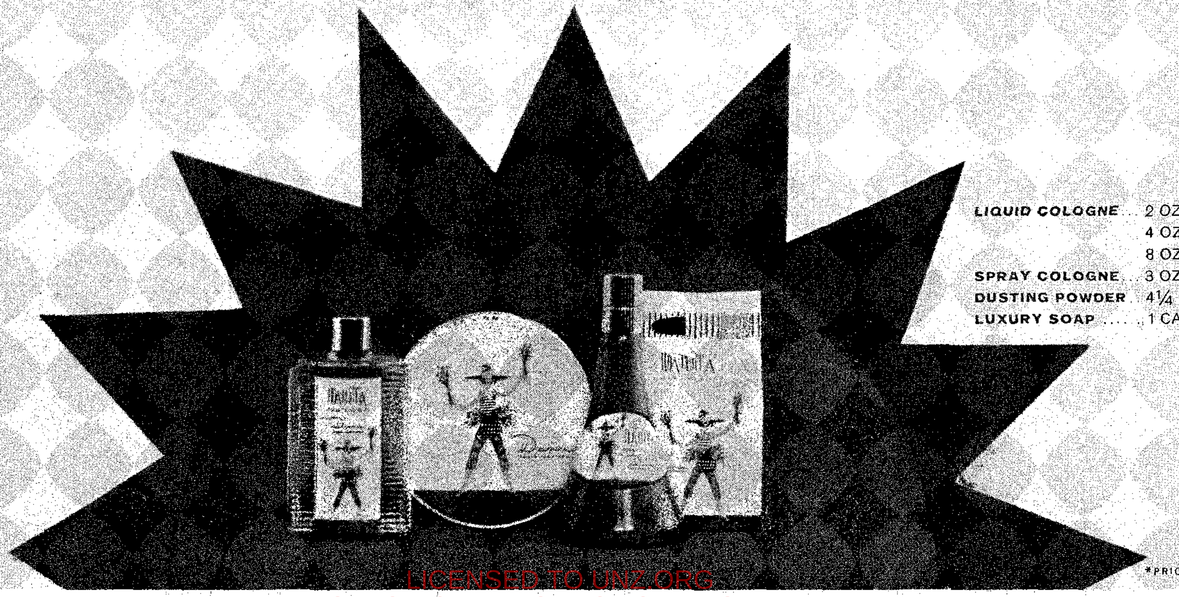
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y.

DANITA FIGURES BY BALDRICH © 1958 DANA PERFUMES CORP.



DANITA

A sparkling new fragrance to wear like a garland of fresh flowers. It's Danita by Dana...the very spirit of gaiety. It's young and colorful and full of music ...wafted on a summer breeze. Wear it with gay abandon...just for the love of life.



LIQUID COLOGNE	2 OZ.	$2.50*
	4 OZ.	$4.00*
	8 OZ.	$6.50*
SPRAY COLOGNE	3 OZ.	$3.00*
DUSTING POWDER	4¼ OZ.	$1.75*
LUXURY SOAP	1 CAKE	$1.00

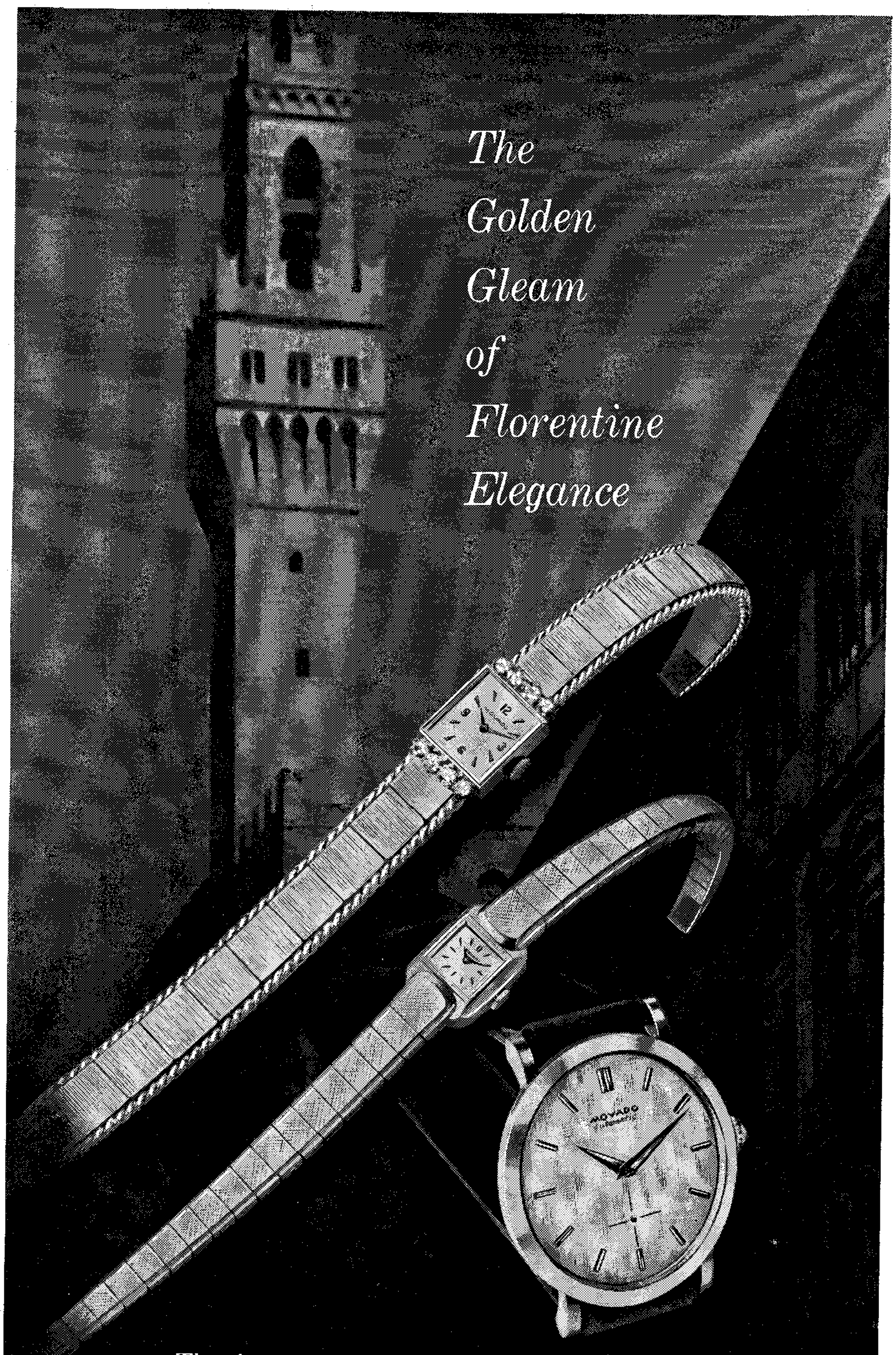
*PRICES PLUS TAX

many digestions he threw out of whack.

When Eagle's first season with the sweets ended, in Selma, Alabama, he had fleeting visions of going home. Thinking it over, though, he decided that Herman might quiz him about how much of the world he had cornered to date, so he elected to keep driving. He was fifteen years old and felt perfectly competent to manage on his own. He hired a giant and a dwarf and went into the closing-out-sales business. Naturally, he had expert knowledge of such sales, having been exposed to one almost since his birth. He painted up some placards, hung one reading "MR. VALUE" around the giant's neck, one reading "MR. PRICE" around the dwarf's, and on his own shoulders a sandwich sign advertising whichever store he had persuaded to close out. Eagle, with his incongruous associates, walked back and forth on the sidewalk and talked. People who had not the remotest idea of buying anything came forward to listen. In its way, his performance was as buoyant as one he gave years later when he was a guest of Walter Winchell's at the Dutch Treat Club, in New York. Winchell, with genuine pride, introduced Eagle as "a man who can make an extemporaneous speech on any subject under the sun," and then solicited challenges. At ease before the large, august group, Eagle spoke first on the elastic garter, erroneously describing its composition, tracing its origin with blatant inaccuracy, and verbosely probing its implausible position in society. After this, he made speeches on leaf tobacco and the silver dollar. Like his school chats, both were refreshingly free of facts.

Eagle and the giant and the dwarf shared a small room in a cheap lodging house and were not altogether congenial three in a bed. The giant was obliged to sleep with his feet out a window, and the dwarf, a very determined man, proved to be a cover hog. Eagle, in the middle, was a sort of no man's land over which was fought a grim, remorseless, unending tussle for woollens. The giant finally described the dwarf as a bully, and the dwarf remarked acidly that the giant had no business growing so tall, thus making himself difficult to cover, and had probably done it on purpose. The row was such a fatiguing one that, after a second season of hawking sweets, Eagle went into the management of midgets during the winter months.

IN the first few years after leaving home, Eagle gradually drifted into carnivals in preference to circuses. He



The time-tested beauty, the timeless craftsmanship, the time-defying elegance of Florentine gold sets this year's fashion in keeping time. Masterfully designed... superbly precise... in the Movado tradition of fine watchmaking, so renowned throughout the world.

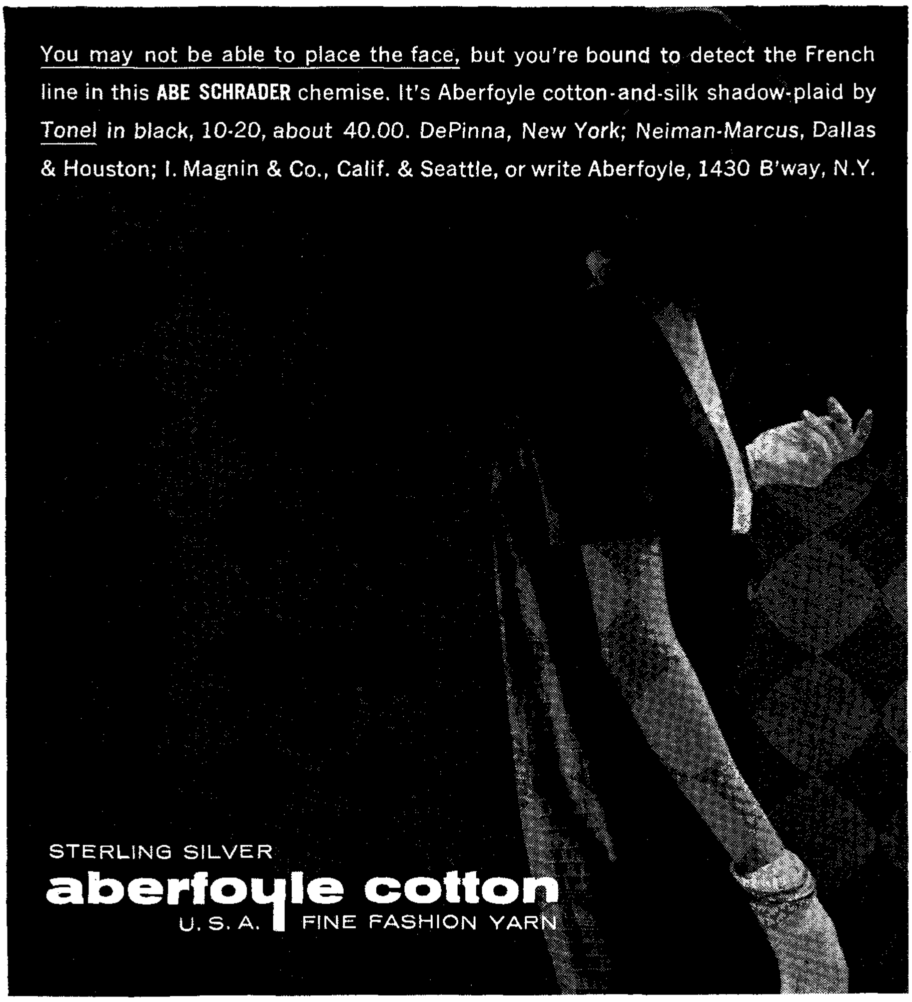
La Tosca 14K gold bracelet, with full cut diamonds .... $495.
without diamonds .... 350.
La Gioconda 14K gold bracelet .... 365.
The Da Vinci Thinnest self-winding silhouette of 14K gold,
Dial of 18K gold, Florentine textured .... 245.
Fed. tax incl.

for those whose moments are precious

MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you, write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

You may not be able to place the face, but you're bound to detect the French line in this **ABE SCHRADER** chemise. It's Aberfoyle cotton-and-silk shadow-plaid by Tonel in black, 10-20, about 40.00. DePinna, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Houston; I. Magnin & Co., Calif. & Seattle, or write Aberfoyle, 1430 B'way, N.Y.



STERLING SILVER
aberfoyle cotton
U. S. A. FINE FASHION YARN

WIND SONG

For the young at heart . . .
your gayest, happiest moods,
captured in long-lasting
perfume and cologne parfumée.

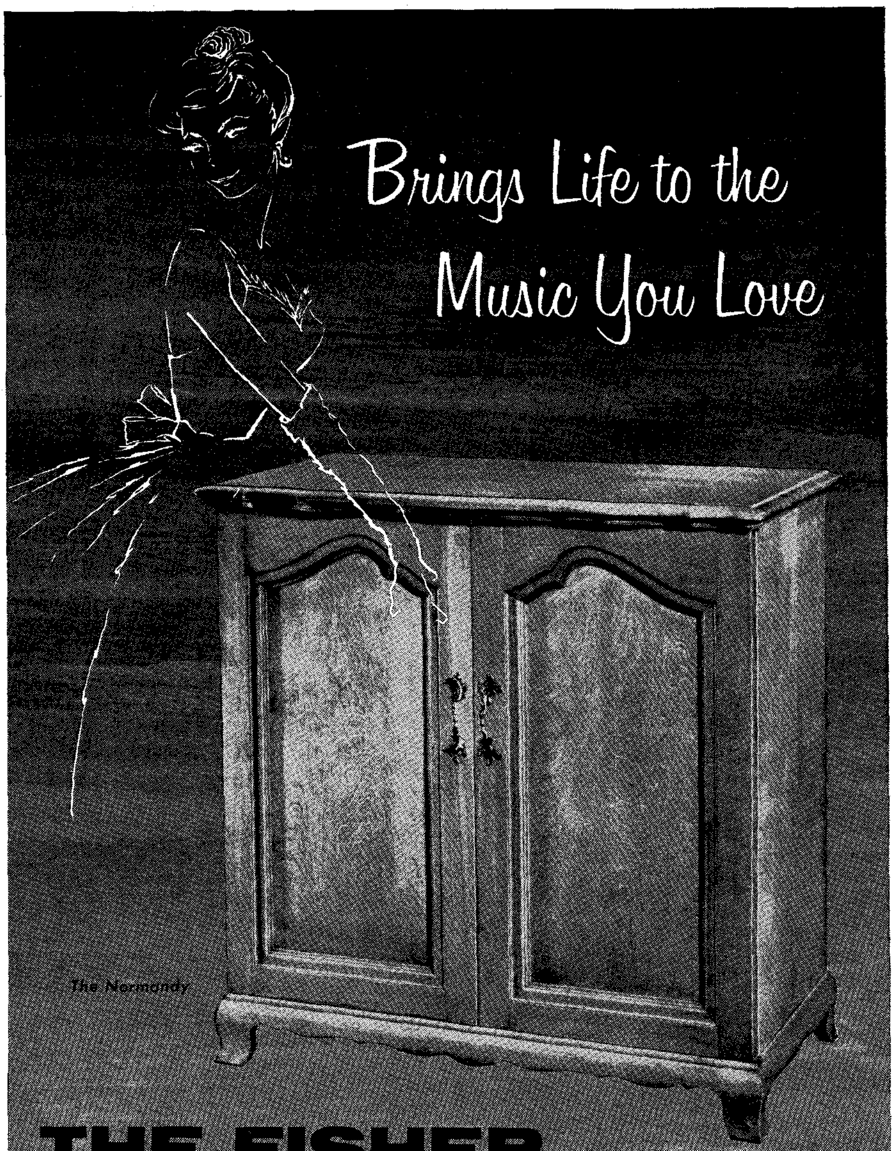
Prince Matchabelli

WIND SONG • STRADIVARI • ADDED ATTRACTION • BELOVED • ABANO

considered carnivals more refined. Most small circuses had a "pie car," where the employees—notably those who had put in a good day shortchanging customers—were expected to turn up each night and gamble. Eagle has never been a roisterer. From childhood, he has disliked serious drinking and gambling, and he has never been identified with the thieving, or grift, element in either carnivals or circuses. "I would much rather talk a man inside a tent to see nothing than shortchange him," he explains, with a certain nobility of countenance. It was inevitable, though, that he should pick up a vast, shadowy, half-furtive education in devious ways and means unknown to people outside those very separate amusement worlds. In the matter of terms, he learned to call a cop a "fuzz," a lawyer a "patch," a sharpshooter given to running crooked concessions a "gazinka piper," a smart-aleck (not destined for a healthy life on a carnival) a "fleagee," and the practice of rudely dumping from a fast-moving train any worker who is causing general trouble "red-lighting." Eagle, in fact, became an authority on the vocabulary of carnival workers, and years later sat down with John Chapman, of the *Daily News*, to compile a glossary of some of their lesser-known slang. In a column Chapman then wrote on the subject, he called his mentor the King of the Barkers and set forth such notable specimens of esoterica as "man with the shoes" (owner of a carnival), "mitt camp" (fortune-teller's booth), "donniker" (men's or ladies' retiring room), "cat-rack queen" (a girl who runs a pinball concession), "punk worker" (a man who sells children's toys, such as balloons and whirligigs), "ironclad" (a place where one enjoys police protection), and "on the sneak" (a place where one toils without it).

Normally, this is not the stuff of school-age instruction, which runs more to the bounding of Uruguay and the addition of three-eighths and two-fifths, after finding the common denominator. Nevertheless, it has its uses for a child who feels himself marked out for a destiny transcending the field of mass tutelage. Eagle branched out from candy selling and learned carnival operations from the top to the, in some cases, almost unfathomable bottom. He spent one athletic season as a "bloot boy," a job in which he functioned as a movable table. Boiled down, his duties consisted of bending over, near any display of wealth in the crowd, and providing a flat back whereon an older associate set up a game of three-card monte, known among carnival people as "tossing the broads." The impermanent feature of the sport was essential in case a sheriff should heave upon the scene, at which instant both the table and the dealer would straighten up and run like deer. This, to Eagle, was a rewarding employment, though somewhat sapping to the legs. On the next carnival he joined, he was less happy, and certainly morally out of tune, with the job of ticket seller at one of those stands where the customer swings a mallet and tries to drive a weight up a high, calibrated shaft and ring a bell. In this particular concession, when the spectators turned their faces skyward at the moment of impact, a group of company pickpockets moved rapidly among them to lift any wallets that had not been adequately secured. As soon as Eagle discovered the concession's real aim, he lost all interest in it, and became more convinced than ever that his career lay in talking. He began to wheedle fill-in spiels with various shows on the carnival, and the owners were stunned by his poise. Eagle's platform manner, according to old-timers, was condescending even while he was in his teens. Stranger yet, his assurance appeared to deepen as a crowd's size increased; in his own words, once quoted by the New York *Times* in an admiring piece about his antics, "I don't frighten easily by great numbers."

A variety of sages have recorded that there is no substitute for experience. Eagle believes that within a few seasons he had talked in front of every kind of show known to carnivals. He expounded the marketable features of freaks, both animal and human; he sang the milk-white allure of "skin shows," which presented to virtuous bumpkins the limp gyrations of five or six bored, semi-nude, and often freezing chorines, usually with a "blowoff" after the finale, meaning a glimpse of Eve in her pre-fig-leaf era, available, for an added fee, in a cubicle at the rear; he harangued the gullible into snake pits, motordromes, prizefights, band concerts, midget musicales, and "flat joints," or arcades filled with gambling devices. "I regret to say," he says with a conspicuous lack of regret, "that the wheels were all gaffed. If anybody won anything valuable, it was customary to murder the guy that ran the joint." The guardian fist of the law was needed in many localities, often to keep the showmen from being mobbed. Eagle, back in those days, was already exhibiting the genius for flimflam that later made him famous and reached its apogee at the Chicago and New York World's

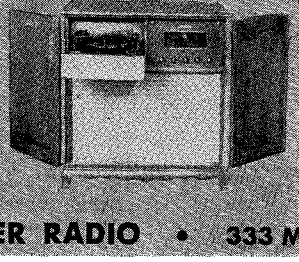

Brings Life to the Music You Love
The Normandy

THE FISHER
HIGH FIDELITY
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

FROM THE MEREST WHISPER of muted violins to the full-throated crescendo of an entire symphony orchestra—the life of orchestral music lies in *dynamics*. These dynamics give the music its texture and excitement.

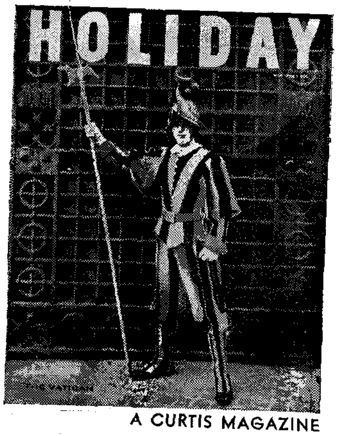
The clean, life-like reproduction of orchestral dynamics presents a challenge to any home music instrument—a challenge which THE FISHER meets superbly! THE FISHER's effortless ease in handling difficult passages is evident from the first moment you hear it. And, THE FISHER's twenty-one-year tradition of quality promises you countless hours of listening pleasure.

THE NORMANDY, shown above, is a complete and flexible instrument. It combines an extreme-sensitivity FM-AM radio, a Garrard record-changer, and a 3-unit speaker system of special design. THE NORMANDY is priced at $595.00. Other FISHER phonographs and radio-phonographs start at $279.50. Write today for our beautifully illustrated radio-phonograph brochure.



THE NORMANDY *console is available in fruitwood or mahogany finish.* SIZE: *36⅝" wide; 18⅜" deep; 37½" high.*

FISHER RADIO • 333 Madison Ave. • New York, N. Y.



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

Some people have a flair for living

They're alert, gracious, responsive. They take pride in their homes and possessions. They have the taste and talent for getting the most out of life.

It's spirited people like these who read Holiday. For Holiday's colorful pages bring them a wealth of stimulating ideas to satisfy their thirst for experience, for more enjoyable living . . . a rewarding new look at today's exciting world.

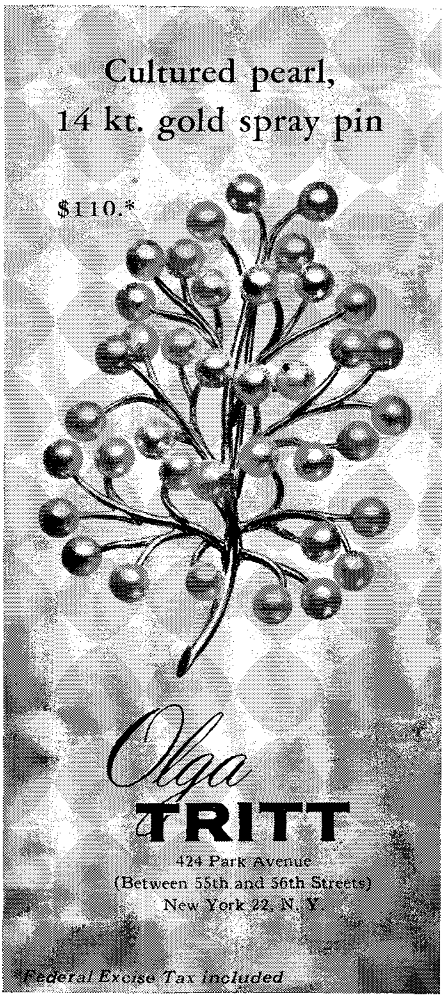
And happily, with incomes nearly triple the national average, these Holiday families can afford the things they want to buy. More and more advertisers are reaching this rewarding market in Holiday. How about you?

There's a rewarding new world for you in **HOLIDAY**

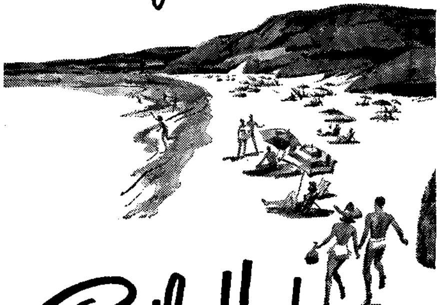
Claire McCardell
designs
with
Wamsutta®
cotton chiffon
LORD & TAYLOR, New York
and other fine stores
Wamsutta Mills, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.
A Division of M. Lowenstein & Sons, Inc.

Fairs. It was no strain on him to proclaim, in rich belly tones, as he did on one carnival, that he had inside a tent an authentic two-headed baby, but afterward it took some doing to get out of the region alive. In this trifling demonstration of his gall, Eagle had rigged a microphone that purported to serve as a pipeline from the inner works of the concession. He had the unblushing effrontery to make his spiel while the mike delivered baby cries in two different keys—the unmistakable sounds of two separate voices bawling concurrently. "Yes, a real, authentic two-headed baby, ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, his face aglow at his listeners' good fortune. "The most amazing and provocative phenomenon ever offered by this or any other amusement center in the world. Only fifty cents to see an absolutely authentic guaranteed two-headed baby, the only one of its kind known to medical science. Now, if you'll just step this way . . ." Many members of the audience, when they entered the tent and gazed on the two-headed India-rubber baby Eagle had installed there, were inclined to be sore. Nor were they mollified when he expressed stunned amazement, saying, "Why, I thought you understood that it was an authentic *rubber* baby. There isn't any such thing as a *live* two-headed baby; grown-up people ought to know that." Eagle acted angrier than his customers, but the truth is that, even so, he had to cough up refunds for two or three men of distinctive muscularity.

Carnival life, with its relaxed cluster of showgirls, might have led another youth astray, but Eagle's conduct remained on a high moral plane. His method of avoiding temptation was far from unique, but it certainly proved troublesome. Instead of merely dating all the attractive girls he met, he tried to marry most of them. His first success—in 1919, when he was still in his teens—was with Miss Goldie Horr, a resident of Middlesborough, Kentucky, and a friend of his parents, who more or less arranged the match, by mail. It failed to endure. Thinking it over, Eagle believes that an element contributory to its breakdown was the fact that he had two other girls at the time of his wooing—one working in a "forty-nine," or taxi-dance, concession of the carnival he was travelling with, and the other in his own employ, under the professional handle of the Punchboard Queen. (The latter was the come-on for an ingenious system Eagle had devised for peddling chances on a punchboard with absolutely no risk to the



Beautiful Bermuda's



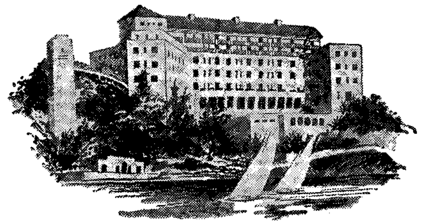
Castle Harbour

Dancing to a famous band, cuisine by a master chef. Breeze-cooled days for golf, riding, tennis, fishing, sailing. Bermuda's most extensive private beach . . . all yours at the Island's largest seaside resort.

Howard F. Hohl, General Manager

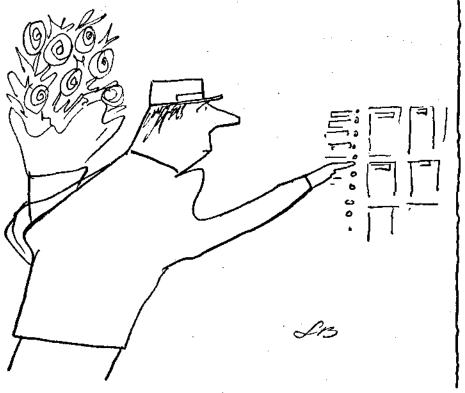
For Color Folders and reservations, see your Travel Agent or

BERMUDA HOTELS INC., Wm. P. Wolfe, Rep.
500 5th Ave., New York 36 LO 5-1114
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Miami
Philadelphia • Toronto



owner. He simply took a new board, punched out ten or twelve numbers, listed them as the winning ones, and then had his girl go ahead and sell the remaining chances. Nobody ever won a dime.) Eagle feels that his bride was, quite needlessly, jealous of the two carnival girls. Nevertheless, to do his duty, he quit trouping and briefly assumed the management of her father's hotel, tobacco warehouse, and coal mine. According to his own account, it required several years for all three businesses to get back on their feet. None responded to carnival treatment. A sandwich man on stilts whom he stationed in front of the hotel appeared to make people suspicious of the place; the organized singing that he arranged in the tobacco warehouse diverted the workers' attention from the real job, which was packing tobacco; and the coal miners rather small-mindedly took a superstitious view of the visitors he occasionally brought underground. He remembers hearing one digger remark to a colleague, "I didn't mind the pinhead or the man with the alligator hide, but if that goddam Eagle comes down here with one more bearded lady, I'm through."

Eagle and Miss Horr were divorced after a year or so, and he returned to the carnivals. Throughout the twenties, while working with such attractions as Captain John Sheesley's Carnival, the K. G. Barkoot Shows, the Veal Brothers' Carnivals, the Rubin & Cherry Shows, the James E. Strates Shows, the World of Mirth, and the Con T. Kennedy and Royal American Shows, he was wed and unwed with regularity. During one horrifying span, after marrying a comely girl of the carnivals, he set up as a farmer near Muncie, Indiana, for reasons that currently escape him. "Never did a farm hit the skids quite so fast," he has stated. After only a few weeks' residence, he found himself retiring to a cornfield he had let go to seed and making impassioned spiels to the dead and yellowing stalks. Thereafter, he took to calling, in



EAU DE COLOGNE
KÖLNISCH WASSER
No 4711
GLOCKENGASSE No 4711
COLOGNE on RHINE

$1.50 to $8.50 plus tax

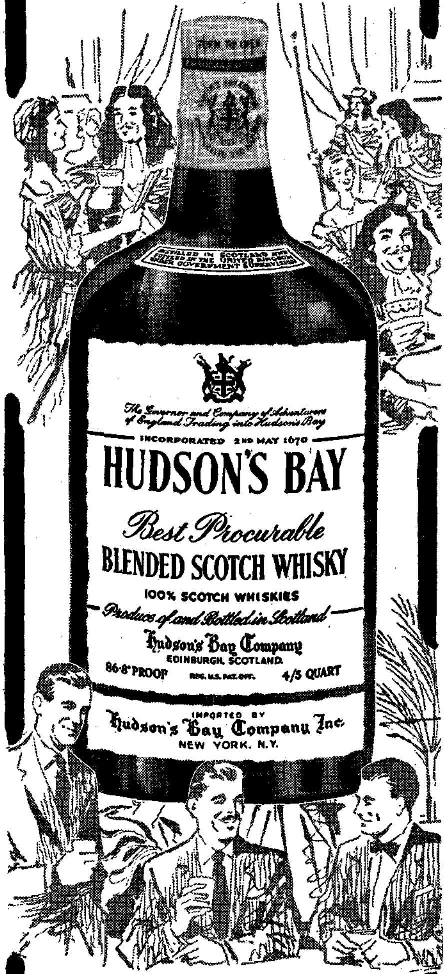
Be the pretty flower
that never wilts or fades

...with the world's most wonderfully refreshing Eau de Cologne

One of the great comforts of your summer will be 4711 "KÖLNISCH" EAU DE COLOGNE. Time after time you'll turn to the cooling balm of its touch, the bracing tonic of its fragrance, for an immediate feeling of sweet, all-over cleanliness.

Internationally popular for over eight generations, 4711 "KÖLNISCH" EAU DE COLOGNE with its almost magical powers of refreshment, bears no comparison.

No 4711 *A Secret Recipe Product imported from Cologne—the City of "4711" Fame* as served in select company since 1701...


The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
Produced and Bottled in Scotland
Hudson's Bay Company
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
86·8° PROOF
4/5 QUART
IMPORTED BY
Hudson's Bay Company Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY

BRAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

86·8° PROOF

●

Its Goodness Never Varies

●

IMPORTED BY HUDSON'S BAY
COMPANY INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

58-3A

the role of buff, on any carnivals within fifty miles. When he later obtained a divorce, on the ground of desertion, he was reported by a Chicago newspaper to have gallantly told the judge that his wife had complained of his "habit of coming home with midgets in his hair."

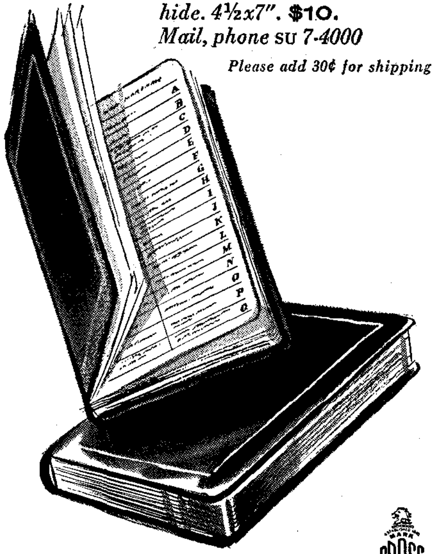
In that jazzy era, the prelude to the great depression, Eagle had a vast, restless conviction that he was somehow preparing for a lifework that lay just around the corner. Like Lincoln in the drab office at Springfield, he awaited the moment of crisis. His hunch turned out to be correct, as the hunches of leaders often do. The city of Chicago, reviving a dormant variety of fiesta, announced a gigantic World's Fair—a convocation, from civilization's outermost way stops and the whole world in between, of the new, the strange, the noisy, and the meretricious. A pitchman's dream of Elysium, it unrolled a unique vista of rich harvests for all men of brass and acquisitive instincts. Eagle was among the first to arrive on the scene.

"THE story of Nate Eagle at the Chicago World's Fair is an important contribution to American sociology," one of his biographers has said. "It shows how far the people will go in their eagerness to be skinned." When Eagle became aware of the incredible jamboree being born, and had his vision of destiny, he was in St. Louis, with Fred Beckman's carnival. Rain had fallen steadily for a week, and with it the spirits of the company. Beckman had sensibly consulted a bottle of prescription gin in order to ward off the chill, and he took Eagle's plea for separation philosophically. "My boy," he said, "I won't stand in your way. You're young; you have strength and courage. You have all the ingredients necessary to rise in your profession—a deceptively honest face, a genius for legitimate fraud, no conscience, a golden tongue, and a feeling that a quarter in somebody else's pocket is a personal rebuke. I know you're broke, so here's twenty dollars, but there's one last thing I want you to do—come out on the midway and make an opening." His phrase had reference to the talker's address that gathers a crowd and opens a show. Eagle recalls the scene with nostalgia—Beckman, bottle in hand, standing tearfully alone in the rain before the platform, or "bally;" a few heads, several of normal shape, thrust curiously out of nearby tents; and Eagle himself hurling forth his oratorical thunders about a nonexistent act to follow. "It was beautiful, beautiful," said Beckman at the

SPEAK
FOR YOURSELF

The new Linguist translates from English into French, Italian, German...all on the same page, in adjacent columns. Thousands of words, phrases, idioms in one compact book. Beautifully bound in red, green, brown, or black hide. 4½x7". $10. Mail, phone SU 7-4000

Please add 30¢ for shipping



MARK
CROSS

5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

Florida's Foremost

Four Season Resort

PONTE VEDRA CLUB

★ THE INN
★ THE GOLF CLUB
★ THE SURF CLUB

See Your Travel Agent
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Boston
Washington • Chicago
Toronto

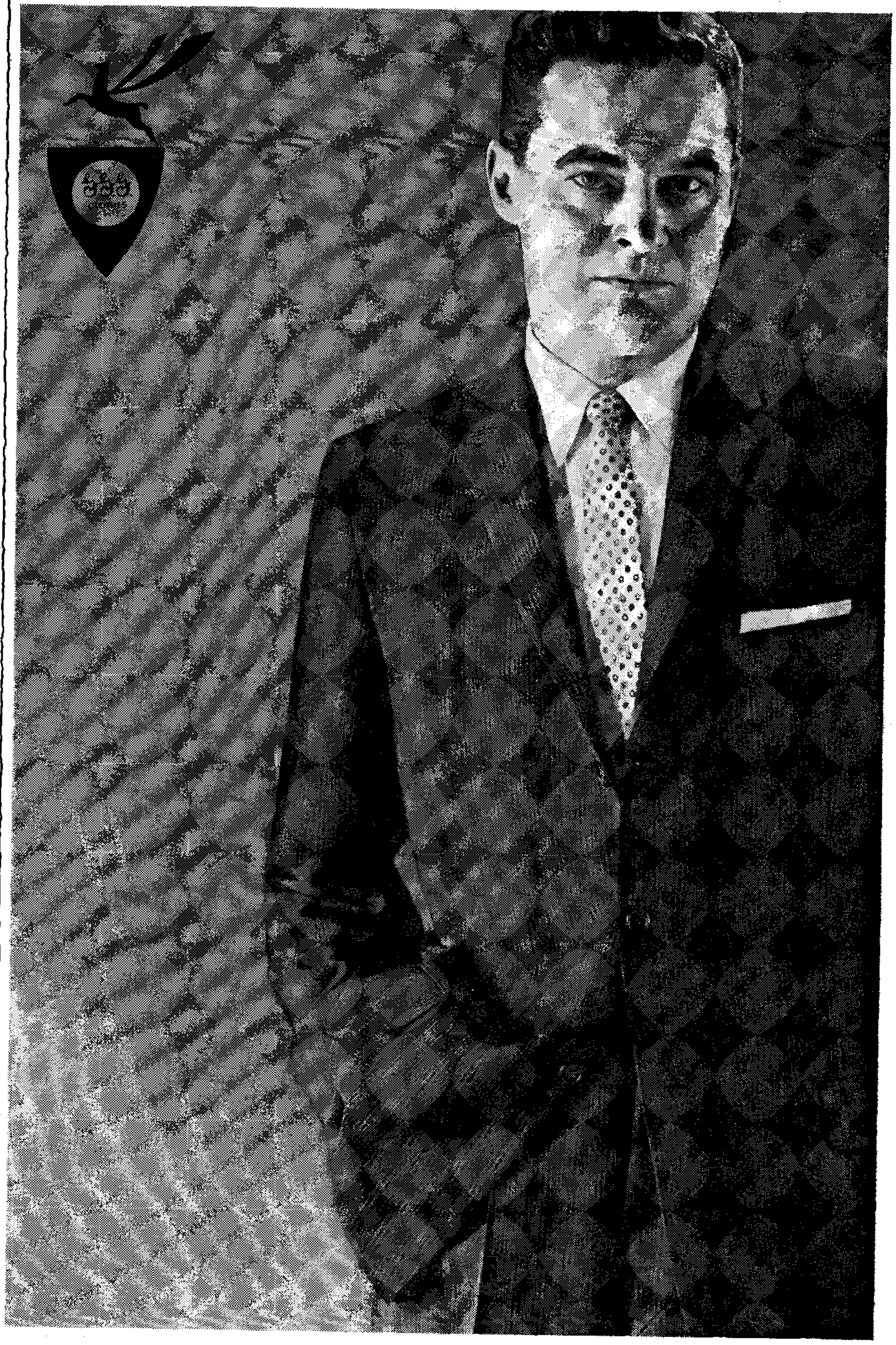
Ponte Vedra

PONTE VEDRA BEACH
FLORIDA

finish. He even told Eagle, who had a second-hand car, to drive over to the operator of the Whip and have him fill it with gasoline from his machine. "No father could have given a son a handsomer sendoff," Eagle says with emotion. "Fred Beckman was a prince among men."

Eagle arrived in Chicago, spruced up in a public lavatory, spent his remaining funds on a new hat, and checked into the Morrison Hotel with as much flourish as possible. On the strength of his impressive façade, he was able to engage a suite, and as soon as he was installed in it, he got in touch with room service, the bar, the valet, the laundry, a masseur, and a manicurist, after which he put in a pleasant hour on the long-distance telephone. Before the day was out (but after the desk crew had changed), he picked up thirty dollars from the cashier to be put on his bill, belatedly tipped the bellhops with the hotel's money, and began trying to make connections with the Fair. "I knew a lot of people," he says, "but I couldn't seem to get into the grounds." In desperation, he finally borrowed a white jacket from a Morrison waiter and rode into the Fair on the back of a delicatessen truck. He found employment at once. The Fair was about to open, and a motordrome, where several motorcycles, each with a lion and a girl riding on it, were to navigate a circular banked course, was preparing to hire three talkers, who would work in shifts from 10 A.M. until midnight. Eagle took all three jobs. It was no strain on him; in fact, it was the first real chance he had had in his life to exploit his lung power completely. In view of this, it seems a pity that the motordrome tieup failed to pan out. The trouble lay in a broad, basic lack of rapport between Eagle and the lions, which were old, crotchety, and perhaps suffering from a sense of displacement. Certainly their activity of the moment had no close parallel in their native Africa, and it was not surprising that most of them, when the cycles started up, jumped off and ran up the sides of the bowl. This, in turn, caused the customers to jump up and run out of the concession. Eagle sought to solve the problem by fixing the lions to their motorcycle seats with baling wire, thereby deepening the misunderstanding. The lions fought back at every opportunity (and they had many) by spitting at Eagle—at first just in his general direction, but soon directly in his face. At length, he went to the owners and quit. "I don't mind the ordinary give-and-take of business,"

Dress right in GGG clothes...you can't afford not to



The Second Button

proves why GGG fits you like no other suit can

Try on a GGG suit and see how smoothly it fits. Not a bulge anywhere. It lies so flat—looks so lean—anyone would think it was molded to your body. But take hold of the second button—and pull it away from you. All the freedom you want! It's a unique blend of elegance and ease. And one more reason you *look* and *feel* so much better in a suit by GGG.

GGG

For name of nearest store, write Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. Y, 12 E. 14th St., N.Y. 3

he said, "but those lions have gone a step too far. This is more than the permissible temperament of artists. They hate me personally."

Within twenty-four hours, Eagle had transferred his talents to the custody of two other concessionaires—Lew Dufour and Joe Rogers, who had a vague notion of presenting to culture-hungry Chicago the wonders of Africa, the Dark Continent. To this end, they had lined up, as a starter, forty-two savages, twenty-three of whom came moderately close to being authentic; that is, they were African, all right—stokers, with beautiful English accents, whom the partners had hired off ships in New York and were holding there to await shipment to Chicago. The nineteen others were supplementary cannibals who had been recruited from Chicago pool halls to round out the tribe. As Dufour and Rogers pondered the probable form of their exhibit, Eagle cried, "We'll build an African village, boys! Leave everything to me." First, he went to the Brooks Costume Company, in New York, and bought some African outfits that included ostrich plumes, leopard sarongs, clubs, spears, zebra-hide shields, nose bones, and matching accessories. The stokers were then caparisoned in these and flown to Chicago, where they landed—ostensibly on a direct flight from Africa—with enormous fanfare. The municipal authorities were prevailed upon to set aside a day on which Eagle, with traffic reshuffled, could march the tribe (now augmented by the pool-hall loungers) through the downtown streets of the city. It was a gala occasion. Eagle, wearing snake boots, a pith helmet, a bush jacket, and a revolver, led the way. He was carrying a bullwhip, and it was manifest that his charges might at any moment fall tooth and nail upon the spectators. A false note was struck, however, when one of the stokers, turning to admire a window display, called out to a fellow-aborigine, "I say, Freddie, I wonder if they'd let us stop in and get a tin of that new tooth powder." Laying about him with his whip and uttering shouts of "*Simba!*" and "*M'gogo!*," Eagle threatened him back into line, and later passed off the incident to a reporter as a harmless attempt by the savage to bludgeon an elderly woman.

The village—an enclosure of considerable primitive charm, as the many persons who visited it will remember—was erected quickly, and the presentation got off to a promising start. But it was plagued by recurring personnel

Lord & Taylor

Hobo for a night—the newest idea! It's a button-down nightshirt of fantastic rags and patches, with a gay little kerchief and matching boxer shorts, in all kinds of colored cotton. S, M, L, 5.95

Lord & Taylor, New York

C. D. PEACOCK
Jewelers since 1837

Jade

—the revered stone of the Orient, thought to endow its owner with certain virtues and to bring good luck. Imported, handcarved Buddha of dyed jade in a lovely apple green, lit by brilliantly cut clear synthetic spinel, mounted in sterling silver with neck chain.

$27.50 incl. Fed. Tax
Add 3% State Tax for Illinois delivery

C D Peacock
STATE AND MONROE IN CHICAGO

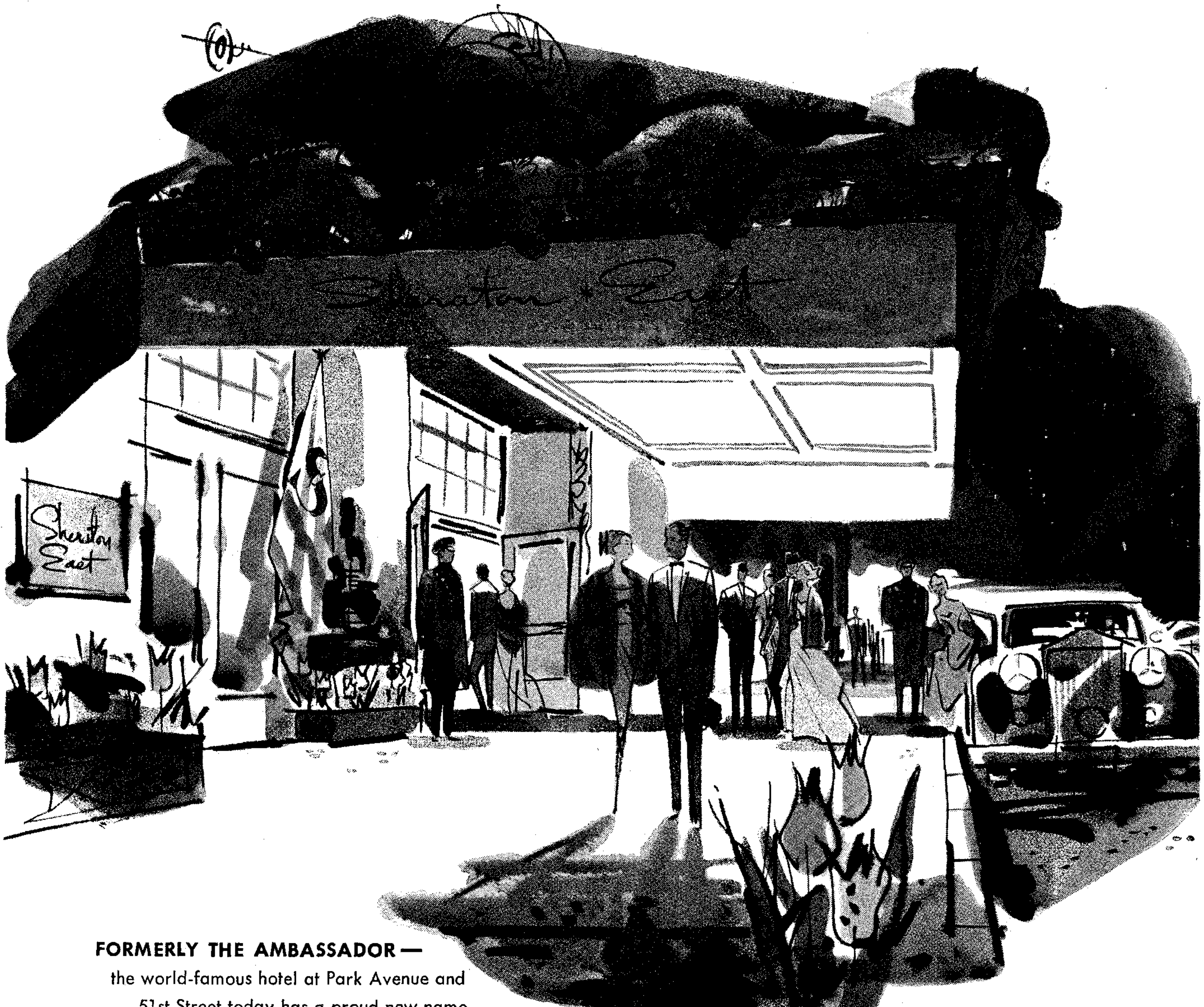
Among the leading Swiss concerns whose trademarks are well known in the U.S.

Fabrics: Lanella
Watches: Ω OMEGA
Chocolates: Lindt
Shoes: BALLY OF SWITZERLAND
Dye Chemicals: S SANDOZ
Transportation: SWISSAIR
Cheese: Swiss Castle
Typewriters: HERMES

Lanella® CORPORATION
185 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Sheraton-East

NEW NAME ON NEW YORK'S PARK AVENUE



FORMERLY THE AMBASSADOR— the world-famous hotel at Park Avenue and 51st Street today has a proud new name . . . Sheraton-East. As your new host at this honored address, Sheraton-East will endeavor to exceed the traditions of gracious living and exceptional service that have always made this one of New York's truly great hotels. Sheraton-East is destined to become a symbol of the world's finest in accommodations and outstanding services. The entire staff will continue to welcome you at The Embassy Club, the French Restaurant, the Knight Box and all of the other famous rooms at the Sheraton-East.

the welcome is wonderful at **SHERATON HOTELS**

EASTERN DIV.

NEW YORK
Sheraton-East (formerly the Ambassador)
Park-Sheraton
Sheraton-McAlpin
Sheraton-Russell

BOSTON
Sheraton-Plaza

WASHINGTON
Sheraton-Carlton
Sheraton-Park

PITTSBURGH
Penn-Sheraton

BALTIMORE
Sheraton-Belvedere

PHILADELPHIA
Sheraton Hotel

PROVIDENCE
Sheraton-Biltmore

ATLANTIC CITY
Sheraton-Ritz Carlton

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
Sheraton-Kimball

ALBANY
Sheraton-Ten Eyck

ROCHESTER
Sheraton Hotel

BUFFALO
Sheraton Hotel

SYRACUSE
Sheraton-Syracuse Inn
Sheraton-DeWitt Motel

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Sheraton-Binghamton
(Opens early 1959)

MIDWESTERN DIV.

CHICAGO
Sheraton-Blackstone
Sheraton Hotel

DETROIT
Sheraton-Cadillac

CINCINNATI
Sheraton-Gibson

ST. LOUIS
Sheraton-Jefferson

OMAHA
Sheraton-Fontenelle

LOUISVILLE
Sheraton-Seelbach
The Watterson

DALLAS
Sheraton Hotel
Opens 1959

AKRON
Sheraton Hotel

INDIANAPOLIS.
Sheraton-Lincoln

FRENCH LICK, Ind.
French-Lick Sheraton

RAPID CITY, S. D.
Sheraton-Johnson

SIOUX CITY, Iowa
Sheraton-Martin
Sheraton-Warrior

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
Sheraton-Carpenter
Sheraton-Cataract

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa
Sheraton-Montrose

PACIFIC DIV.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sheraton-Palace

LOS ANGELES
Sheraton-Town House

PASADENA
Huntington-Sheraton

CANADIAN DIV.

MONTREAL
Sheraton-Mt. Royal
The Laurentien

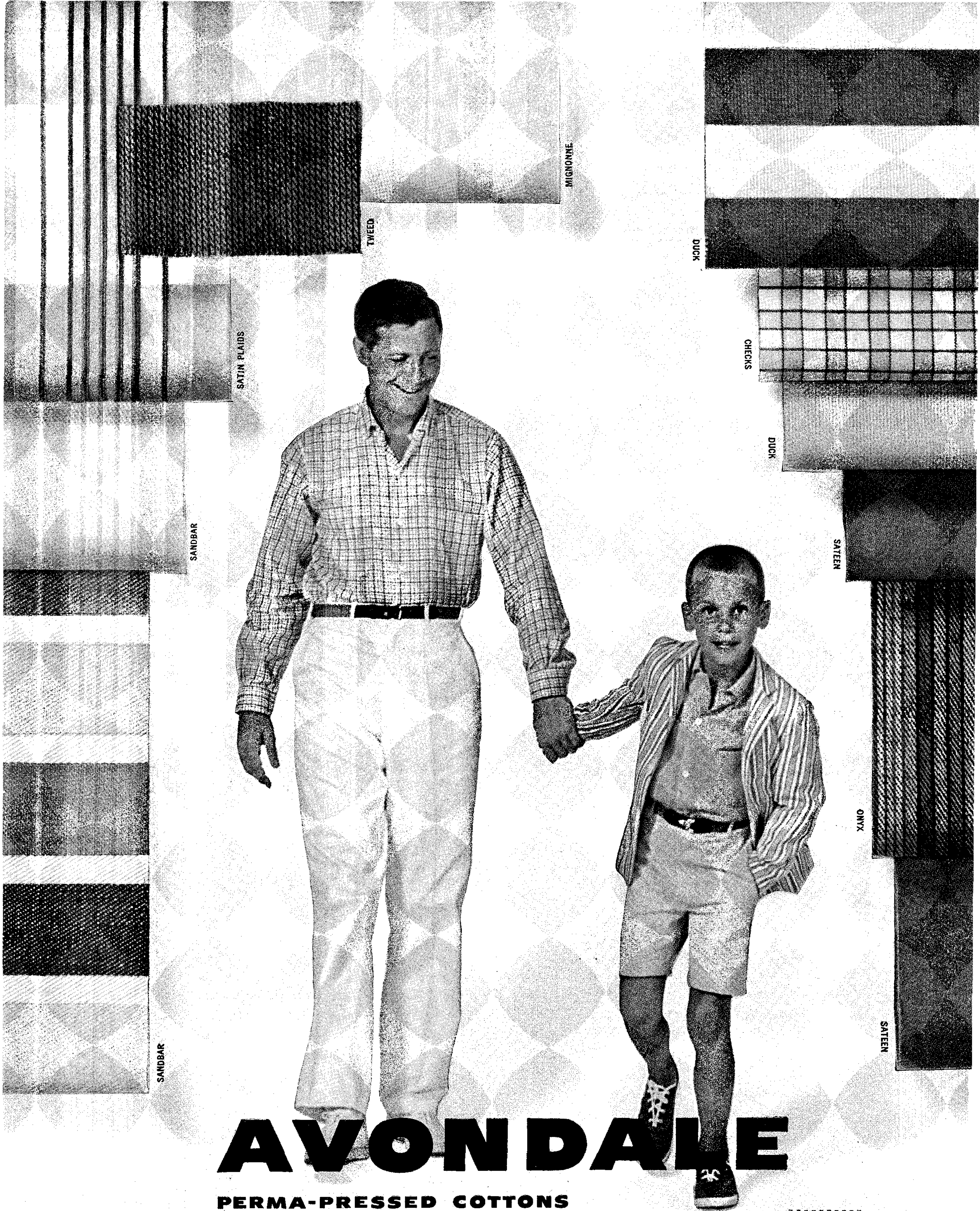
TORONTO
King Edward Sheraton

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.
Sheraton-Brock

HAMILTON, Ont.
Sheraton-Connaught

For reservations by the new 4-second Reservatron or direct-line Teletype, call your nearest Sheraton Hotel.

Sheraton Corporation Shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.


TWEED
MIGNONNE
SATIN PLAIDS
SANDBAR
SANDBAR
DUCK
CHECKS
DUCK
SATEEN
ONYX
SATEEN

AVONDALE

PERMA-PRESSED COTTONS

—wrinkle-resistant—need little or no ironing—all in Companion Colors.
In ready-to-wear and by-the-yard at fine stores near you. Look for this tag.

AVONDALE

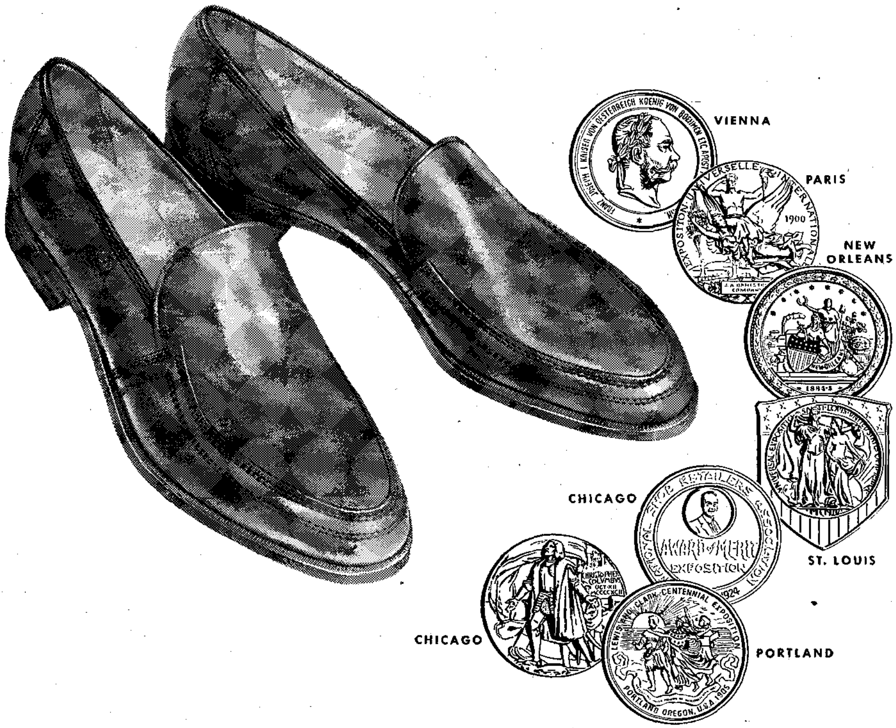
Boy's shirt and shorts by **Hi-Line** in Cape Cord and Mignonne Chambray, McCall Pattern No. 4470. Man's pants and shirt in Sateen and English Shirting. Avondale cottons are guaranteed to be as represented. If for any reason you are not satisfied, we will replace or refund purchase price. Avondale Mills, Comer Building, Birmingham, Alabama.

woes. Indeed, there were times, Eagle says, when he wished he were back with the lions. From the opening day, he showed brilliance at thinking up things for the savages to do; the hitch was that they refused to do them. He constructed a ladder with rungs made out of swords, but they declined to climb it. They turned thumbs down on his orders to walk barefoot over a bed of live coals. Two or three morosely consented to rub red mud in their hair, but the tribe's decision against filing down their upper front teeth was unanimous. At his wit's end, Eagle engaged an old friend—a colored Coney Island prize-fighter, who assumed the name of Chief Woo Foo for the purposes of village life—and turned the vexations of goading over to him. The Chief didn't get to first base. He flexed his muscles and tried any number of horrifying imprecations; then he came to Eagle and said, "They just won't cut up right. Africans or no Africans, those dogs are *dead.*" Eagle was seriously aggrieved. "By God, that's gratitude for you," he told the Chief. "Here I've given them a nice plane ride, dolled them up in costumes their grandfathers would have traded their ears for, put them before the public like a bunch of Hollywood actors, and what'll they do? Nothing!" As matters worsened, the Chicago contingent began to defect back to the pool halls, and Eagle was obliged to get up early and hire a dozen hands off the Lake Michigan piers, where they were fishing, and, before show time, teach them how to dance around half naked and howl. Usually, they lasted only one day, and Eagle had to round up a new batch the next morning.

In any event, Eagle himself was magnificent. As a talker, he misrepresented everything in the village. When, before long, he and the partners rented some chimpanzees, he advertised them as gorillas. And if somebody demurred, he quickly explained that they were *pygmy* gorillas, a very rare species. During his conducted tours through the native compound, he usually scared half his audience into a state of partial shock. Merle Evans, the Ringling Circus band leader for forty years, who studied Eagle at the African Village, feels that his performance, for its controlled evocation of danger, compared very favorably with that of Harry Carey in the memorable film "Trader Horn." Eagle always had his revolver handy, and he practically never forgot his bullwhip; occasionally he even carried a kitchen chair around by its back, in the manner of an animal trainer. "Watch it,

BANISTER'S
Norse

ADMIRABLY FITTED
FOR A GENTLEMAN'S LEISURE



Since 1845 — The Proudest Name in Footwear

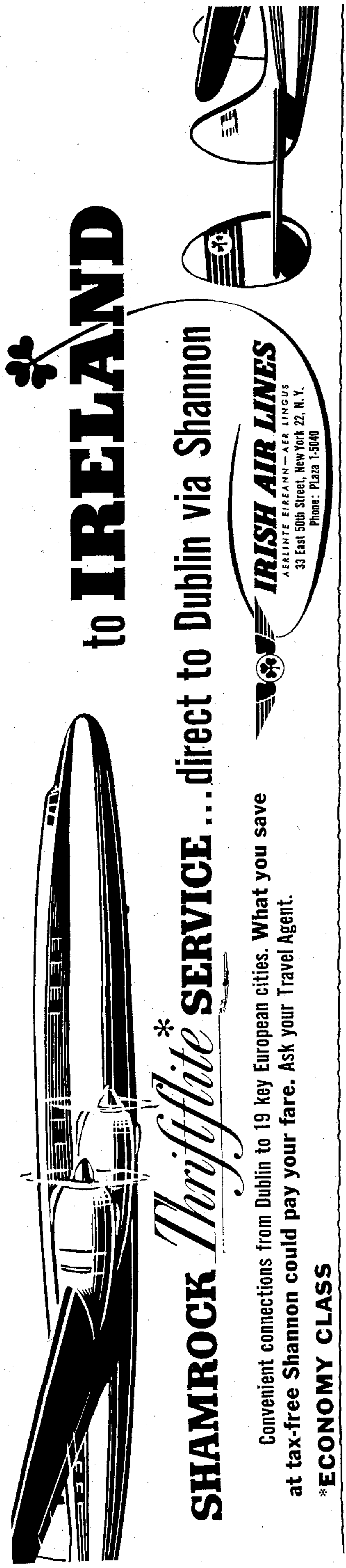
This rakish Banister slip-on adds out-of-the-ordinary fashion to your smartest casual attire. Unlined, with light, supple leather soles, it's about as weight free as a shoe can be. Luxury leathers further the impression of well bred elegance. Costly looking, but surprisingly moderate in price —$24.95, at better stores.

(Other styles from $24.50 to $75.00 slightly higher Denver, West)

BANISTER

113 years of most illustrious shoemaking achievement

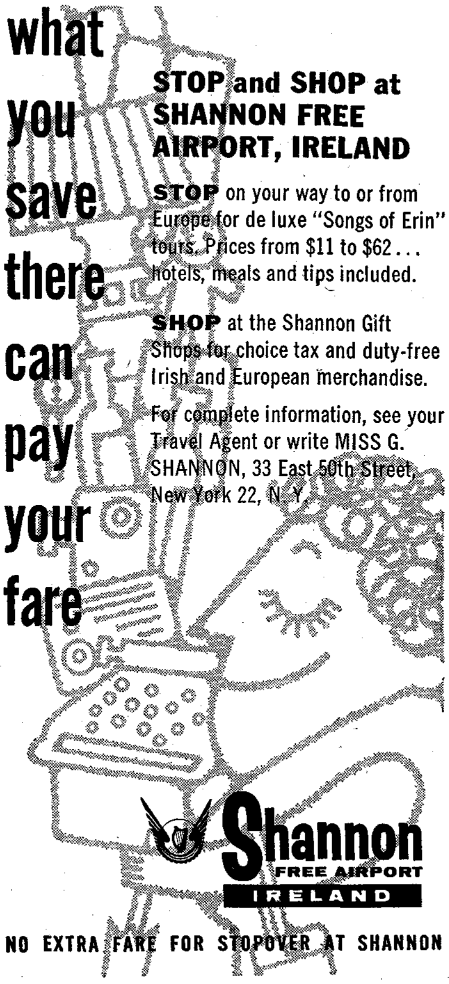
JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY, 541 MAIN STREET
SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASS.


to IRELAND
SHAMROCK *Thriftlite** SERVICE....direct to Dublin via Shannon
Convenient connections from Dublin to 19 key European cities. What you save at tax-free Shannon could pay your fare. Ask your Travel Agent.
*ECONOMY CLASS
IRISH AIR LINES
AERLINTE EIREANN—AER LINGUS
33 East 50th Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Phone: PLaza 1-5040

folks!" he would cry, his voice vibrant but steady. "This is one of the worst areas. Head-hunting is second nature to these fellows right in here." Frequently, he hauled out a handkerchief and mopped his face to remove the cold sweat of anxiety. This gorgeous posturing was in sorry contrast to what the savages were actually doing at any given moment during the tours. Some lounged around chatting about sports; others slept in the shade; a few of them did go so far as to organize a game of spear-throwing, but they were very bad at it, and Eagle confesses to having relieved them of substantial sums in competitions after hours. Quite a few read; one tourist, after an Eagle announcement of impending violence, had the boldness to inquire. "Then what in the dad-blasted Hades is that fellow doing lying over there under a palm tree reading a book by a man named Shakespeare?" Most of the stokers had been educated in fine mission schools and were, their manager believes, superior in both taste and learning to the average sightseer who viewed them.

Despite the setbacks, Eagle's inspirations continued apace. This was in the heyday of Frank Buck, the animal man, and Eagle racked his brains to devise some means of cashing in on Buck's notoriety. He finally hit it. By diligent inquiry, he located, in Philadelphia, an obscure monkey importer named Warren E. Buck, engaged him for a nominal fee, and emblazoned the sign of the African Village with the announcement "Presented by 'Buck, Who Brings 'Em Back Alive.'" Business took a temporary spurt. Then it slumped, and Eagle hired two Negro pinhead acquaintances named Willy and Sam from the Alabama carnivals, renamed them Illy and Zambezi ("late of the Ituri Rain Forest"), and worked up a spiel explaining that during babyhood their heads had been tightly wrapped in cloths, in the manner of Chinese feet, to give them the utmost beauty by tribal standards. (Pinheads, in carnival circles, are persons whose craniums are undersized and rather conical but who are not necessarily inferior in mental capacity.) Illy and Zambezi—vain of their appearance, and demanding, like most artists—immediately sparked a row that had been smoldering among the commonalty of the tribe. The nights were growing cool, and an imitation-leopard sarong, even from Brooks Costume, is a thin defense against the chill blasts off Lake Michigan. The tribe sent Chief Woo Foo to register an official beef. "The boys say they're freezing after dark,

GOOD AS CASH ANYWHERE, ANYTIME
YOUR SIGNATURE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD
BUY THEM AT YOUR BANK
SAFE WAY TO CARRY MONEY
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS
FULL REFUND IF LOST OR STOLEN
BACKED BY THE FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION


what you save there can pay your fare
STOP and SHOP at SHANNON FREE AIRPORT, IRELAND
STOP on your way to or from Europe for de luxe "Songs of Erin" tours. Prices from $11 to $62... hotels, meals and tips included.
SHOP at the Shannon Gift Shops for choice tax and duty-free Irish and European merchandise.
For complete information, see your Travel Agent or write MISS G. SHANNON, 33 East 50th Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Shannon FREE AIRPORT IRELAND
NO EXTRA FARE FOR STOPOVER AT SHANNON

Nate," said the Chief. "To tell you the truth, I ain't been overhotted-up myself. Maybe you'd better do something." Instinctively, Eagle felt that here, somehow, was a chance for exploitation, and he focussed his active mind on the puzzle. It was tricky. Without question, the village was licked if he had to accoutre the savages in suits from Marshall Field, and woollen underwear would have looked uncommonly odd when worn with nose bones and zebra-hide shields. Eagle got on the phone, and the next day fifty curiously wrought bamboo cups arrived by plane from Florida. From there on, it was easy sailing. He mixed a whopping bathtubful of gin and rewrote his spiel. "And there, ladies and gentlemen, you can see the savages kneeling in a circle, blessing the sacred ritual vessels of voodoo," he said to the customers that evening. "They bend over, chanting, and now—watch carefully—they go through the ceremonial motions of mass drinking to ward off the evil demons and get them through the night." Several of the tribe were especially fearful of demons and quite savagely insisted on repeating the ritual right up to closing time, and Eagle was obliged to capitulate until the gin was exhausted. Altogether, the warmup process worked, but things were still generally touch and go.

WITH the first tang of autumn, Eagle had felt an itch to put the jungle behind him. Like most civilized men who have been stationed for long periods in the backwashes of the world, he yearned for rehabilitation. He was sick of the dry rustle of papier-mâché palms, and he had wearied of dodging the coconuts that occasionally became unpinned in a high wind. Moreover, he acknowledges, he longed to mix with people of his own kind. His reading had suffered from the pressure of his other duties, and he smarted from a feeling that the stevedores were talking over his head. He discussed his problem with Dufour and Rogers, and, luckily, did so just in time to be promoted. At this stage of his Chicago career, Eagle was on a species of probation at the Morrison Hotel. The manager, a Mr. Hicks, learning that Eagle was flat broke at the time he checked in, had understandably screamed with anguish when the room-service, bar, valet, laundry, masseur, manicurist, telephone, and cash charges turned up on the new guest's bill, and had speedily bounced him down from his suite to a small room near an elevator. Hicks had also insisted on a steady

FRESH!

FRAGRANT!

FULL OF PROMISE!

This flower holds the secret of a

NEW KIND OF COFFEE!

Coffee flavor—deep, rich flavor—begins with a flower. *This* flower—born of selected seed and brought to blossom in the high slopes of the Andes, where the soil is incomparably rich and the climate immeasurably kind.

This is the beginning of the coffee that is called Brown Gold, from the golden brown soil of Colombia. All good coffee has *some* Colombian coffee. Brown Gold is *all* Colombian Coffee—the first time such coffee has been available.

Shade grown from carefully selected seeds—each coffee bean is hand-picked for fullness, ripeness, flavor. Brown Gold is a rediscovery of coffee goodness, a wonderful new experience in coffee enjoyment.

Search out Brown Gold Coffee! Inhale the fragrance that lingers from the flower you see here! Enjoy that goodness that goes deep into the cup! Pay more for it—but don't miss it: Brown Gold —America's one and only All-Colombian Coffee.

(Note: If your dealer does not have Brown Gold, order direct from the Andes Coffee Co., Division of Old Dutch Coffee Co., 80 Front St., New York 5, N. Y. Send $1.50 for 1 lb., or $2.70 for 2 lbs., parcel post prepaid.)

ALL PURPOSE GRIND
Brown Gold
100% COLOMBIAN
Coffee

Brown Gold

Your promise of a perfect cup of Coffee

EAU
DE
COLOGNE
CHANEL
POUR MONSIEUR

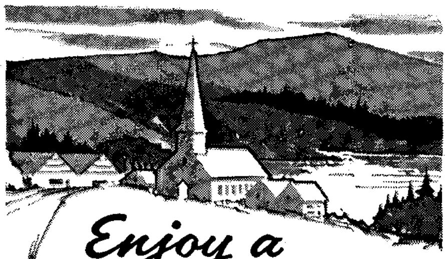
5.00 PLUS TAX

A
GENTLEMAN'S
COLOGNE

CHANEL

schedule of rent payments from Eagle's earnings; in brief, Eagle was set at the Morrison as long as he continued to be employed as a talker. After he had chatted with the partners and discovered that he was to be stepped up smartly in the professional scale, Eagle demanded, and got, his old suite back. In the finest tradition of hotel management, Hicks recognized that he had a winner on his hands when, within the space of a few hours, Eagle laid aside the trappings of safari and became a full-fledged physician, in charge of another concession his employers were starting. Called simply Life, it was quite possibly the most nauseous popular exhibit ever presented at any World's Fair—and the competition has always been keen.

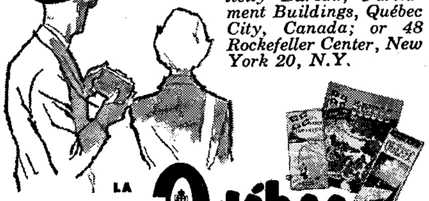
In substance, the show revolved around a series of bottled embryos. But there were also colored charts of the male and female anatomies, drawings on the subject of reproduction, nude figurines, and suggestive quotations from classical literature—anything in the obstetrical line that the law might allow. Outside, above the bally, the décor gave subtle promise that within the canvas walls a bacchanal, a pornographic debauch, was under way that would make the diversions of early Rome seem childishly superficial. What gave the exhibit class was Eagle. Dressed in a white medical suit—like the men in the television ads in which a pill enters a diagrammed esophagus and, opening and closing off valves, embarks on a kind of intestinal Cook's tour, curing the sickest patient—he had a stethoscope dependent from his neck. He also wore a head mirror, and his pockets were bulging with thermometers, spatulas, forceps, and other tools of the craft. As one of his friends has said, "On his appearance alone, Nate would very probably have been admitted without challenge to the staff of the Mayo Clinic." Eagle's effectiveness was not, however, limited to regalia. He had boned up in the Chicago Public Library and had learned a great deal about medicine, with special reference to the genito-urinary branch. Although several years of study stood between him and a medical diploma, he was well prepared to practice. When he started his first discourse at Life, aiding the décor with sedate hints of a genuinely raucous toot about to get under way, people stepped up and fought for tickets. It was the period when America was rejoicing in the discovery of sex—a revelation that in time would eliminate acting as a requisite skill in the cinema, all but destroy the reading habits of the nation, and es-



Enjoy a
QUÉBEC VACATION

Just an easy trip by road, rail, air, brings you to French-Canada, a picturesque land of rivers, mountains, lakes, where old world towns and villages are the jewels in the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence, where the Laurentian Mountains, the Gaspé Peninsula, the Eastern Townships, the wild Provincial Parks offer you the finest fishing, touring, camping—where all sports are at their best.

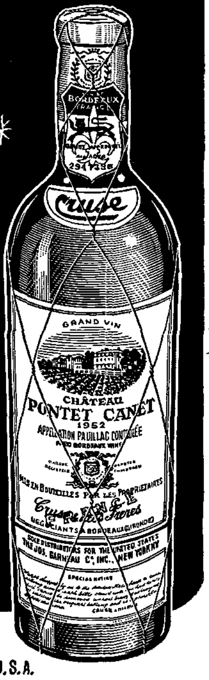
Write now for illustrated booklets and road map to: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.



LA PROVINCE DE Québec

Cruse

the greatest name in French Wines



SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

tablish the present era of newsstand bosom culture.

Eagle was the soul of ethics in all his professional activities. On leaving the bally and moving inside, he passed from embryo to embryo, explaining the life cycle in a manner both restrained and soothing. Essentially, his line—a departure from Osler and Lister—was that the moon controls everything. His audiences consisted mostly of women, and it is a remarkable fact that many of them begged him for an office consultation. "I'm sorry, Madam," Eagle would reply, the warm intimacy of his gaze reassuring each of them that he would break the rule if he could, "but I don't have a license to practice in Illinois. I'm registered in New York. Here in Illinois, I'm only a lecturing physician." Very few were inclined to take no for an answer, and Eagle was badgered almost beyond endurance. By the end of his first season in Chicago, he had come to realize that the doctor's cross could be intolerably exhausting. He was forced, in sum, to cast around for a likely new dodge. It was at this point in Eagle's development that he began his real life with midgets.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Eagle.)

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE HISTORICAL SCENE

[From the London Daily Express]

From Hollis, in New York, Mr. William Sabine writes to complain.

A monument at the local public school perpetuates the memory of "General Nathaniel Woodhull who, while captive, was mortally wounded by a British officer for refusing to say 'God Save The King.' "

False, says Mr. Sabine. The authorities know it to be false. Yet for generations the minds of American children have continued to be poisoned.

Many legends have sprung up about the American War of Independence. Some are harmless. Others less so.

Has not the time come for a reassessment?

HERE ARE THE FACTS

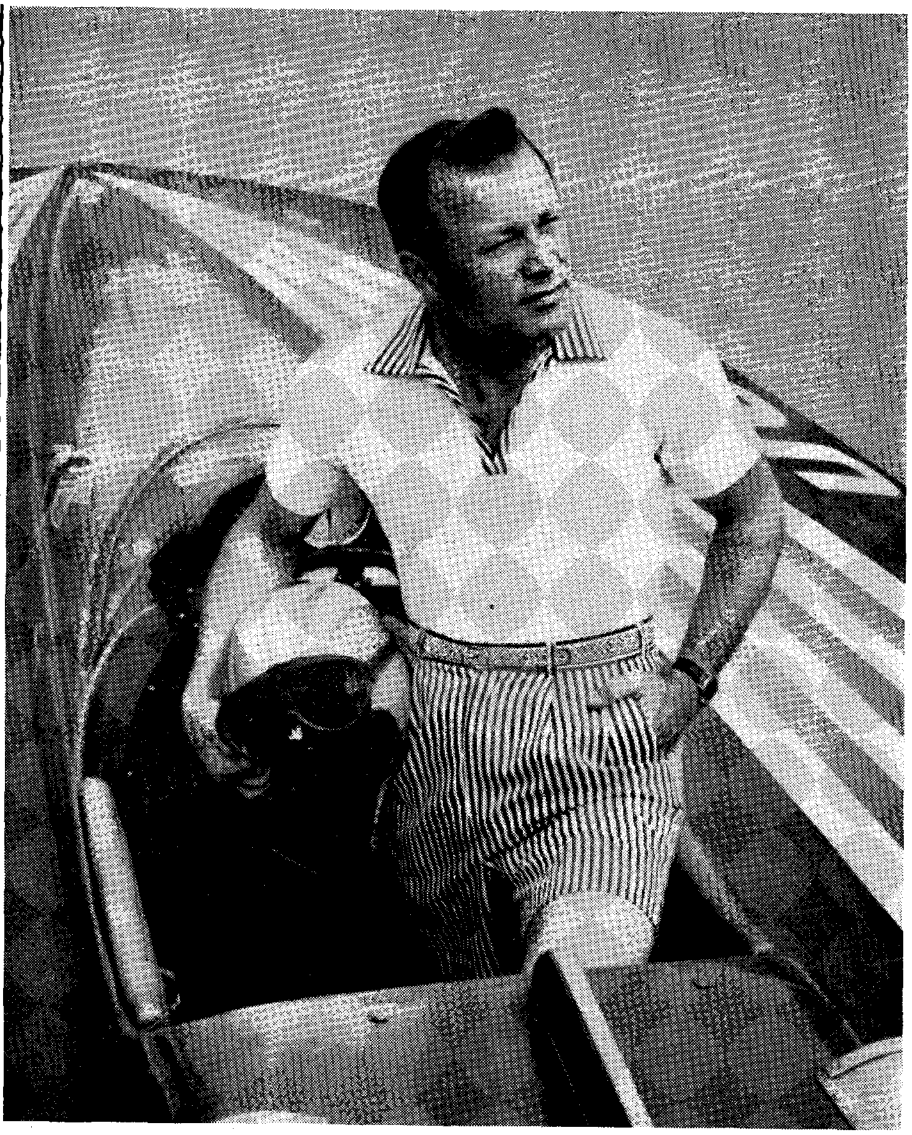
The War of Independence was, in the main, a German war.

It was directed by George III, a Hanoverian. Almost half of the "British" Army in America were Hessian mercenaries.

The Americans who fought against them were mainly Englishmen or their descendants. George Washington was at one time a brigadier in the British Army.

These facts should be kept in mind. It was the English in America who upheld English liberties—against German influence and German arms.

They give the answer to anybody who may try to twist the past so as to divide Britain from America.



BILL MUNCEY ON "MISS THRIFTWAY"—PHOTO BY TOM KELLEY

Bill Muncey, speedboat champion, wears the new Jantzen club shirt

This new Jantzen shirt and walkers combination is worn by Bill Muncey, member of the Jantzen International Sports Club, and winner for the last two years of the Gold Cup, symbol of the world hydroplane championship.

Bill's reactions are what you'd expect from a sportsman. He likes the *comfort,* the professional look, and the tailored fit that he finds in this combination.

The shirt: The basic fabric is a strong, white cotton knit with comfortable short sleeves and a striped poplin collar that stays trim no matter how many times you wash it. Trim on shirt comes in red, royal, chocolate, or black. The shirt is available in all sizes, including extra large, for $3.95.

The walker: Eight-inch inseam, side pockets, pleated front. The fabric is durable, non-fading cotton poplin — and the stripes match the shirt collar. Waist sizes from 30-44, $6.95. At the better stores.

Jantzen®
sportswear
for sportsmen

Jantzen Inc. • Portland 8, Oregon

Ode

COLOGNE

. . . new, brilliant
echo of the
perfume that is
loved by
knowing women
throughout
the world.

GUERLAIN
EAU DE COLOGNE
ODE
GUERLAIN

In the elegant tradition
of GUERLAIN . . . always a
gift of distinction
Ode Cologne $6, $10
plus tax

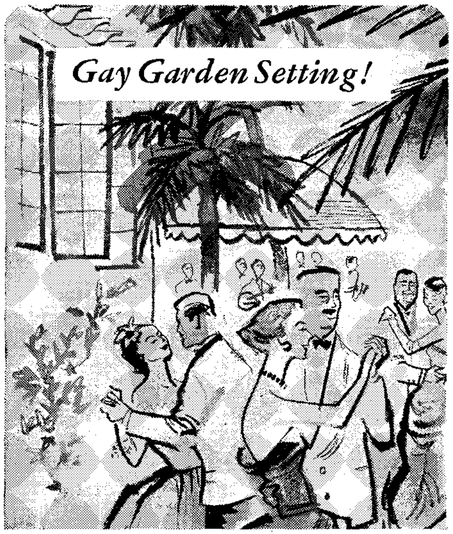
Guerlain
Parfumeur
Maison Fondée en 1828

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Friend of the Family

FOR some of its length, which is considerable, there can be no objection to "Rouge et Noir," a French movie interpretation of the celebrated novel by Stendhal. At its outset, the picture, which was adapted by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, seems well on the way to surveying the manners and morals of post-Napoleonic France with just such a sardonic eye as Stendhal possessed. But in its roving about, the film dissipates its original irony and winds up leaving its characters not much superior to the soap-opera types we all know. Nevertheless, there are a good many aspects of the project that command respectful attention. It is, as directed by Claude Autant-Lara, singularly colorful, and in the person of Gérard Philipe it has a Julien Sorel who might well turn the head of any female. You may remember that M. Sorel, a carpenter's son, starts onward and upward by seducing the fidgety wife of a provincial official while tutoring her children. Presently, our hero gets the notion that holy orders will establish him as something more than a social interloper. Both as a lover not quite dry behind the ears and as a seminarian something less than devout, M. Philipe is highly satisfactory. But as he progresses, becoming ultimately the protégé of the Marquis de la Mole and the inamorato of the Marquis's daughter, he unfortunately turns into a shallow fellow, showing little of the complexity Stendhal endowed Julien Sorel with. For all that, the picture has a lot of pretty wit, and a pair of very pretty ladies—Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi—to play the provincial wife and the Marquis's daughter. Striving to be noticed against these enticements are Jean Mercure, as the Marquis; Antoine Balpetre, as the head of a seminary briefly attended by M. Philipe; and Jean Martinelli, as the victimized husband of Mlle. Darrieux. They all do very nicely.

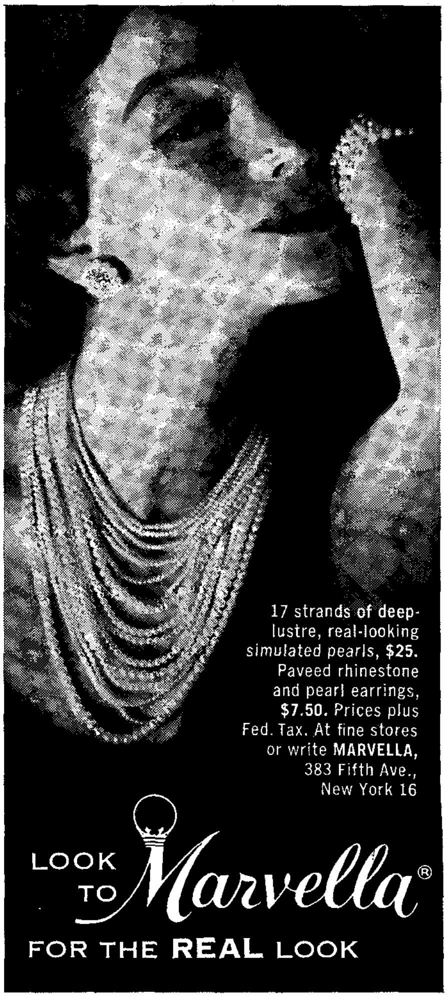
EVERY now and then in "St. Louis Blues," a tune comes across in a manner that the late W. C. Handy, whose life this is supposed to represent,


Gay Garden Setting!

The
Bermudiana
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Entertainment, dancing nightly in the new air conditioned Moongate Garden or starlit Sunken Garden. Delicious cuisine, terrace barbecues . . . lazy sun-splashed hours by the palm-fringed pool. Private Beach Club, shopping, all sports close by.

Carroll F. Dooley, Gen. Mgr.
See Your Travel Agent
BERMUDA HOTELS INC.
WM. P. WOLFE, REPRESENTATIVE
BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • MIAMI
NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • TORONTO



17 strands of deep-lustre, real-looking simulated pearls, **$25.** Paveed rhinestone and pearl earrings, **$7.50.** Prices plus Fed. Tax. At fine stores or write **MARVELLA,** 383 Fifth Ave., New York 16

HAMBURGER BRIDAL GOWN FROM BONWIT TELLER

The talented guest gives Gorham Sterling

Years after the rice has been swept away, this smart guest will be remembered for her thoughtfulness.

She thought enough of the bride and groom to give one of the world's most welcome gifts—Gorham sterling.

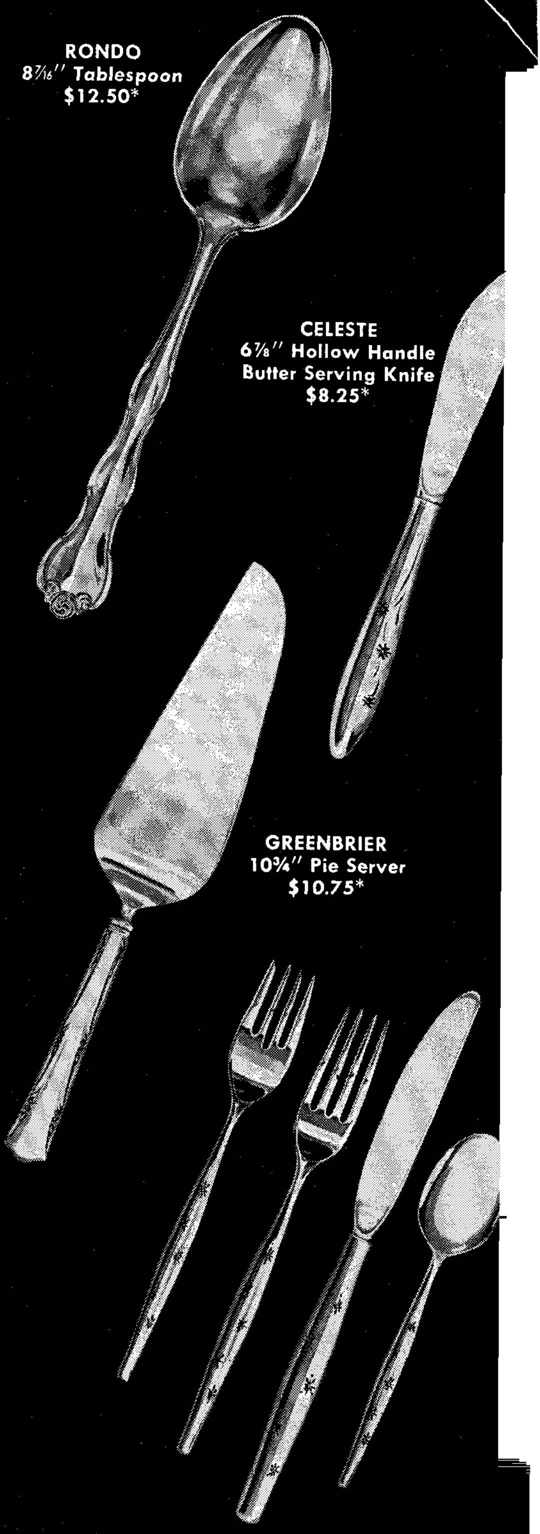
Gift-givers display their talents by adding to the Gorham sterling service already chosen by the delighted recipient. The pieces added may be practical—like extra teaspoons—or something for very special, magnificent occasions—a punch ladle, for example. Your choice of a gift is limited only by your imagination and sense of appropriateness. Illustrated here are a few such gifts, at various prices, to give singly or in combinations.

Remember—sterling is for now and forever—one of the loveliest and most complimentary gifts you can give.

Gorham **STERLING**
America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

*PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX. SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

© 1958 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

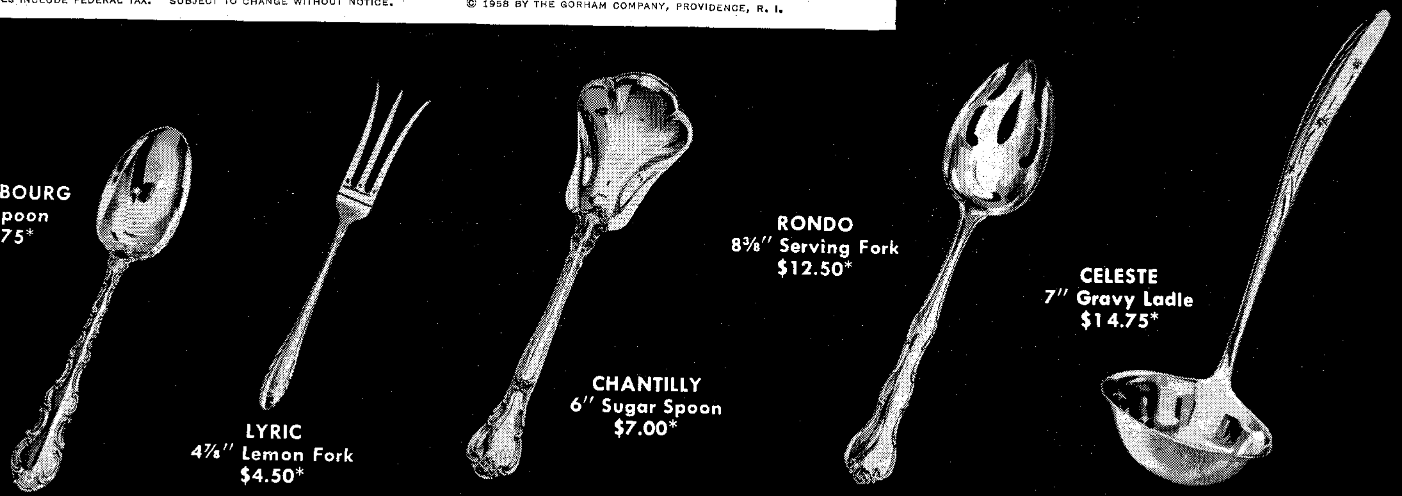


RONDO
8 7/16″ *Tablespoon*
$12.50*

CELESTE
6⅞″ Hollow Handle Butter Serving Knife
$8.25*

GREENBRIER
10¾″ Pie Server
$10.75*

STARDUST
Basic Place-Setting
$26.75*



STRASBOURG
Teaspoon
$4.75*

LYRIC
4⅞″ Lemon Fork
$4.50*

CHANTILLY
6″ Sugar Spoon
$7.00*

RONDO
8⅜″ Serving Fork
$12.50*

CELESTE
7″ Gravy Ladle
$14.75*

GRAFF

Peck and Peck

blueprint for warm weather

Our exclusive,
washable, cotton suit
printed in masses
of Blues on White.
Also, in Brown tones
on White. 10 to 18. 25⁰⁰

The Crest Collection

New York · Chicago · Boston · Philadelphia · Baltimore
Detroit · Cleveland · St. Louis · Minneapolis · St. Paul
Indianapolis · Washington, D. C. · Atlanta · Cincinnati
Kansas City · Milwaukee · Hartford · Buffalo · Providence

might have tolerated. I doubt, though, whether he would have tolerated this foolish hash, which was thrown together by Robert Smith and Ted Sherdeman. As they tell it, Mr. Handy's father was a righteous chap who didn't want his son messing around with jazz. Since everybody knows what Mr. Handy did, this theme hardly makes for suspense. Nat King Cole is cast as Mr. Handy, and Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway occur along the line. None of them flies very high.

CINEMIRACLE, a variation on Cinerama, offers a field of vision so vast that these myopic eyes could take in only a part of it. What was cooking—at least in the middle of the screen—when I came upon it at the Roxy was an account of a seventeen-thousand-mile trip in a Norwegian sailing ship. This was entitled "Windjammer." It was a slow boat from Oslo.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

A167KX

KANSAS CITY, MARCH 13 (AP)—THE CLASSIFIED AD IN THIS MORNING'S KANSAS CITY TIMES READ SIMPLY:

"INFALLIBLE, INTRINSIC, AMITY, MINIMIZE, BLAZON, SCRUTINIZE, EMULATE, COMPUNCTION, DERIDE."

PUZZLED NEWSMEN DISCOVERED IT HAD BEEN INSERTED BY MRS. MILDRED BEAL.

SHE EXPLAINED THAT HER 17-YEAR-OLD SON TERRY, A STUDENT IN NORTH KANSAS CITY SCHOOL, RECEIVED AS AN ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT TWO WEEKS AGO THE TASK OF FINDING 10 WORDS IN A NEWSPAPER. HE FOUND ONLY ONE—CONTEMPORARY.

TODAY WAS THE DEADLINE. SO SHE INSERTED THE AD—IN THE PERSONALS COLUMN.

MRS. BEAL SAID SHE DID NOT KNOW WHETHER HER SON'S TEACHER WOULD ACCEPT THE IDEA, BUT EVEN AT AN OUTLAY OF $1.36 FOR THE AD SHE THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH TRYING.—*A.P. news dispatch.*

And now to get a manned rocket into space, Mother.

•

HARPER'S. In an article showing that one can accept the theories of both Freud and Jung, Gerald Sykes traces the origin of the sexual revolution not to Freud but to the industrial revolution. He says industrialism—has caused "a great many peole (to) demand physical gratification in lieu of every other amorous reward. It has generated an unprecedented mass fear of importance. In a world of steel and asphalt sex becomes the one green thing."—*The Post.*

What about that line down the middle of Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day?

Florin. Worth about 28 cents. Use to buy an Athole Brose (Scotch and egg concoction) at the Beehive in Edinburgh. There's a map of the city on the ceiling by which one can plot his homeward trip from a prone position.

BOAC's "Gaelic Tour" includes London, the Shakespeare country, Chester, Dublin, and Edinburgh. 17 all-expense days only **$685.00** round trip from New York. For detailed itineraries of many tours, get BOAC's book of 1958 tours—from your travel agent or

World Leader in Jet Travel **B·O·A·C** takes good care of you

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Dept. BE-4, 530 Fifth Ave., New York 36, MU 7-8900

Feather-weight doeskin gloves for women, made in England. These wash like fabric. Shortie length, full piqué finger stitching and gusset. White only. $4.00 the pair including postage.

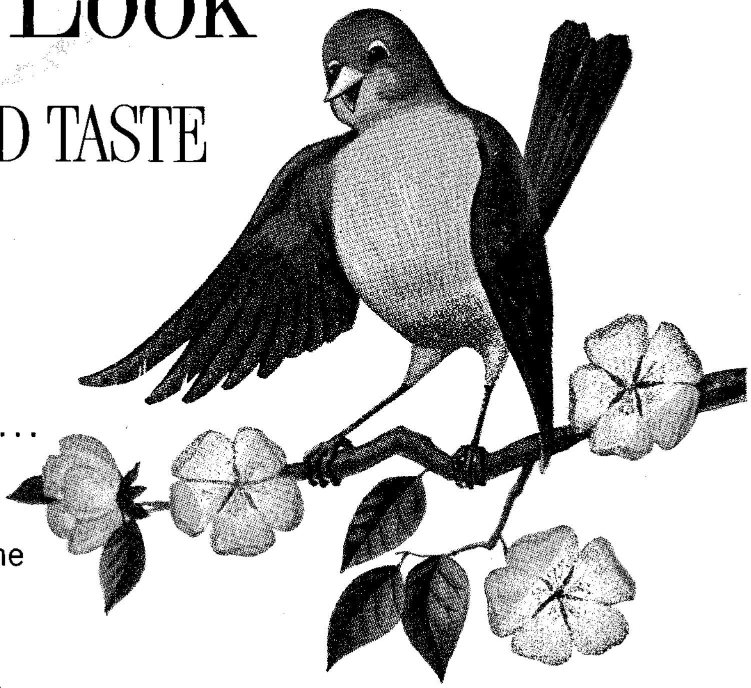
Handbags in authentic Indian Madras, hand-loomed, vegetable-dyed, unique colourings. 8-inch Bermuda cedar handles. State colour blends you prefer. $6.80 including postage.

Send for illustrated catalogue and Bermuda folder

Write
Trimingham's
dept. N-23 Bermuda

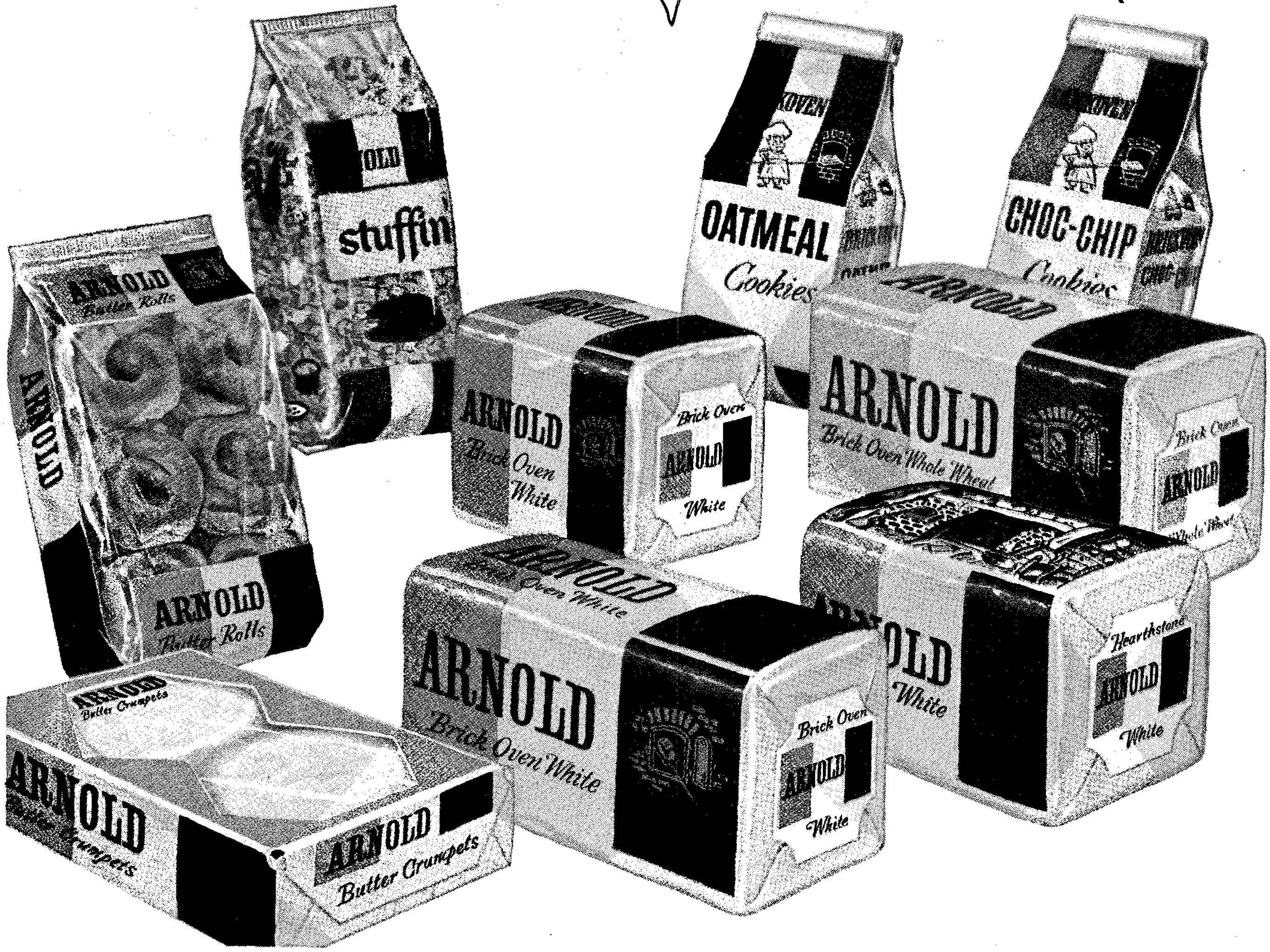
New Spring Look

for THAT GOOD ARNOLD TASTE

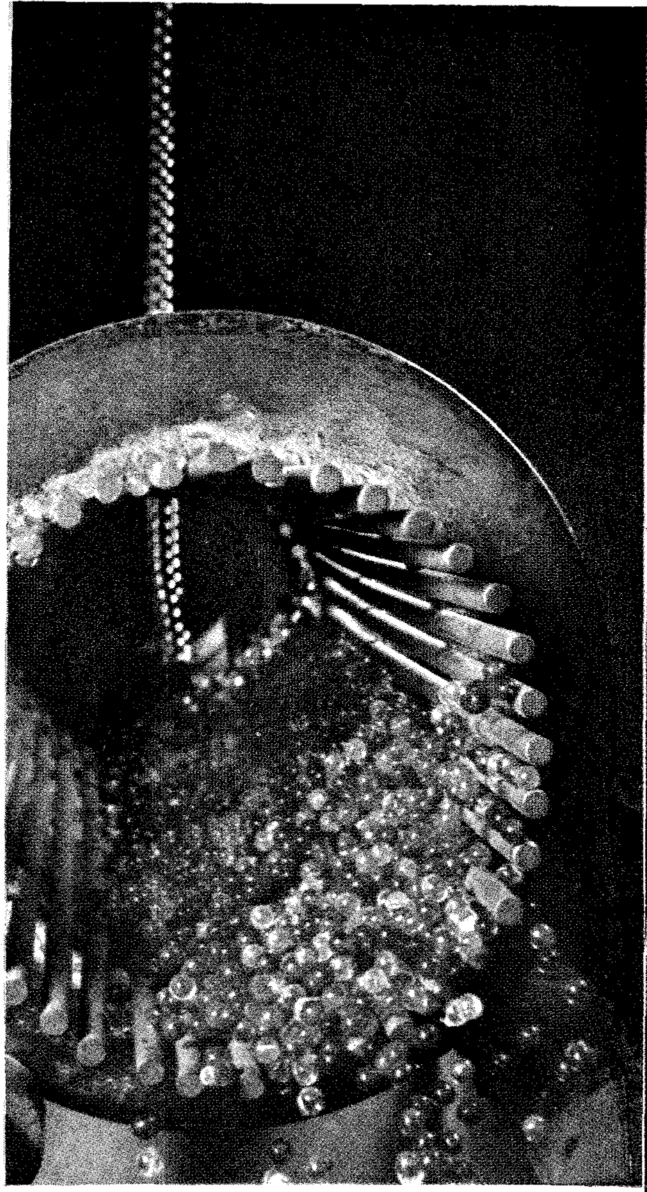


We think you will like our new wrappers for everything we bake . . . to make it easier for you to find That Good Arnold Taste . . . the same honest-to-goodness flavor and texture from our Brick Ovens.

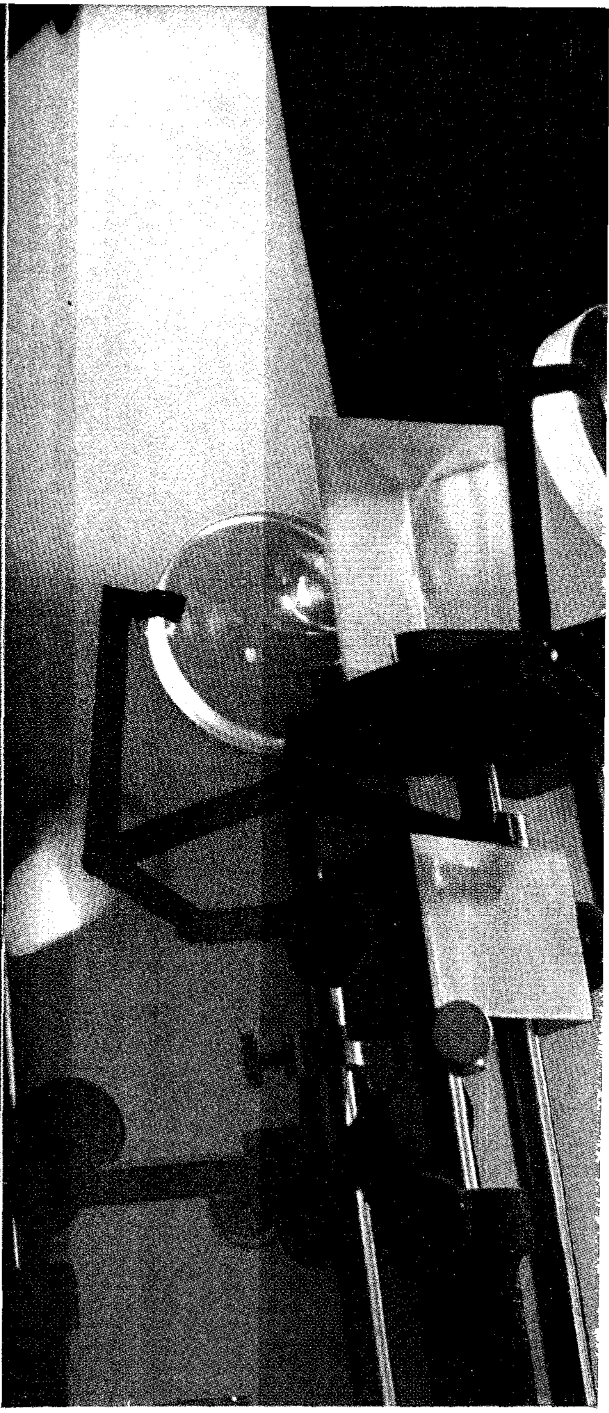
Betty and Oran Arnold


stuffin
OATMEAL
Cookies
CHOC-CHIP
Cookies
ARNOLD
Butter Rolls
ARNOLD
Brick Oven White
ARNOLD
Brick Oven Whole Wheat
ARNOLD
Butter Crumpets
ARNOLD
Brick Oven White
ARNOLD
White
Hearthstone
White

CORNING...can do almost anything



9,000 glass balls an hour. Because they're lightweight and corrosion-resistant, small glass balls do a lot of important jobs these days. They're in a jet pilot's oxygen equipment, and cosmetics manufacturers use them by the millions in fingertip dispensers. Recently Corning developed a way to produce these balls from a stream of molten glass at the rate of 150 a minute—each accurate to thousandths of an inch.



The "rainbow" made by a prism is as useful as it is pretty. In the spectrograph, for instance, chemical elements can be identified by the color bands they produce. Many lenses and prisms in today's research equipment are made of CORNING glasses. Corning, one of the largest producers of precision optical glasses in the country, makes over 100 different kinds—for everything from bifocals to periscopes.

Double-Tough dinnerware draws double duty. Since the start of World War II, the U. S. armed forces have bought over 58,000,000 pieces of PYREX-brand Double-Tough dinnerware. And this same dinnerware is popular in civilian life, too: Chicago's swank Conrad Hilton Hotel is using it 10,000 times a day in 22 of its finest dining rooms. Tests show that Double-Tough dinnerware is twice as easy to clean as china, and lasts three times as long. What's more, it won't warp, crack, craze or stain. Only glass could be so strong and at the same time look so smart.

What in the world will glass be doing next? Perhaps help *you* solve a manufacturing problem. To investigate the possibility, simply write Manager—Staff Sales, Corning Glass Works, 31 Houghton Park, Corning, N. Y. (We'd also be delighted to have you visit the Corning Glass Center at Corning.)

with glass

CORNING GLASS WORKS
CORNING MEANS RESEARCH IN GLASS

JAL

your gracious introduction to the Orient

She pampers you on the Pacific's fastest, quietest air fleet

Perhaps you have met one of Japan Air Lines' kimono-clad hostesses before. If not, you will discover the real meaning of hospitality on your first JAL flight.

Aboard giant DC-7C Super Couriers, these charming girls introduce you to such imperial pleasures as "Sake" ..."Kuchitori," exotic Japanese hors d'oeuvres to complement delicious American meals..."O-shibori," hot towels to refresh your face and hands...colorful, comfortable "Happi" coats for relaxing en route. Such are the delights of a pampering by experts of the art!

And there's added pleasure and confidence in the silken swiftness of DC-7C flight, fastest and quietest across the Pacific. Radar equipped, of course.

Now JAL's new schedules offer daily San Francisco-Tokyo flights via Hawaii, DC-7C or DC-6B. Frequent service beyond to Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. See your travel agent.

P. S. Send 15¢ for 24-page Far East Documents Guide. Covers passport, visa, health and other requirements. Write JAL, Rockefeller Center Promenade, New York, N.Y.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** *DC-7C to the Orient via Hawaii*

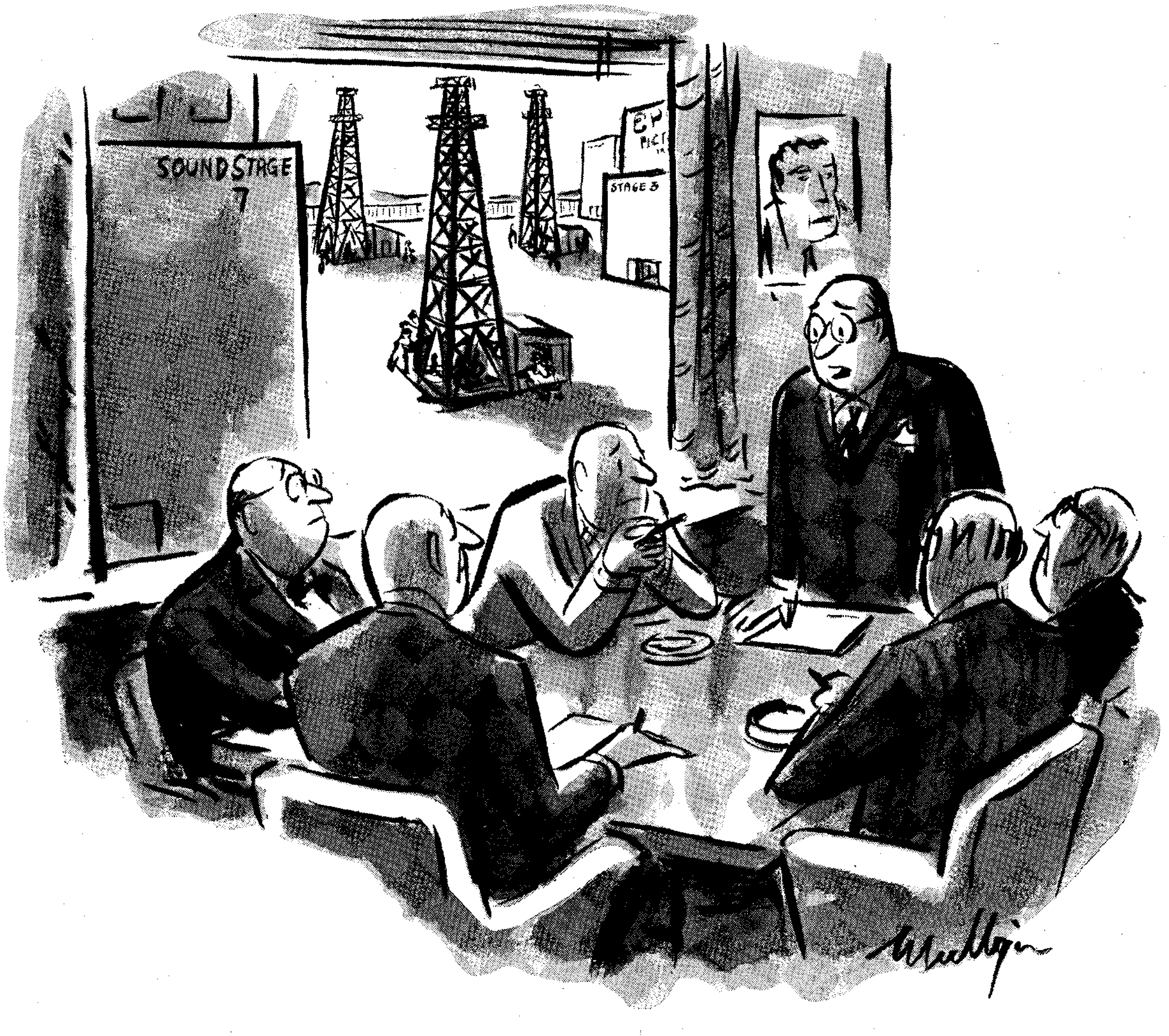
New York • Washington, D.C. • Chicago
Los Angeles • San Francisco • Seattle • Honolulu

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 10

ONE of the most interesting and important controversies going on here at present is a debate among criminal lawyers, judges, police officials, jailers, and psychiatrists over what they call the Mallory Rule and the Durham Rule—a pair of propositions that apply to criminal proceedings in the District of Columbia, where common-law crimes are tried in federal courts, under federal rules. In the welter of talk about summit conferences, trips to the moon, and all the turbulence East of Suez, these discussions have a parochial, low-policy sound and, in consequence, attract little attention from those who have no professional concern with them. Nevertheless, they involve matters of grit and substance, opening up such large questions as whether, in the first instance, a civilization like ours, manifesting a growing sensitivity to the rights of accused persons, can effectively use the power of the police to control crime, and, in the second, whether the very concept of crime as a distinct category of human behavior continues to have, in the light of the new psychiatry, any validity. In the long run, the Mallory and Durham Rules may have a greater impact on American life and institutions than the latest State Department note to Moscow, Neil McElroy's request for more spending authority, or the intricate strategies employed by Senator Knowland in hot pursuit of his hope of becoming President Knowland.

Mallory and Durham are the surnames of two young men of unenviable reputation—one a confessed rapist, the other a confessed housebreaker—who have been in and out of the local courts and penitentiaries for a number of years. The Mallory Rule—the more widely known but perhaps the less significant of the two—is derived from an opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, on behalf of a unanimous Supreme Court, on June 24th of last year. The Court on that day voided the rape conviction of Andrew R. Mallory on the ground that it had been based on an admission of guilt made by the defendant to the Metropolitan Police after his arrest for the crime and prior to his arraignment. The crime, which was brutal enough to draw a recommendation for a death sentence from the jury, was committed on April 7, 1954. Mallory, a Negro youth who was then nineteen, was booked on suspicion, interrogated, and subjected to a lie-detector test. According to the police, he was advised of his right to counsel but did not avail himself of it. He finally admitted guilt and signed a confession. The total elapsed time between arrest and arraignment was seven and a half hours. The lawyers that were assigned to him by the court charged no physical coercion by the police. The convicting jury had Negro and white members of both sexes. The Supreme Court held, though, that the seven-and-a-half-hour period before Mallory's arraignment constituted an abridgment of the defendant's right to arraignment "without unnecessary delay," guaranteed him by Rule 5-A of the Rules of Criminal Procedure, which were passed by Congress and are binding on all federal law-enforcement agencies. The Court did not say that the delay in itself deprived Mallory of his constitutional rights as set forth in the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Amendments—the rights to be free from arrest except on probable cause, to due process of law, to the advice of counsel, to the avoidance of self-incrimination, and to a speedy trial. It said no more than that Mallory's conviction in District Court violated the particular interpretation of those rights embodied and codified in the federal rules, and that, "in order adequately to enforce the Congressional requirement of prompt arraignment," it was holding Mallory's confession inadmissible. (In this case, the confession was the only evidence that the prosecution had. If there had been strong corroborative testimony of an admissible character,



"The hard fact is if we don't strike oil soon we're dead!"

BONWIT TELLER

Miss New York...

globe-hops in David Crystal's radiant floral print suit of drip-dry cotton. Easy fitting jacket is belted low under wide button tabs. Handsome in blue or green blends of mingled flowers. Only at Bonwit's. 8 to 16 sizes 29.95

New York Manhasset White Plains

Chicago Cleveland Boston

or if Mallory had confessed *after* arraignment, the Court would presumably have allowed the conviction to stand, despite the seven and a half hours. In two subsequent cases, both involving somewhat longer delays, the Circuit Court of Appeals has held that the Mallory Rule does not apply, because in both these cases the confessions were given at the moment of arrest. In a case that preceded Mallory and involved a confession obtained before arraignment, Mr. Justice Frankfurter noted in the decision to uphold, "Here there was no disclosure induced by illegal detention . . . but instead . . . the prompt acknowledgment by an accused of his guilt.") Thus, the Mallory Rule is binding only on federal courts, and is not based on specifically constitutional grounds; indeed, the Supreme Court categorically stated that it was putting aside direct constitutional questions and was merely exercising its responsibility for establishing and maintaining civilized standards of procedure and evidence in the federal courts. Nor is the Mallory Rule necessarily binding in every case. In time, however, it may come to apply elsewhere, since many state codes are almost identical with the federal one, and also since state appellate courts, always mindful of the possibility of reversal in the Supreme Court, may hold it prudent to adopt the rule as a precedent.

In any event, the Mallory decision seems to many people here a revolutionary one. Before it was handed down, the governing case was that of McNabb, in 1943, in which the Court struck down the conviction of three eastern Tennessee mountain boys who had been arrested for the shooting of an internal-revenue agent and had confessed their guilt in the course of a three-day detention prior to arraignment. The difference between three days and seven and a half hours is considerable, and what is in dispute here is whether the Court, in its zeal to maintain legal safeguards, has not made it almost impossible for the police to protect individual citizens from murder, rape, and mayhem. The conflict of social interests was recognized and stated years ago by the late Mr. Justice Jackson: "To subject one without counsel to questioning which may and is intended to convict him is a real peril to individual freedom. To bring in a lawyer means a real peril to solution of the crime, because under our adversary system he deems that his sole duty is to protect his client—guilty or innocent." Those who defend the Mallory Rule say that it is a

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES
SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 300 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

De Busschere

EUREKA $38.50
BLACK SILK SATIN

THE ELEGANCE OF SIMPLICITY. COMPLETELY AND EXQUISITELY HAND-MADE TO INSURE LONG WEAR AND SUPERB FIT. BROCHURE A ON REQUEST

BELGIAN SHOES, INC.,
60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

heavenly...

instrumental music in the matchless Mitchell Ayres manner. 18 unforgettables including "You Stepped Out of a Dream," "A Kiss to Build a Dream On," "I'm Through with Love." Perry Como sums up the album this way: "terrific beat...wonderful!"

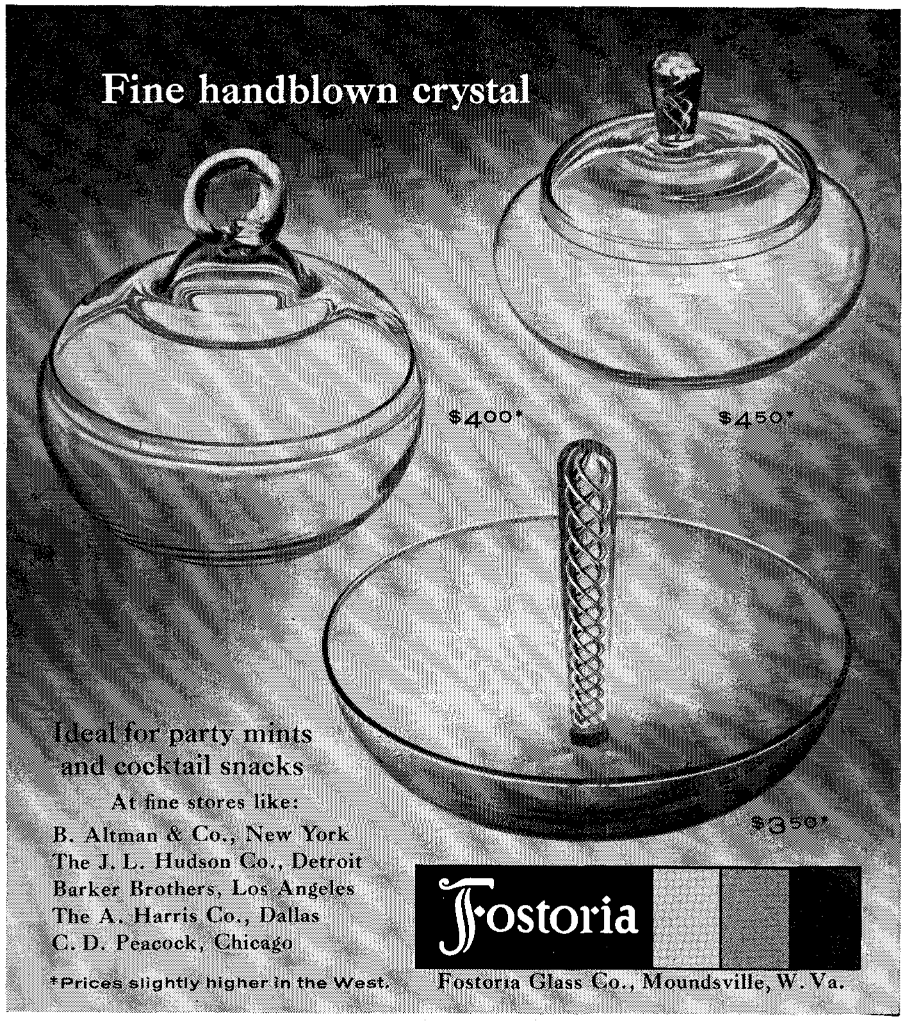
On Long Play and 45 Economy Package.
Recorded in New Orthophonic Sound.

RCA VICTOR
HAVE A WONDERFUL WEEKEND
Mitchell Ayres Orchestra

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

notable advance for civil rights to have even as short a period as seven and a half hours recognized—in some cases, anyway—as an unnecessary delay, and that strict application of it will end the flagrant abuse by the police of the citizen's privilege not to be a witness against himself. It will, they say, force the police and the prosecuting authorities to do the job they are supposed to do—gather evidence to identify the guilty person, and bring him to retributive justice. Those who deplore the rule say that in view of the preparations that must in many cases be made for arraignment, seven and a half hours is a perfectly reasonable time, and that to insist that it ever be less is to impose an intolerable restraint upon the police. It is pointed out that many crimes of violence, including nearly all the most vicious and revolting ones, are witnessed only by those who commit them, and that without a confession it is impossible to arraign the guilty person—to say nothing of convicting him. In the Mallory case, the victim was ravished in a dark apartment-house basement. The police arrested three men and subjected them all to questioning and lie-detector tests. Until Mallory confessed, there was insufficient evidence—according to Robert V. Murray, the chief of the Metropolitan Police—to arraign any of the three. Had a lawyer appeared and advised Mallory not to talk, the crime would have gone unsolved and unpunished. In the immediate aftermath of the Mallory decision, Chief Murray said that it "ties the hands of the Police Department and renders it almost totally ineffective." Testifying recently before the House Judiciary Committee, the deputy chief, Edgar Scott, said that in the months the rule had been in effect, it had had "disastrous results" for law enforcement here and had led to a striking increase in the local crime rate.

THE Durham Rule deals with quite another phase of criminal law, and is associated with the Mallory Rule mainly because those who approve of it hold that it, too, is a piece of humane jurisprudence, while those who disapprove of it hold that it makes the policeman's lot a still unhappier one. It applies to the pleading of insanity as a defense, and calls for an entirely new test for those who plead it. For a hundred and fifteen years, British and American courts have relied on the legal definition of insanity known as M'Naghten's Rule. This was laid down in the House of Lords in 1843, when the fifteen Law Lords were called upon to consider the


Fine handblown crystal

$4.00* $4.50* $3.50*

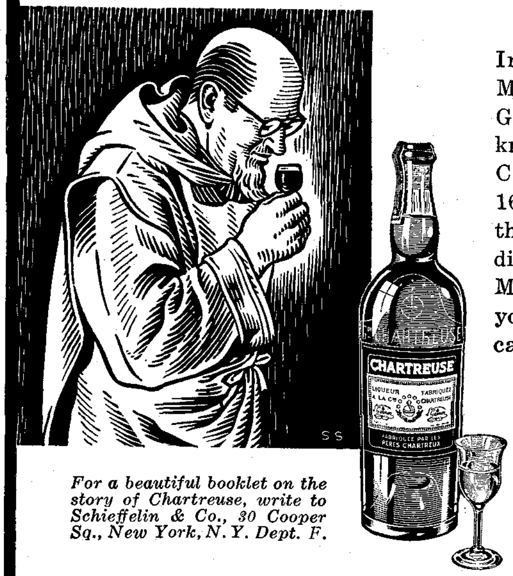
Ideal for party mints and cocktail snacks

At fine stores like:
B. Altman & Co., New York
The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit
Barker Brothers, Los Angeles
The A. Harris Co., Dallas
C. D. Peacock, Chicago

*Prices slightly higher in the West.

Fostoria
Fostoria Glass Co., Moundsville, W. Va.

the **SECRET** *these Monks have kept for 353 years...*



For a beautiful booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write to Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y. Dept. F.

In all the world, only four Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France know the secret formula of Chartreuse Liqueur. Since 1605, no one has duplicated this recipe combining over 130 different herbs grown near the Monastery. Try Chartreuse yourself. Discover why it is called "Queen of Liqueurs."

Chartreuse is served at every leading hotel and restaurant, and sold by leading retailers. Try it when dining out, or buy a small bottle to serve and enjoy at home.

LA GRANDE **CHARTREUSE**
Yellow-86 Proof • Green-110 Proof

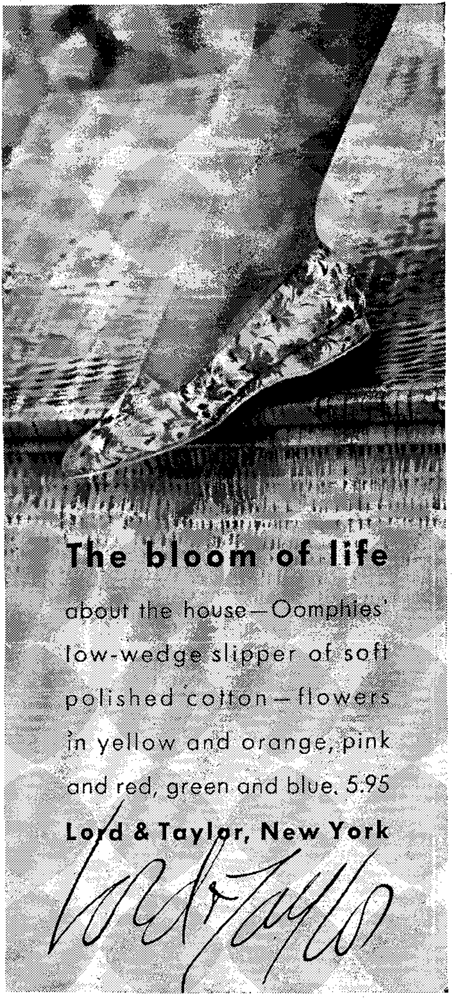
no more
G-P
(Garter Pressure)
with the most
comfortable
seamless
in the world.
It's by Kayser,
and it's called
"Fit-All-Top".
In fresh new colors
1.65
At Bloomingdale's
KAYSER

case of one Daniel M'Naghten, who had shot and killed Sir Robert Peel's secretary. (He suffered from the delusion that he was being persecuted by the Prime Minister; he had intended to shoot Sir Robert, and shot the secretary by mistake.) M'Naghten was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and after the case was closed, the Law Lords were asked to clarify the whole issue of insanity in law. They held that a man was not responsible when, because of a "disease of the mind," he was unaware of the "nature and quality" of his acts and was unable to distinguish the "morally wrong" from the right. They also said that the defendant pleading innocent by reason of insanity should assume the burden of proof. This is M'Naghten's Rule, and it has been supplemented in most courts by the "irresistible impulse," or "brainstorm," theory, under which a man normally capable of making reasoned moral distinctions is temporarily overcome by a paralysis that renders him unable to embrace the "right." For the past sixty or seventy years, almost no one connected with jurisprudence or any of the branches of human psychology has been happy with M'Naghten's Rule. It diagnoses insanity by a single symptom—and a symptom that is not always present. There are forms of insanity that leave the faculty of making moral distinctions unimpaired; people may know the quality of their acts and still be powerless, because of some mental ailment, to refrain from criminal ones. (Also, many otherwise sane people have difficulty telling right from wrong.) M'Naghten's Rule calls for evidence of a kind that the leading authorities on mental disease cannot give; there are no psychiatric gauges that can register a mind's capacity for dealing with moral questions. Moreover, it excludes testimony that might reveal a good deal about a defendant's mental state but that does not bear on his ability to determine what is "morally wrong." M'Naghten's Rule has survived over the years, though, because it is of a piece with Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence and with our notions of individual responsibility; it has survived also because no one has come up with a rule simple and sharp enough to be employed by juries of the criminal defendant's peers.

Or, at least, no one had until July 1, 1954, when Judge David L. Bazelon, of the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals, propounded the Durham Rule. In setting aside the conviction of Monte W. Durham for housebreaking, Judge Bazelon set aside

Martha West
444 Madison Avenue
(at 49th) NEW YORK

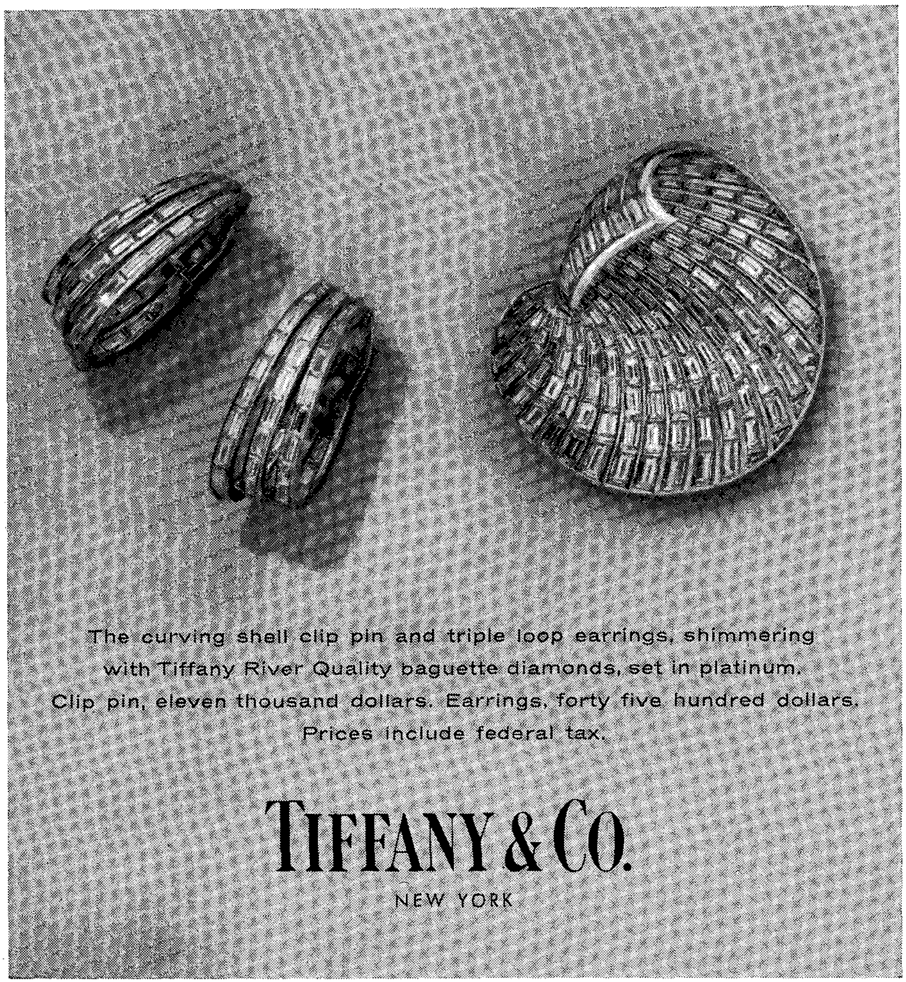
Such a
pretty print!
Nylon
Jersey
With a blouse that wraps and ties, a graceful permanently pleated skirt, elasticized waistband. Hand washable, needs no ironing. By Bobette-Morton in white with green tones, or white with blue tones. 10-42 35.00
Send for our Spring Booklet
Special attention to Mail Orders.
Please add 3% sales tax if in New York City.
Add 45c for shipping elsewhere.
also at WHITE PLAINS • NEW HAVEN
WESTPORT • NEW CANAAN



The bloom of life
about the house—Oomphies' low-wedge slipper of soft polished cotton—flowers in yellow and orange, pink and red, green and blue. 5.95
Lord & Taylor, New York

M'Naghten. He noted that the District Court judge, Alexander Holtzoff, before whom Durham had been convicted a year earlier, had overlooked "psychiatric testimony [which] was unequivocal that Durham was of unsound mind at the time of the trial"—presumably because this testimony did not deal with the defendant's capacity for moral judgment. The old criterion is unsatisfactory, Judge Bazelon said, because "it does not take sufficient account of psychic realities." The rule Judge Bazelon formulated—the Durham Rule—is this: "An accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of a mental disease or mental defect." By this simple, or simple-sounding, formulation, Judge Bazelon met the major objections to M'Naghten's Rule. The Durham Rule allows for the possibility that a man may be as lucid as Bertrand Russell in moral discourse and yet be deranged. ("The question will be simply whether the accused acted because of a mental disorder, and not whether he displayed particular symptoms which medical science has long recognized do not necessarily, or even typically, accompany the most serious mental disorder.") It allows for a temporary insanity manifested not by a momentary seizure but "by brooding and reflection." It permits psychiatrists to offer in evidence all their findings that are relevant to a full understanding of a defendant's mental condition. And, finally, it has the virtue—if that is what it is—of making things quite simple for jurors. If they hear competent testimony that a defendant suffers from a mental "disease or defect" that characteristically produces such effects as the crime he is charged with, they can acquit him on the ground of insanity. The causal connection has to be established on the basis of probability. Not just any mental affliction would relieve the defendant of responsibility; it must be adequate as a cause and, in the particular case, as a probable cause. Under the Durham Rule, whenever there is a plea of insanity supported by psychiatric evidence, the prosecution must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant is sane—in another word, guilty.

The Durham Rule, because it originated in a court of limited jurisdiction, is in force only in the District of Columbia. It has been raised as a defense in several state courts, and in federal courts in other districts, and has thus far been rejected in all of them, though in several cases the judges have said that they would adopt it if they were



The curving shell clip pin and triple loop earrings, shimmering with Tiffany River Quality baguette diamonds, set in platinum. Clip pin, eleven thousand dollars. Earrings, forty five hundred dollars. Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

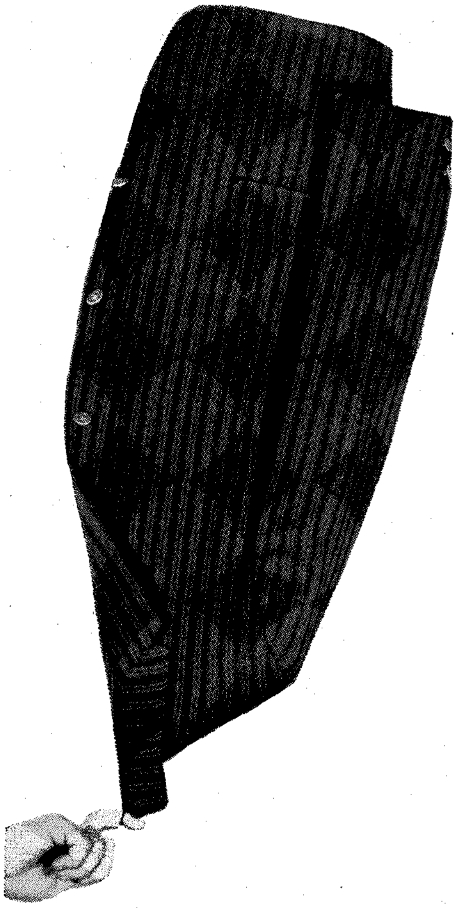
No. 1
475 YDS.
BANDEL LINN

"It's the kind of service he's used to—he always flies National."

Fly **NATIONAL** *Airline of the Stars* *. . . to all Florida and Cuba*

(*Advertisement*)

THE CRICKETEER LOOK



D&J Anderson

WORLD'S LIGHTEST WEIGHT
ALL WOOL SPORTCOAT

Only Scotland's famed *D. & J. Anderson can weave* this supreme quality woolen. Cricketeer tailors it with a minimum of ballast. The result is a sportcoat that weighs a mere 18½ ounces. $55.00

Crickleteer, Inc.
200 Fifth Ave., New York

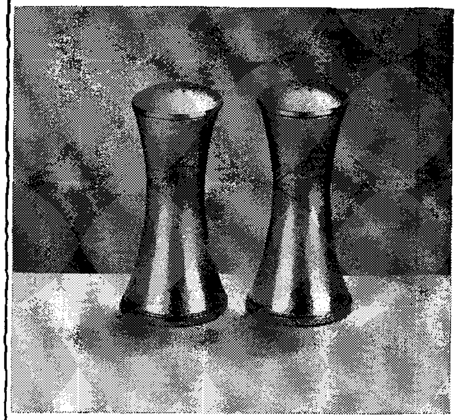
AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES:

New York—**John David** • Chicago—**Marshall Field & Co.**, • Atlanta—**John Jarrell** • Omaha—**Nebraska Clothing Co.**, • San Antonio—**Hutchins Bros.** • Philadelphia—**Morville**

not compelled by statute to abide by M'Naghten. Still, a good deal has been learned about its workings in the four years it has been in use here. It has tended to increase greatly the number of defendants who plead insanity and the number of insanity acquittals. (Oddly, one man to whom it was available rejected it—Durham himself. A year after the Durham Rule was formulated, Durham returned to District Court and entered a plea of guilty to a charge of petty larceny. The guilty—or sane—plea was accepted. Evidently, there are times when a light sentence for a light offense is preferable to an indeterminate period in a mental hospital.) An insanity plea made under the Durham Rule is singularly difficult to reject. Once it has been established—or has even been asserted by a reputable psychiatrist—that a defendant has a mental illness, it becomes very nearly impossible to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that his illness was *not* the cause of his crime. The conclusion called for by the prosecution in such cases is that, insofar as a particular act is concerned, a man would have behaved the same way whether he was in blooming mental health or desperately sick. This is almost too large a conclusion for any mortal mind to make—particularly those mortal minds that are alert to the infinite possibilities offered by each day of human existence. (Who can say whether a man would have behaved in exactly the same way if the sun had been out, or he had chosen to walk down a different street, or he had never had measles?) Of course, a jury may, under either M'Naghten or Durham, discount the testimony of psychiatrists or hold it to be inconclusive, and this has been known to happen, but the psychiatrist, both in his role as technician and in his role as healer, is a demigod in most communities nowadays, and it takes a bold, self-confident lot of jurors to ignore, or even question, what he has to say.

The Durham Rule calls for acquittal in the event of a causal mental "defect" as well as in the event of a causal mental "disease." Psychiatry has knowledge of several specific mental diseases, and has an elaborate system of classification by symptom. (Despite the complaint that M'Naghten's Rule defined insanity in symptomatic terms, the fact remains that that is the only way most mental disorders are currently identified and defined.) The word "defect" opens up a Pandora's box for the courts and a vast hope chest for defendants in criminal cases. Its use in Judge Bazelon's

$13.75 pair Fed. tax included



Sterling Silver

Elegant as only simplicity can be—our salt-and-pepper pair, 4¼" tall, lined with glass to prevent corrosion, weighted for stability. This matched set will serve with grace at the most formal dinner, or will make a prized present for a bride, an anniversary. Only at Bergdorf's in New York. Add 35c for sending beyond our delivery area. No C.O.D's.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
Gifts and Antiques, Fourth Floor
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

ENJOY THE
FINER THINGS
OF LIFE

Visit our
NEW YORK SHOWROOM
305 East 63rd Street

KITTINGER company, inc.

Also Buffalo • New York • Chicago • Boston
Dallas • Los Angeles • San Francisco
Sold thru Decorators and Dealers

formulation of the Durham Rule was necessary because there are several unfortunate conditions of the human mind—a simple lack, or feebleness, of ratiocinative power, for example—that could lead to crime but do not qualify as "diseases." Yet the term is very nearly as vague and unclinical as M'Naghten's "right" and "wrong," and it has led to some fascinating vagaries in criminal proceedings here. Several defendants who have not been able to stake a claim to paranoia, schizophrenia, or any of the other recognized abnormalities of mind have claimed simple "defects"—one of the most interesting of which has been the "sociopathic personality," a term that appears to make no kind of etymological sense, that receives no warrant from the American Psychiatric Association, and that describes nothing more concrete, according to a recent article in the Washington *Post*, than a "general meanness." At least two defendants—one a rapist and one a mugger—have recently been acquitted on the ground that they were "sociopaths." The rule also leads to extreme difficulties in the case of a defendant whose only identifiable mental defect is—as it was put not long ago in a speech on the floor of the House by Representative Kenneth Keating, of New York—"a morbid propensity for crime." For several years, this city has harbored exactly such a man in the person of Dallas O. Williams. Williams is a forty-three-year-old native of South Carolina who has known only one year free from trouble with the police since 1932; who has been arrested more than a hundred times; who has been convicted of eleven ugly crimes, ranging from assault to homicide (and this despite the fact that he has been in jail for a total of more than twenty years); and who has, according to Department of Justice officials, "the worst record of violence" known to them. He has been judged criminally insane many times, but when he is committed to mental institutions, the psychiatrists who examine him can find no evidence of mental disease or defect—aside from his propensity for crimes of violence. The psychiatrists, when called on for opinions by the judges who have ordered Williams committed, assert that his propensity for crime is, on the face of the record, such that his release is bound to result in injury to someone, yet they also insist that they can find no present symptoms of insanity, apart from his compulsion to commit crimes of violence.

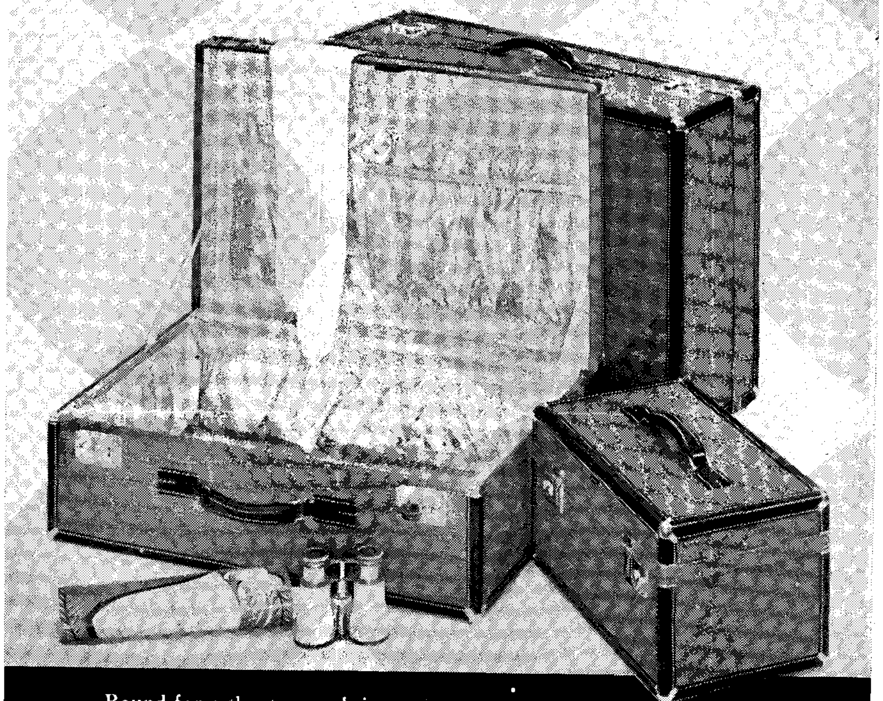
This leads to the heart of the contro-

UNDERNEATH IT ALL

HOLLYWOOD
V-ette
Vassarette
Ban-Lon
textured YARN
STAY THERE
Knitted back

JUST LOOK AT THAT BACK! There's never, never been a bra like **"STAY THERE!"** It moves with you, molds a pretty curve, makes **YOU FEEL LIKE A DREAM WALKING.** Front-closes, has a single-sweep back of our exclusive **BAN-LON**® knitted fabric that **WON'T SLIP,** won't slide, won't mark, won't ride! 3.50. In Ban-Lon lace, 5.95. Padded version, 5.00. Matching **GIRDLE #25** (or pantie girdle #27) controls your every curve, seconds your every motion, adds the luxury of a Ban-Lon lace front panel. 6.95. Try them! Where? The best places. Write for beautiful free style booklet. Dept. N4. **HOLLYWOOD V-ETTE VASSARETTE, HOLLYWOOD 28. A DIVISION OF MUNSINGWEAR.**

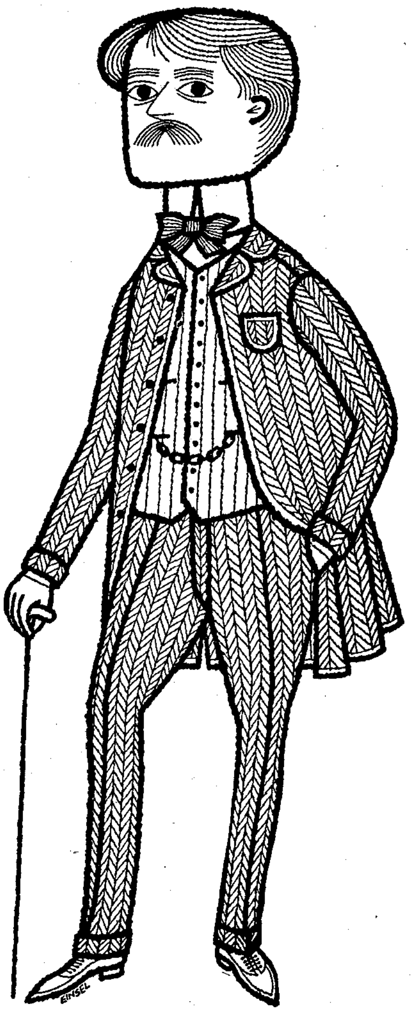
A touch of Savoir-Faire



Bound for a theatre week in town—
go with Hartmann's gray nyfoyle
Skymates for women. Designed
for air travel. 15" Poudre Case, $70;
24" Weekend, $75.00; 26" Pullman, $90.00
Plus taxes

Hartmann
celebrating 80 years of luggage craftsmanship

HARTMANN LUGGAGE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN



"Harmony is the shadow language of melody," said the American composer, Edward MacDowell. And on WQXR, good music serves as the harmonious background for selling. Like Martinson's Coffee, hundreds of happy advertisers have discovered: For WQXR's one million families, nothing takes the place of good music... nothing takes the place of **WQXR**

1560 AM 96.3 FM
Radio station of The New York Times

versy over the Durham Rule. The presumption underlying the rule seems to be (despite the disclaimers of Judge Bazelon and those of his colleagues who have supported or invoked it) that crime itself—and particularly crime involving violence to other human beings—is so irrational that only a deranged or demented human being could make a career of it. "There lurks behind the relatively narrow confines of the Durham Rule debate," the Washington *Post* recently said, "the . . . startling question of whether or not most crime is not essentially the consequence of mental aberration." The tendency of the courts in this community has been to answer this startling question in the affirmative. "Our laws," Representative Keating said in his speech, "are based on the assumption of free will and individual responsibility. Psychiatry, in general, adopts a fatalistic attitude toward mankind and embraces a deterministic explanation of all human action."

Meanwhile, here, as in most urban centers, the crime rate goes up while the courts, moving steadily toward a more enlightened jurisprudence, show greater and greater concern for the legal rights and the basic humanity of defendants. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

WANTED TO MEET

Chilean gentleman, 25 years old, single, serious honest, wants to know young lady 19 to 25 years old, with some economic resources, for purpose of marriage.

Should be of blond hair, blue eyes, beautiful physical dimensions, virginal virtues, intelligent, graduate or student of university, singer with lovely voice, qualified sportswoman, excellent health, automobile driver, aviator and only of Scottish, Danish, Dutch or German origin and United States nationality.

Please write to: Identification Carnet 3297206, Correo 15, Teatinos 258, Santiago.—*Adv. in the Santiago (Chile) South Pacific Mail.*

Ah, those chicks are a dime a dozen.

•

OUR FORGETFUL LEXICOGRAPHERS

[*From "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," by Bergen and Cornelia Evans*]

When cannot be used to join a clause to a noun as children sometimes do in giving a definition, as in *intoxication is when you've had too much to drink.* —*Page 552.*

One of the finest scenes in American literature is when the duke, in *Huckleberry Finn*, tries to persuade the king to substitute *obsequies* for the more original term *orgies.*—*Ibid, page 332.*

LLOYDS *and* **LOUIS XV**

This Louis XV Bergere has luxurious antiquity that only a true reproduction could create. The simple fruitwood frame from France has a warm antique patina and a puffy inviting down cushion. A truly elegant and comfortable chair at a very moderate cost. Shown in Scalamandre oyster white, dull, pure silk damask. Wonderful in pairs.

$245.00

LLOYDS has many exciting antique and reproduction items of furniture and decorations, like a pine Grandfathers' clock, circa 1765 for $195.00. Or 2 large Folio Currier and Ives Sporting Scene prints, framed, for $45.00 each.

LLOYDS offers remarkable values because they're called upon by executors and banks to dispose of estates. Whether you are a secretary or a chairman of the board, LLOYDS always has something for you. Come in and visit with us.

116 East 60th Street
New York 22, N.Y.
PLaza 9-7313

LLOYDS

Nearby Enjoyment
IN PRINCETON

Enjoy fine food and attractive accommodations in a lovely setting adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 charming guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Function rooms. Excellent golf.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

salute to good food

After a delightful drive along the picturesque Hudson River, stop and enjoy a delicious meal at the famous Hotel Thayer. Two fine restaurants, cocktail lounge and Garden Terrace.

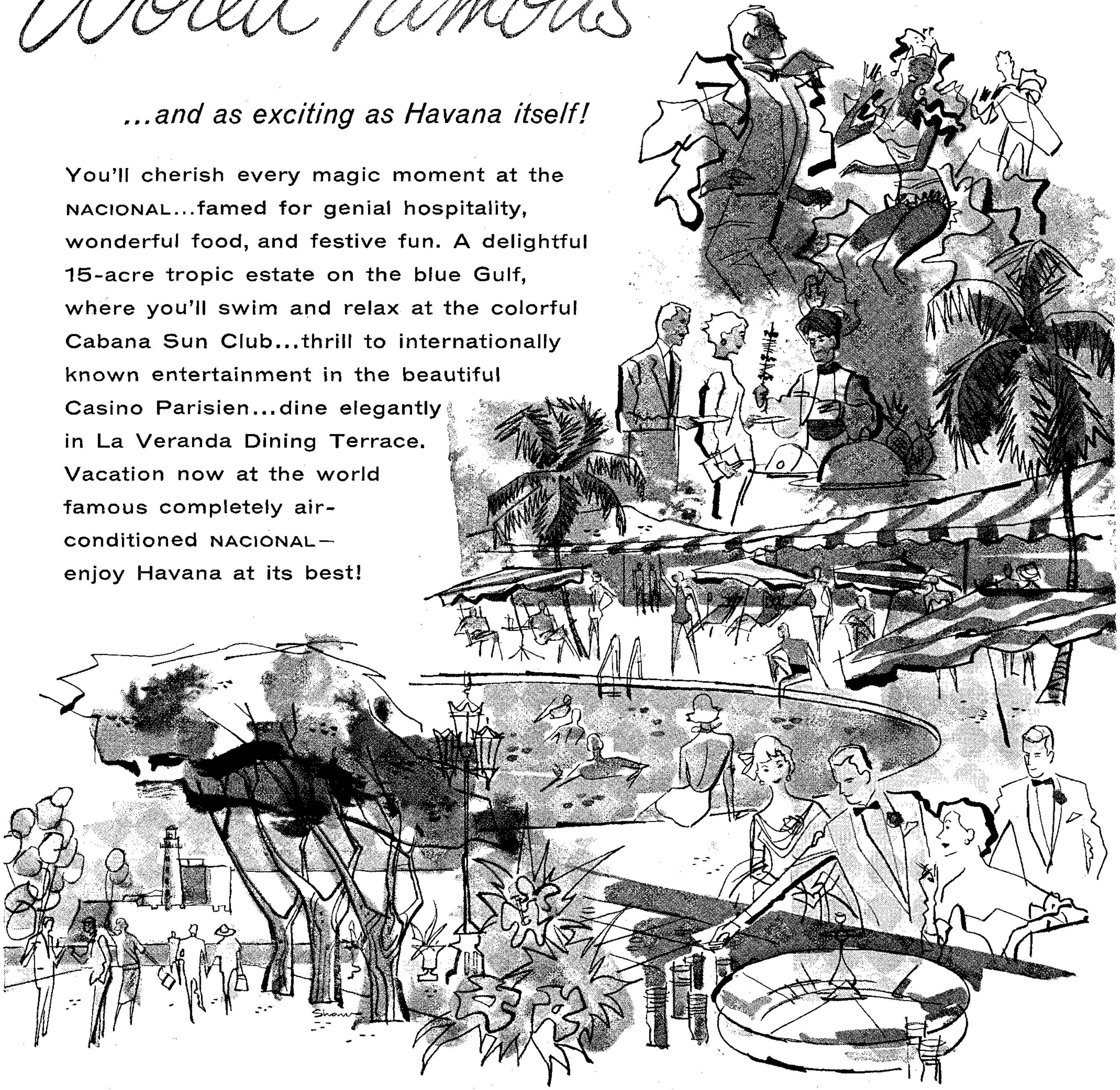
SUNDAY DINNER Served from 12 to 8 P.M.
LUNCHEONS from $1.50 • DINNERS from $2.60
240 ATTRACTIVE ROOMS FROM $7 DOUBLE

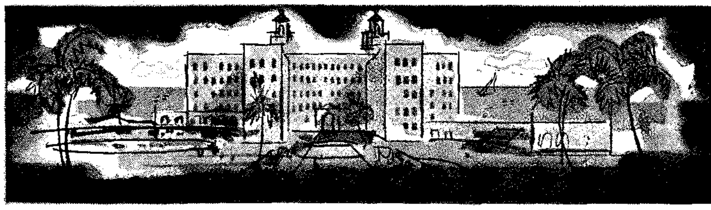
U. S. HOTEL THAYER
WEST POINT • NEW YORK
At the United States Military Academy

World Famous

...and as exciting as Havana itself!

You'll cherish every magic moment at the NACIONAL...famed for genial hospitality, wonderful food, and festive fun. A delightful 15-acre tropic estate on the blue Gulf, where you'll swim and relax at the colorful Cabana Sun Club...thrill to internationally known entertainment in the beautiful Casino Parisien...dine elegantly in La Veranda Dining Terrace. Vacation now at the world famous completely air-conditioned NACIONAL—enjoy Havana at its best!





HOTEL
NACIONAL
DE CUBA

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any PAA office, or

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

Chrysler Bldg., New York—STillwell 6-5858
Roper Bldg., Miami, Florida—FRanklin 1-6661

SAN JUAN INTERCONTINENTAL, San Juan, Puerto Rico
EMBAJADOR INTERCONTINENTAL, Ciudad Trujillo, D. R.
JARAGUA INTERCONTINENTAL, Ciudad Trujillo, D. R.
CURAÇAO INTERCONTINENTAL, Curaçao, N. A.
VARADERO OASIS, Varadero Beach, Cuba
HOTEL NACIONAL DE CUBA, Havana, Cuba
REFORMA INTERCONTINENTAL, Mexico City, Mexico
HOTEL VICTORIA PLAZA, Montevideo, Uruguay
HOTEL DEL LAGO, Maracaibo, Venezuela
HOTEL TAMANACO, Caracas, Venezuela
EL SALVADOR INTERCONTINENTAL, El Salvador, C. A.
EL PRADO INTERCONTINENTAL, Barranquilla, Colombia
HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, Bogotá, Colombia
HOTEL GRANDE, Belém, Pará, Brasil
HOTEL CARRERA, Santiago, Chile

OPENING SOON:
PONCE INTERCONTINENTAL, Ponce, Puerto Rico
PHOENICIA INTERCONTINENTAL, Beirut, Lebanon

HAIG & HAIG
PINCH

so highly Regarded . . . so easily Recognized . . . so thoroughly Enjoyed . . .

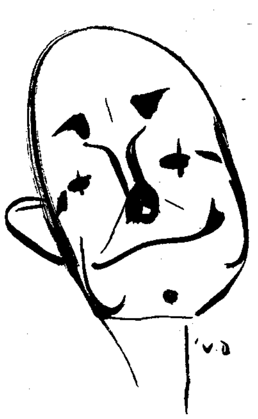
Perfected more than 3 centuries ago . . . unmatched ever since!

Don't be Vague . . . say Haig & Haig ☆ *BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF* ☆ *RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.*

DOGS, MAH-JONGG, AND AMERICANS

AFTER Peiping fell to the Communist armies in January of 1949, I lost my job teaching English at the National Tsinghwa University, a few miles outside the city, and moved into the huge Peiping mansion of my Chinese wife's family, the Yus. For a time thereafter, the local police seemed content to let me come and go as I pleased, even though I was an American. Then, in the spring of 1950, my life, as well as that of almost everyone else in Peiping, came under stringent control. Restrictions were placed on travel, new taxes were imposed, and all Chinese citizens were required to register with the police. Foreigners living in Peiping not only had to register but had to submit to a police interview, in which they were asked who their friends were, what books they read, what kind of radio they had, what kind of camera, what kind of weapon (if they had no gun, then did they, perhaps, have a sword?), and what they thought of Marxism.

The government harassed foreigners as a matter of policy, and seemed to enjoy it. I was certain, however, that I had done everything officially required of me by the new laws. I had registered with the Central Department of Public Safety, where I declared that I had no camera or weapon of any kind, that my radio was a six-tube long-wave General Electric that gave me a shock whenever I touched two control knobs at the same time, and that, not having read Marx, I was unqualified to give an opinion of Marxism. After I had turned in new photographs of myself, along with my passport and various official documents dating from the time before the Communists came to power, the police issued me a residence permit, on the understanding that I was to leave China, with my wife, as soon as her family affairs were settled. In the meantime, I was fortunate, I felt, to be living in her house.



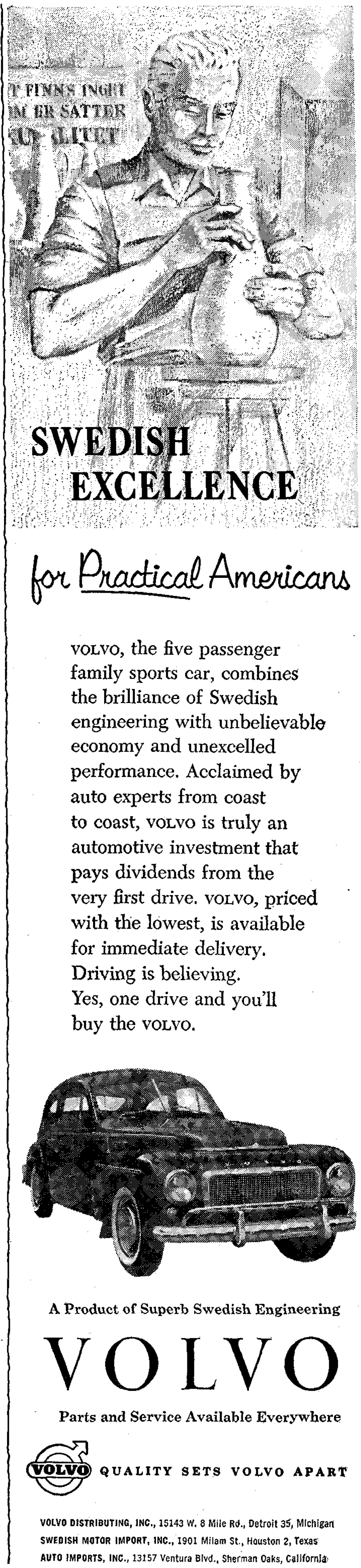
Behind the high walls of the Yu mansion, I felt little apprehension, despite the fact that the United States had closed the gates of its consulate, and all American citizens still remaining in Peiping had been made charges of the British. On the contrary, when I was inside the mansion's quiet, book-filled studies, or in the stately reception halls, or in the garden, where we sat through the hot summer afternoons on rattan chairs under the trees, sipping synthetic lemonade and beguiled by the screech of cicadas and the murmur of our own voices, what went on outside the walls had almost no effect on my sense of well-being. If anything, the days were too uneventful.

Luckily, old Aunt Chin, a widowed aunt of my wife's who suffered from asthma and rarely left the house, enjoyed playing cards. She slept badly, and could be found at almost any hour of the day or night sitting up with a cat or two in her lap, and puffing on an asthma cigarette while she played complicated variations of solitaire with herself or rummy with her female companion. My wife, Aimee, and I often joined them in their suite of rooms (similar to the one we lived in), and would play Russian poker or auction bridge with them far into the warm nights while the great house slept.

I enjoyed those evenings. Aunt Chin, her thick, straight-bobbed gray hair swept back and held behind her ears by two tortoise-shell combs, would keep up an amazing flow of chatter. It was a point of pride with her, as with many recluses, to know better than anyone else what was going on in the world. On one such night, she got off on the subject of mah-jongg.

"I'd like to know what business it is of *theirs*," she said, meaning the new government, "if I want to play mah-jongg. I've played mah-jongg all my life, and no one ever told me before that it was a crime." Plainly visible under a table in a corner of the room were two mah-jongg sets in teakwood boxes. A few weeks earlier, the Communists had banned the game throughout China as a waste of labor hours. Although Aunt Chin had stopped playing the game, she evidently saw no reason to hide the sets. Besides, none of us knew just what the penalty was for playing mah-jongg. And, for that matter, we weren't absolutely sure that the authorities didn't also disapprove of card playing.

"Imagine those black devils up there," Aunt Chin went on, rolling her eyes toward the ceiling, "sneaking over the rooftops and listening at the eaves." Aunt Chin might have been talking about the bogeymen in some fairy tale,



SWEDISH EXCELLENCE

for Practical Americans

VOLVO, the five passenger family sports car, combines the brilliance of Swedish engineering with unbelievable economy and unexcelled performance. Acclaimed by auto experts from coast to coast, VOLVO is truly an automotive investment that pays dividends from the very first drive. VOLVO, priced with the lowest, is available for immediate delivery. Driving is believing. Yes, one drive and you'll buy the VOLVO.

A Product of Superb Swedish Engineering

VOLVO

Parts and Service Available Everywhere

VOLVO QUALITY SETS VOLVO APART

VOLVO DISTRIBUTING, INC., 15143 W. 8 Mile Rd., Detroit 35, Michigan
SWEDISH MOTOR IMPORT, INC., 1901 Milam St., Houston 2, Texas
AUTO IMPORTS, INC., 13157 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, California

QUICK, WATSON, THE SHERLOCK!

Gleneagles
SHERLOCK®
TRENCH COAT

Stormy skies or sunny, this dashing coat gets the call. No mystery. It's that authentic Continental styling — the shoulder and sleeve straps, the belt rings and buckles. And its by **Gleneagles**, America's largest maker of quality rainwear — your clue to really fine tailoring. Enjoy a try-on soon!

In finest cotton poplin, plaid-lined **$29.95**
In automatic wash 'n' wear Dacron and cotton, plaid-lined **35.00**

At the stores listed, or write for store nearest you:
New York BROADSTREET'S • BROWNING KING & CO.
Dayton, Ohio .... THE METROPOLITAN CO.
Detroit, Mich. .... HARRY SUFFRIN
Kansas City, Mo. .... ROTHSCHILD'S
Newark, N. J. .... L. BAMBERGER & CO.
Washington, D.C. .... WOODWARD & LOTHROP

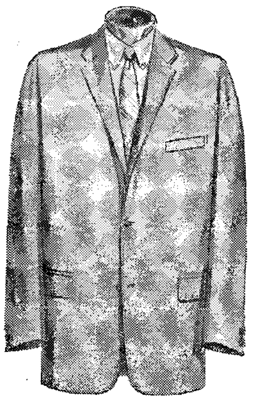
LAMM BROS., INC., 311 N. Exeter St., Balt. 2, Md.

but she was in fact talking about figures in real life, the Night People—black-clad ex-burglars and acrobats who, so we had all heard, were employed by the police to scale the walls of private houses and detect from the rooftops the give-away clatter of mah-jongg tiles or the equally telltale odor of opium. (Opium smoking was, of course, also prohibited, unless addiction could be proved, in which case an opium ration was supposed to be issued. Not many people, though, had the courage to try to prove themselves addicts.) It was rumored, further, that the Night People, with the help of the police, had marked off the city in sections and, working over one section each night, could cover the whole of Peiping in less than a month.

"Moonlit nights and dogs are the only things that stop them," Aunt Chin said. "I've never liked dogs," she added, "but I admit I feel safer these days knowing old Baldy is around somewhere."

Baldy was our house dog, who, as a result of old age, or possibly a disease, had lost much of his hair. Occasionally, I would hear him give a shaky bark or two in the middle of the night, but he slept most of the time, I felt sure. Still, Aunt Chin was convinced that Baldy was our greatest single protection against the Night People, and she may have been right, because it was true that the Communist authorities hated dogs to the extent of instituting a citywide anti-dog campaign. Dogs were unproductive, they said, and ate an unearned share of the food raised by that paragon of all virtues, the Chinese peasant. I think the Communists really hated dogs because in a very tangible way the dog, loyal to individuals and not to beliefs, represented the last defense of the private citizen against the increasing nosiness of the police, the community, and the state. As a result, the Communists, besides insisting on the licensing of dogs, investigated and taxed the owners. How, the owners were asked, could they afford to feed a dog? Had they no shame about feeding dogs while human beings starved? Where did they get the money to keep a dog? And so on. In the end, the owner usually found it easier (as the authorities had expected he would) to quietly get rid of his dog, while the dogs kept by stubborn owners would often mysteriously disappear or be found poisoned.

The dogs of Peiping had thus grown scarce, and precious to those few who still had them, so it was not just a dog that Aunt Chin was talking about but the only protector, halt and old though



J. PRESS
'WORSTED-WEAVE'
DACRON BLEND SUITS

Remarkable resemblance to the clarity and character of superfine worsteds is attained in these new featherweight blends.

- Dacron*, Orlon† and Cotton—in Fine Screen Dot patterns of Slate Gray, Clove Brown or Olive Tan. *Will wash and hang dry (3 hours) for wear without pressing except for occasional 'touch-up'.* **$49.50**
- Dacron and Orlon — in Hairline and Glen Urquhart weaves of Blue, Gray or Olive Brown. *This fabric having maximum recovery properties can be washed and dried entirely by machine.* **$55.00**

* *Du Pont trademark for its polyester fiber*
† *Du Pont trademark for its acrylic fiber*

Mail Orders Accepted. Submit height, weight, chest and waist measurements, Trousers sent uncuffed. Include 50c package postage.

Sample Swatches and New Brochure upon request.

NEW HAVEN ✻ CAMBRIDGE ✻ NEW YORK ✻
J.PRESS INC.

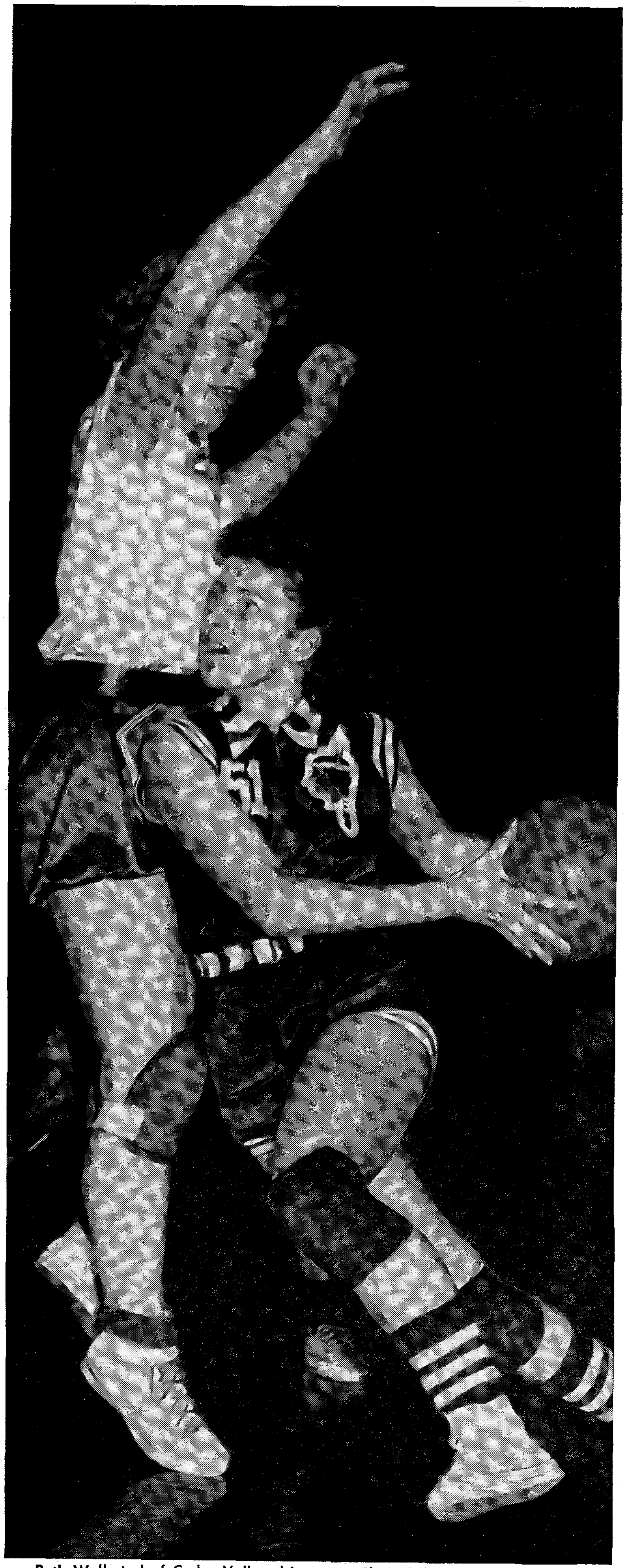
262 York St. — New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. — Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. — New York

So Foreign
...YET SO NEAR!

For the complete story of "The Most Magnificent Hotel in the Americas"...

See your Travel Agent or our New York office:
Suite 416
502 Park Avenue,
MUrray Hill 8-0710

HOTEL Virgin Isle
ON ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS



Ruth Wallestad of Cedar Valley drives past Shari Ankeney of New Sharon to score a basket in the state tournament held annually in Des Moines.

Hometown paper for the whole state of Iowa . . . *why?*

because it publishes so many basketball scores? Yes, that's part of the answer . . . for Iowa is truly hoop-happy. More girls (49,272 last year) play on school teams in Iowa than in any other state. The Register and Tribune? Well, it reports just about every score of every game (boys and girls) all season long. With such attention to detail, not only in sports, but in all news coverage, no wonder The Register and Tribune has perhaps the most unusual circulation of any paper in the nation. Its papers are read by 70% of the whole state of Iowa!

DES MOINES
REGISTER AND TRIBUNE
350,000 COMBINED DAILY • 500,000 SUNDAY
Gardner Cowles, President

"SETS BROADWAY ABLAZE" —Life
MARY URE KENNETH HAIGH
Look Back in Anger
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2:30, 1.75.
GOLDEN THEATRE, 252 W. 45 St. N.Y.C.

"BEAUTIFUL, DELIGHTFUL, JOVIAL" —Atkinson, Times
LENA HORNE
RICARDO MONTALBAN
Jamaica
BROADWAY'S NEW MUSICAL HIT!
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Evgs.: $8.35, 6.90, 5.20, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50, 2.00.
IMPERIAL THEATRE, 249 W. 45 St. N.Y.C.

"A COMEDY OF IRRESISTIBLE CHARM" Watts, Post
PETER USTINOV in
ROMANOFF AND JULIET
the new comedy hit
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Sat. Evgs.: $6.25, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.10, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30.
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St. N.Y.C.

"DEEPLY MOVING!" —Atkinson, Times
THE THEATRE GUILD and DORE SCHARY present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
with MARY FICKETT • HENRY JONES
Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE
PRICES: Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60, 3.45; Balc. $2.30. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: Orch. & Boxes $4.60; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30. Tax Included.
CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St., N.Y.C.

"A MOVING PLAY. BEAUTIFULLY STAGED AND ACTED." —Atkinson, Times
The JOSHUA LOGAN production of
BLUE DENIM
Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.: $5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.30. Fri. & Sat. Eves.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Tax Included. Please enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.
PLAYHOUSE, 137 West 48 Street • CI 5-6060

he was, of our right to smoke opium and play mah-jongg, to beat our children and keep secrets, to stand on our heads in the morning if we wanted to, and sleep in green and purple pajamas at night. Although Aunt Chin claimed not to like dogs, she had begun to feed this one from her own hands, and Baldy had come to love her more than anyone else in the family, looking at her with sad moist eyes, in a way her cats never did. Then, one morning a few days after Aunt Chin's remarks about the Night People, old Baldy was nowhere to be found, and when, at the end of a week, he still had not been located, the family felt that it had lost something of great value, as indeed it had.

ON an especially hot evening, a week or so after Baldy's disappearance, Aimee and I joined Aunt Chin and her companion in their sitting room and found a guest—old Mme. Wu, another zealous mah-jongg and card player, who lived near us down the street. I had met her before, and had been impressed by her thin plucked eyebrows arching in almost perfect semicircles over a soft powdered face that sagged gently, like slowly melting wax. That night, her face, powdered even more than usual, was compressed in a look of intense concentration as she and Aunt Chin sat at the card table apparently playing dice. "Up-up," Mme. Wu was saying as we moved our chairs to the table. "Seven," called Aunt Chin as the dice rolled to a stop. "Down-up," said Mme. Wu, who, I now noticed, was reading from a small and worn blue book. "Ten," Aunt Chin called. "Middle-down," the other old lady answered, and flipped to the back of the book, saying to herself, "Up-up, down-up, middle-down. Ah, here it is. 'The hidden is disclosed,' it says. 'The known concealed.' "

"Read the counter-reference again," Aunt Chin said.

Mme. Wu turned a few pages and read, " 'Rise and walk; disturb the dew.' "

Aimee explained to me that they were telling a kind of fortune with the book and dice, which Mme. Wu had brought over. First a question would be asked. Then the dice would be rolled several times, and the numbers obtained would lead to two quotations from the book. The way the quotations fitted together was supposed to indicate the answer, in somewhat the same way, it seemed, that the intersecting of latitude and longitude gives location.

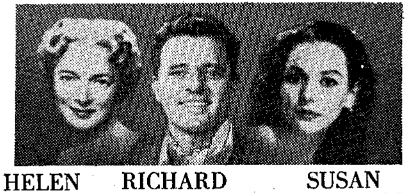
Aimee asked what the question had

"THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MUSICAL STAGE THIS SEASON!" — Atkinson, Times, Dec. 29, 1957

WEST SIDE STORY
A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CARMEN ALVAREZ
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir 5-4878

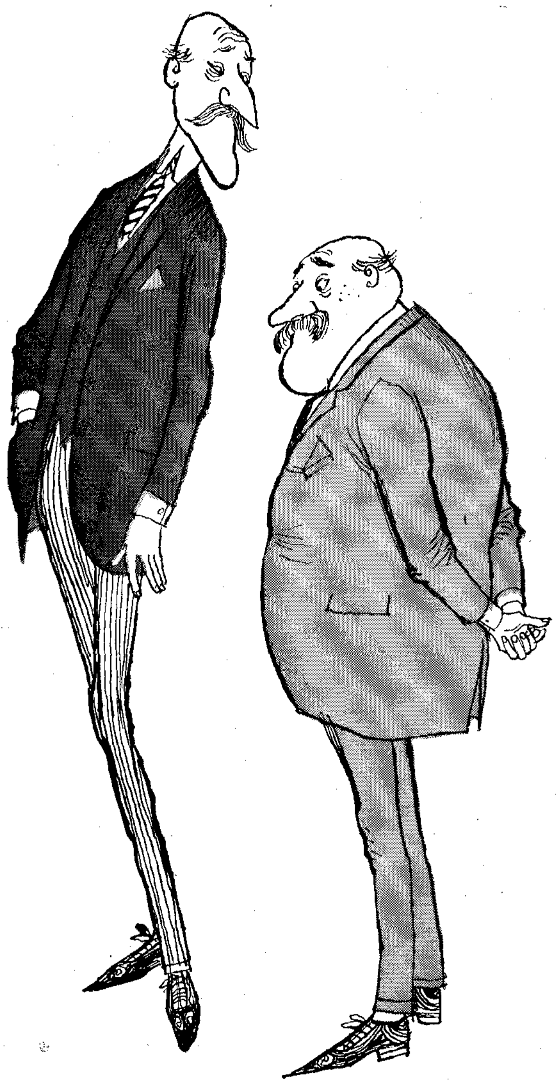
"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!" —ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD MULHARE • SALLY ANN HOWES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"GORGEOUS THEATRE!" —Atkinson, N. Y. Times



HELEN HAYES RICHARD BURTON SUSAN STRASBERG
TIME REMEMBERED
MOROSCO, West 45. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL" —Kerr, Herald-Tribune
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990



The English Drinking Public recovers from its staggering loss

First Club Member:	What, no Lamplighter Gin on the premises?
Second Club Member:	Emigrated to America, old boy. Precious few bottles left here.
First Club Member:	This is not to be tolerated, sir! Get me the Chancellor of the Exchequer!
Second Club Member:	Not necessary. The P.M. has already arranged a meeting at the summit.

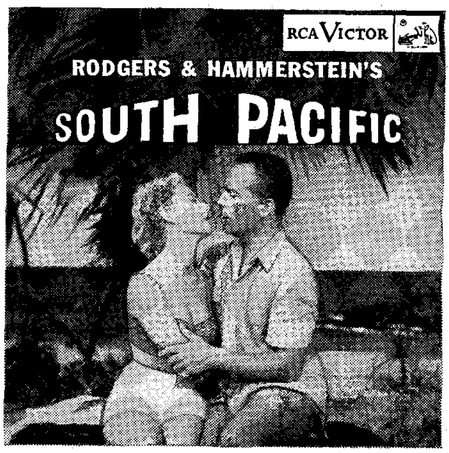
Lamplighter Gin

The costlier English Gin Americans now have firmly in hand—as dry as you can buy

94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
NICHOLSON'S
Lamplighter
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN AND BOTTLED BY
J. & W. NICHOLSON & CO. LTD. · LONDON, ENGLAND
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
"AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY"

LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 94 PROOF. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

SOUTH PACIFIC
THE HIT OF THE YEAR IS
ON RCA VICTOR RECORDS

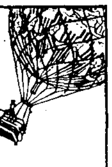


ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM
Enjoy the music from this great new movie in the L.P. album, the 45 Economy Package, on Stereo Tape . . . or in a special deluxe L.P. edition with 12 pages of photographs and commentary by Rodgers & Hammerstein.
RCA VICTOR

The East Side is a state of mind—not an address
DICK KOLLMAR'S
Left Bank
309 West 50 St. · CI 7-3470
OPEN 4 PM TO 4 AM – SONGS BY KING SPARROW PLUS THE JOHNNY LA SALLE SWINGTETTE
MEMBER OF THE DINERS CLUB, OF COURSE
BEAUTIFUL FOOD - BEAUTIFUL MUSIC - BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AND NEAR THE THEATRES

MOTION PICTURES

2nd Fabulous Year
Michael Todd's
Around the World in 80 days in Todd-AO
Mats. at 2:30, Wed., Sat. & Sun. $2.50, $2.20
Eves. at 8:30, $3.50, $2.80
RIVOLI B'way at 49 Circle 7-1633



ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
"BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!"
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A SAM SPIEGEL PRODUCTION
"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"
Directed by DAVID LEAN • A Theatre Guild Selection
NIGHTLY at 8:30—MATS. WED., SAT. & SUN. at 2:30
RKO PALACE B'WAY & 47th ST. PL 7-2626

been, and Aunt Chin told us that they had asked where to find old Baldy.

"What is the answer?" I asked.

"I have to think about it," Aunt Chin said. "It takes time."

In a short while, Mme. Wu left, after carefully wrapping her book and dice in a square of faded blue silk, and we started a game of bridge. During our second rubber, Aunt Chin, whose partner was her companion, appeared to be thinking hard about the fortune; she actually fluffed a trick and lost a little slam. Looking cross, she leaned back and lit an asthma cigarette. It was her deal but no one mentioned it, and we had sat in silence for some time when she suddenly said, in a burst of weedy-smelling smoke, "The dog may be in the garden."

"Why?" I asked, relieved that she had spoken at last.

"The fortune says, 'Disturb the dew.' And the only dew around here is in the garden."

This sounded to me like an unnecessarily literal interpretation, but I didn't say so, and we continued the game. Aunt Chin and her companion rapidly improved their score, and Aimee and I were far behind when we stopped playing, around eleven o'clock. This was early for us, but it was too hot to sit still any longer, and Aimee and I decided, quite apart from what Aunt Chin had said, to take a stroll in the relative coolness of the garden before going to bed.

We followed a white pebble path, just visible in the faint starlight, to a terrace on the edge of one of the garden's two empty pools, where we sat for a while on a stone slab, which was still warm from the heat of the day, and watched the fireflies appear and disappear in the long, damp grass. East of the garden towered the huge, upcurling roofs of the outbuildings of the sprawling Yu home. I could clearly see the silhouettes of the ridgepoles, surmounted at either end by great decorative tiles in the shape of fish, their tails turned up against the starlit sky. Aimee and I had not spoken for some time, and I was idly looking at the shadow of the nearest fish when I saw, just as clearly, another shadow. I pressed Aimee's arm, and she, too, looked toward the rooftops. Surreptitiously the shadow of a man had joined that of the fish on the rooftop nearest us. Then we saw the man's shadow glide up and across the ridge and disappear down the far side. We waited, but he did not return.

Indisputably, we had seen one of the Night People, but when, a few minutes later, we told the family, they said there

Opens Apr. 29-6 Wks Only
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Under Auspices America-Israel Cultural Foundation, Inc.
Katharine Cornell & Roger L. Stevens present
Katharine CORNELL Anthony QUAYLE
Roddy McDOWALL Torin THATCHER Mildred NATWICK
in CHRISTOPHER FRY'S
The Firstborn
All Evgs.: Divans & Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. First Mat. Thurs. May 1, thereafter Wed. & Sat.: Divans $5.75; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Opening Night Completely Sold Out. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with mail orders and specify several alternate dates.
CORONET THEATRE • 230 W. 49th St. N.Y.C.

"GREER GARSON as AUNTIE MAME gives an electrifying performance"
—Aston, W. Tel. & Sun

SEATS NOW BY MAIL AND AT BOX OFFICE THRU JUNE 1
Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Tax Incl. In writing for seats, kindly give several alternate dates and enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Make check or money order payable to Broadhurst Theatre.
BROADHURST THEATRE 235 West 44th Street, N. Y. 36

"LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL is a marvelous play"
—ATKINSON, N.Y. Times
PRICES: Eves 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30—$4.60, 4.05, 3.60, 3.00, 2.30. List alternate dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
BARRYMORE THEATRE
243 West 47th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

"SUPERB"
—Atkinson, Times —Kerr, Her. Trib. —Watts, Post
GARDEN DISTRICT
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Evgs. Tues. thru Sun. Mats. Sat. & Sun. Orch. $4.50, 3.50, 2.50.
YORK playhouse 64 St. & 1st Ave. TR 9-4130
Seats Now at Box Office & by Mail

"THE MUSIC MAN is a rousing delight"
—LIFE
PRICES: Eves. 8:30.—$8.05, 6.25, 4.95, 3.60, 3, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30—$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 5 alternate dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
MAJESTIC THEATRE. 245 W. 44 St., N. Y. 36. CI 6-0730

THE Divan PARISIEN SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

UNITED AIR LINES ®

Seasoned travelers choose the finest—United's Red Carpet* Service. Food to a gourmet's taste . . . personalized attention . . . radar-smooth comfort on the DC-7, nation's fastest airliner. These and other extras at no extra fare—nonstop to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle-Tacoma and Denver.

*Red Carpet is a service mark owned and used by United Air Lines, Inc.

How do you account for the fact that you don't have two incomes?

Chances are there's no reason for you to plod through life on only one income . . . unless you want to.

To get a second income you have a wonderful array of choices. Especially if you consider an income from dividends on common stock.

One of the advantages of owning good common stocks is that extra income from dividends can continue for a lifetime and beyond. Another is that if the company grows, so can your investment.

Our little booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS," gives much helpful information about investing. It includes a list of well over 300 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid dividends every year for a quarter of a century or more—some of them for several generations—and shows which ones have paid 5 to 6 percent at recent prices, which are preferred by financial institutions. It describes the Monthly Investment Plan, through which you can become a part-owner of some of America's most famous companies for as little as $40 every three months up to $1000 a month. The coupon below will bring it to you free.

For investment use only money left over after living expenses and emergencies have been provided for. Remember, not every company grows, some may not make a profit, may not pay dividends.

And stock prices can go down as well as up. So never depend on tips and rumors. Get the facts about the company.

And this is where a nearby broker can help you so much. If you don't know a broker, drop in on one today. Make sure he's with a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He'll help you plan an investment program in keeping with your pocketbook, perhaps recommending bonds instead of stocks. He'll help you buy or sell. And occasionally ask him to review your securities with you.

Send the coupon now. It can be your first step towards a second income.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

Send for new free booklet. Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. B-78, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, *a basic guide for common stock investment.*"

NAME________________

ADDRESS________________

BROKER, IF ANY________________

wasn't much that anyone could do about it. Aunt Chin said there was no doubt now that old Baldy was dead, because otherwise the Night People wouldn't have dared to come. I lay in bed that night listening into the silence—aware, for the first time, that in our own house and in all the houses surrounding us no dogs were barking and that above us, over the sleeping mansion, the heavy eaves, soaring like protective wings outward and upward into the night sky, concealed in their ponderous grace the deceit and betrayal that I felt would ultimately defeat us all.

IT seemed much later in the night when Aimee woke me, saying, "Something is wrong outside. Listen!" I sat up and listened for a few moments, hearing nothing. Then, abruptly, in the blackness of the courtyard outside our bedroom window I saw the swift movement of a light. Slipping out of bed, I made my way, without turning on a light, to the next room, our sitting room, where the only door to our suite of rooms, a partly glass one, opened onto a tiled terrace. I was standing with my face pressed against the glass, trying to see into the darkness outside, when I felt the knob gently begin to turn.

Nothing happened. The door was locked, and I wondered what I should do next—or, rather, what the person outside was going to do next. It suddenly occurred to me that the terrace light was controlled by a switch just inside the door, and I snapped it on, almost as a reflex action, without considering whether or not it was the wise thing to do.

As in a flash photo of a nocturnal animal that has tripped the mechanism of a camera, some ten men were illuminated on the terrace in a weird tableau—frozen for a moment in a parody of stealth, embarrassed and confused by the light. The fact that half of them were carrying carbines made them appear—at that moment, anyway—no less foolish. Our gatekeeper was in the middle of them, looking very unhappy, and I could guess what had happened. Later on, Aimee and I were able to piece out the events of the entire night.

Members of the military police, together with the local police—all of whom represented the People's Soldiers of China—had made a surprise raid on our section of the city after it had first been reconnoitred by the Night People (who, no doubt, had themselves been preceded by the dog exterminators), and were systematically checking all residents, house by house. Admitted

K
K
THE KING IS BACK

The Empire Room presents

MAURICE CHEVALIER

THE INCOMPARABLE STAR OF ALL TIME

At Dinner—10 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed.
Two shows—9:30 and 12:15
Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Emil Coleman and his Orchestra

Bela Babai *"King of the Gypsies" and his orchestra*

WALDORF·ASTORIA

Park Avenue • 49th to 50th Sts. • ELdorado 5-3000

NOW TWICE DAILY thru May 11; Daily, 2:00 & 7:30 P.M.; Fri. & Sat., 8:30; Sun., 6:30
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey CIRCUS

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

PRICES (Tax incl.) NIGHTS & MATINEES: $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.50. Tickets include admission to side show & menagerie

CHILDREN UNDER 12 HALF PRICE STARTING APR. 14
Weekday Matinees and Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.

Send check or money order with self-addressed stamped envelope to RINGLING CIRCUS, Madison Square Garden. Add 25c for handling charge

DON'T DO DISHES TONIGHT!

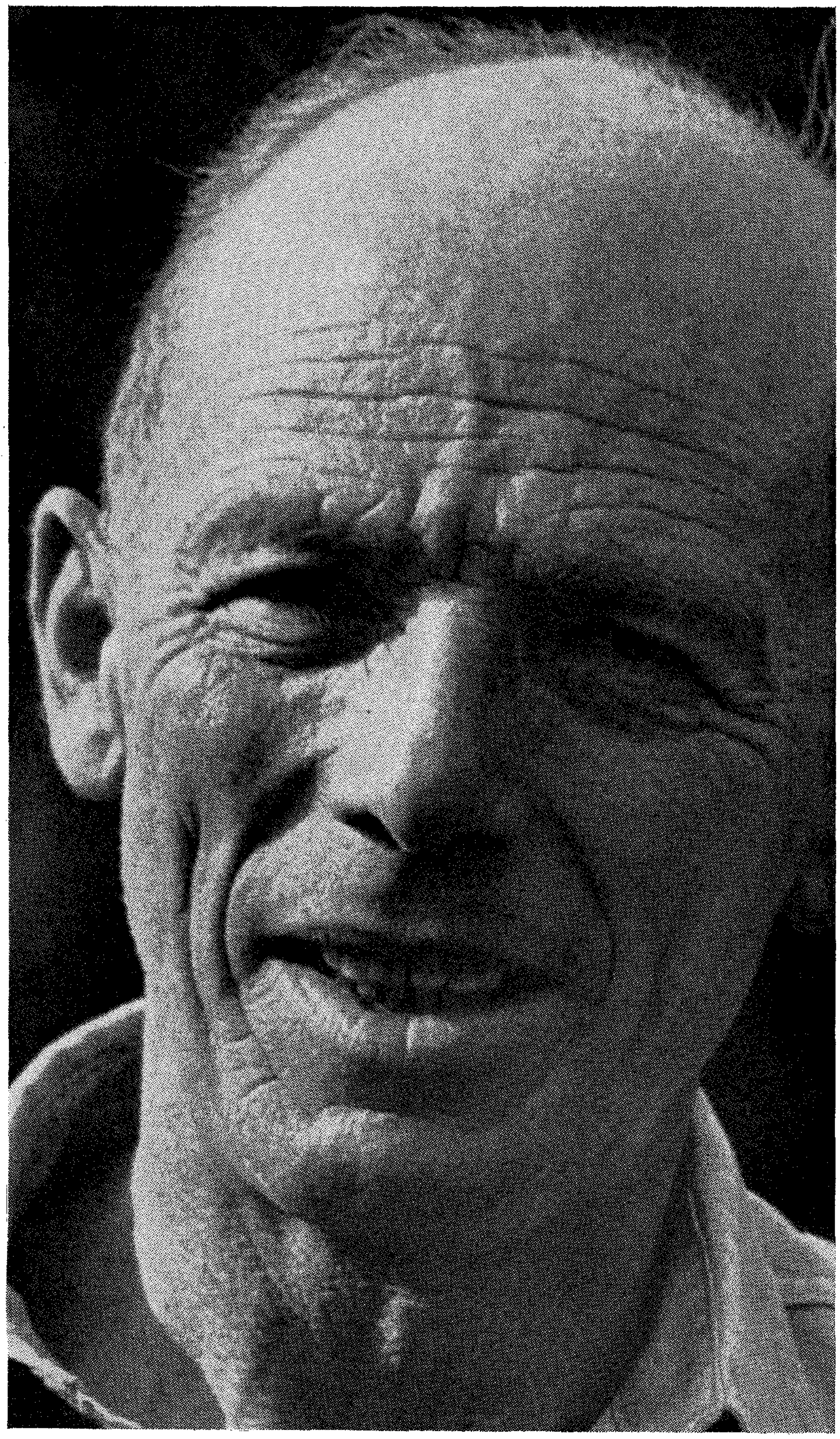
GO TROTTING

ROOSEVELT RACEWAY

DINE IN THE CLOUD CASINO
Diners' Club Member • Reservations: Pioneer 6-6000
APRIL 1 THRU JULY 31

Sever Malnic

...in his lifetime, a 4,600% increase



Sever Malnic owns a ranch in Azusa, California.

Sever and his son, Eric, also own 150 shares of stock in Union Oil.

This entitles them (along with over 67,000 other share owners in the company) to a report on our 67th year of business.

How we spent it

In 1957 our customers paid us a new record amount: $436,731,000.

We spent 73% of this—or $318,681,000—with over sixteen thousand other companies and individuals with whom we do business.

1,000 tax collectors

More than 1,000 tax collecting agencies took another 3.6%, or $15,910,000. This does *not* include the $77,890,000 we collected from our customers as fuel taxes and turned over to governmental agencies.

Wages and other benefits for our employees and their families amounted to 14.6%, or $63,904,000 of our income.

What was left

This left 8.8%—or $38,236,000—as net profit. Slightly less than half of these earnings, or $18,516,000—were paid in cash dividends to the Malnics and our other 67,000 share owners.

The balance of our net earnings—equal to 4.5% of our customers' dollars*—we reinvested in the business to expand and modernize facilities.

A competitive economy

Doing business under America's system of free competitive enterprise, Union Oil has gone from $9 millions to over $400 millions in yearly income during the lifetime of Sever Malnic. That's a 4,600% increase.

Within the lifetime of his son? As long as our economy remains free and competitive, our future can and will surpass our past.

**This does not include that part of the customers' dollars we collected for the government as fuel taxes.*

* * * *

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

molla
METAL FURNITURE

Iberian Suite...
The romantic rhythm of Old Spain—in the lace-like loveliness of this newest metal furniture. Superb composition by Molla . . . in colors that serenade the eye.

We'll send you an
illustrated brochure and nearest
dealer's name. Write—
Molla, Inc.
Dept. N63, 425 East 53rd St.
New York 22, N. Y.

by our helpless gateman, the soldiers had, of course, not allowed him to give warning, and, wherever possible, had contrived to enter our bedrooms without waking us beforehand. Several of the members of our household had been roused out of a sound sleep by the cold touch of a carbine muzzle at the back of the neck, and Aunt Chin's companion actually succumbed to hysterics. After awakening the sleepers, the police had demanded to see their registration papers.

At the moment I surprised the soldiers by turning on the terrace light that night, they were obviously trying to get into the sitting room of our suite, and just as I was beginning to feel that perhaps I had not done the most tactful thing, Aimee switched on the overhead light behind me, destroying my advantage, and unfastened the door. One by one, the soldiers entered the room, looking suspiciously about, as if they expected a grenade to be tossed at them. Aimee, who had already put on a dress, was busy turning on the floor lamps when I left the room to put something on over my pajamas.

Perhaps it was because a carbine-armed soldier followed me to the bedroom that I chose to wear an enormous blue-brocaded dressing gown Aimee had made for me from a robe that had been worn at the imperial court by one of her ancestors. It expressed my feelings toward the People's Soldiers at that moment. If I could have found the sable hat topped with peacock feathers that originally went with it, I might have put that on, too, but even without it my splendor was impossible to overlook, and when I reëntered the sitting room, the soldiers seemed startled and moved uneasily aside.

One of the soldiers, a grim-looking officer, asked for my papers—all of them, those written in English as well as those in Chinese—and I gave them to him. He appeared to read each of them very thoroughly, but, since he read them all at the same speed, it wasn't hard for me to guess that he didn't understand a word of English. Then he asked for my police registration. I pointed to my residence permit, which he held, and said that I had registered with the police in the Central Department of Public Safety in order to get it.

"But this is not a *police* registration," he said. "Do you mean that you have not registered with the local police?"

I explained that the Central Police Bureau had told me that that was unnecessary.

His face became grimmer. "As far as

Vegetables Served
. . . IN STAINLESS

Deep dish server, 12" long, ideal for so many uses. $7.95. Matching fork-spoon tongs. $4.95. Both in finest nickel-chrome stainless. New Fraser imports. Shipped post paid.

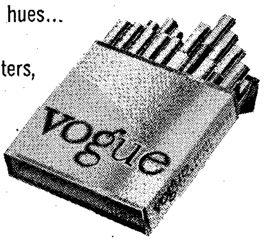
Write for information on other unusual stainless imports

Liebermann's OF LANSING
107 SO. WASHINGTON AVENUE
LANSING 68, MICHIGAN

DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT
Fashion's Smartest Cigarette

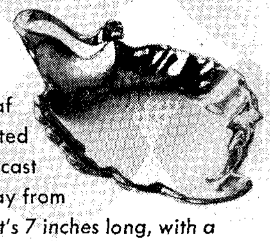
Five rainbow hues...
gold tipped...
king size...filters,
of course

75c per pack
$3.75 In Styrene Gift Carton of 100



Only at better cigarette counters
Stephano Brothers, Phila. 7, Pa.

Pewter Ash Tray
$5



A graceful leaf shape is adopted for this handcast pewter ash tray from Switzerland. It's 7 inches long, with a bright finish; needs little or no polishing.
Add 35c handling charge Gift wrapping 50c
Write or Phone Jean Tree PL 7-8100
BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

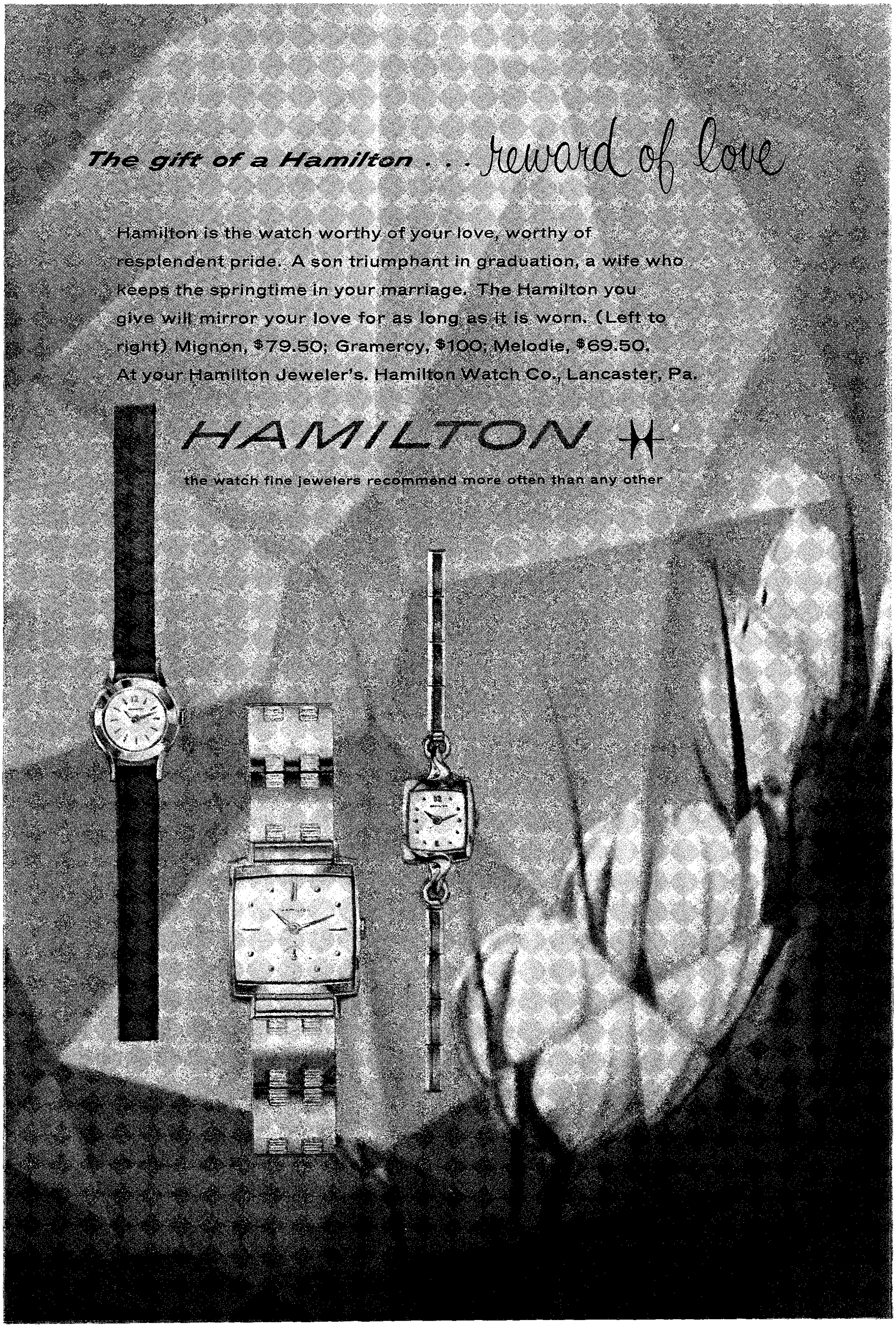
smart new package

Schaefer
America's Oldest Lager Beer
BREWING CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Schaefer

Your kind of beer...**real** beer!

HE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING CO., NEW YORK and ALBANY, N.Y.



The gift of a Hamilton . . . reward of love

Hamilton is the watch worthy of your love, worthy of resplendent pride. A son triumphant in graduation, a wife who keeps the springtime in your marriage. The Hamilton you give will mirror your love for as long as it is worn. (Left to right) Mignon, $79.50; Gramercy, $100; Melodie, $69.50. At your Hamilton Jeweler's. Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON

the watch fine jewelers recommend more often than any other

we can see," he said, "you have no proper papers explaining your presence in this house."

"But he is my husband," Aimee said, "and this is *my* house"—an observation that, of course, represented a hopelessly old-fashioned way of looking at the situation. No one even bothered to answer her.

"Can't you telephone the central police?" I asked. "They know I live here."

"The Central Police Bureau does not open until seven in the morning," he said.

Aimee, in a last effort to save the day, said, "My husband doesn't speak Chinese very well. I'll go with him the first thing in the morning to see that he registers with the local police."

Considering that we had all along been speaking Chinese and that I felt I had spoken rather well, I was a bit put out. Then my interrogator said, "He will have to come with us now," and I suddenly realized what Aimee had been trying to forestall.

Turning to her, I said very loudly in English, "What did he say?"

"He said—"

"I *know* what he said. What do I do now?" I continued, in English.

"Oh." She looked at the police officer. "Can't he wait until morning?" she asked.

"No. He must be taken into police custody until he can be properly checked."

She looked back at me and said, "I'll come with you. Don't worry." I thought she hadn't tried very hard, but, from experience, was confident that she knew when argument was useless, if not actually harmful.

Without giving me time to change from my brocaded robe, four of the soldiers formed a guard around me, two in front and two behind. In this formation, with Aimee behind us and the rest of the soldiers following her, we moved out through the front gate, while our gateman looked on as if I were being led to execution. The police station for which we were headed was only at the end of the street, and we were marching along briskly when Aimee called out to the soldiers around me, "It's not necessary to *run* to the police station." She had decided, I supposed, that since I was going to be taken to the station anyway, she could be as unpleasant as she liked. "Walk as fast as I do and no faster!" she ordered, and, moving to the head of the formation, she immediately slowed her pace. The soldiers, to my surprise, followed suit, whereupon

Salty
THE ALL WEATHER SHIRT

The popular Viyella flannel pullover is now available in handsome tattersall checks of blue/black; red/black; deep yellow/black—all on white grounds*

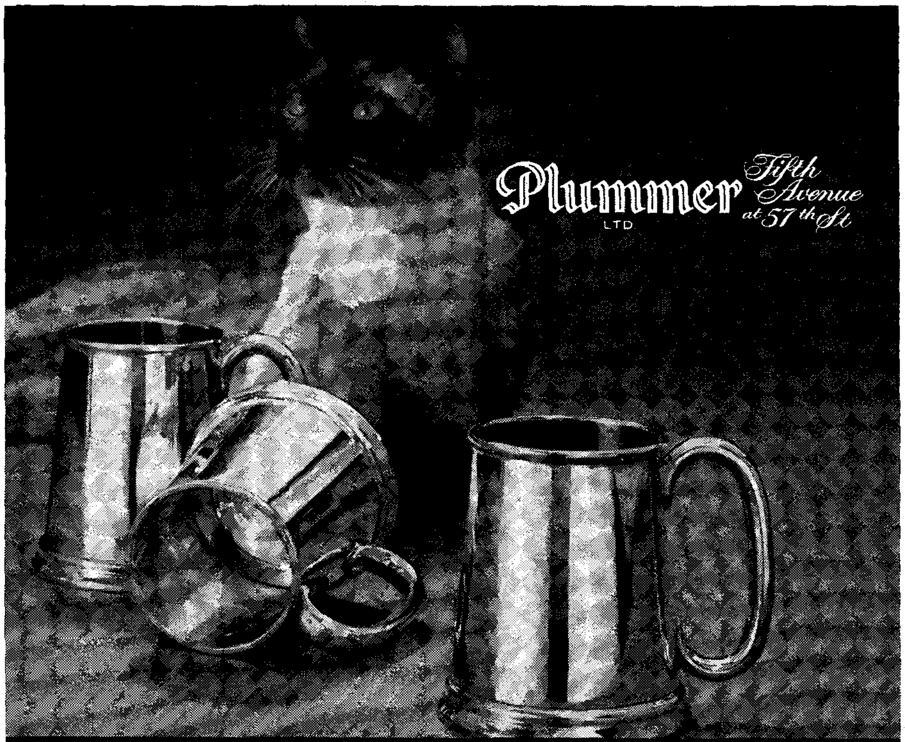
Designed for comfort and protection in fair or foul weather

$16.95

SIZES:
Small, Medium, Large
Extra Large

*Lambswool 55%; cotton 45%

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
CLOTHING · HATS · HABERDASHERY
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 17



Plummer LTD *Fifth Avenue at 57th St*

Plummer Elegance ...our handsome 16-oz. Tankards from a famous English pewterer. Sealed-in glass bottom...prolongs the cold or heat of your favorite drink...Plummer-exclusive. Each $8.75...six, $50. *Mail orders promptly filled...734 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.*

THE HOUSE OF FINE CHINA · CRYSTAL · SILVER · LAMPS · ANTIQUES · EXECUTIVE LEATHER · STATIONERY · OBJETS D'ART

CUPIONI®

HELENE SCOTT suggests the chemise look in this embroidery-trimmed maternity dress. The glowing shantung of cotton and Cupioni, the yarn of elegance, is Coupe de Ville by **FABREX**... washable, crease-resistant, minimum-iron. Royal, red, black. Sizes 8 to 18. $17.95. Lane Bryant, New York, and stores coast to coast; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

Bemberg®
ARISTOCRAT® OF RAYON YARN

"CUPIONI" IS AMERICAN BEMBERG'S REGISTERED TRADE MARK FOR CUPRAMMONIUM RAYON YARN

For name of store nearest you write to:
AMERICAN BEMBERG
Main Office: 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Aimee, muttering under her breath like an irritable squad leader, led us the rest of the way at her own speed.

I WAS not the only catch that night. The police station was full of people in every state of dishabille. They were standing in the center of a large room, and all of them turned to look when I was brought in. I was the only foreigner present, and, of course, I was still wearing the luminous imperial robe. All the chairs and benches in the room were occupied by soldiers resting between forays into the sleeping neighborhood. Stopping in front of one of the soldiers, whose mouth at once dropped open, Aimee asked, in a loud voice, "Are there no chairs? Do you drag us out of our beds in the middle of the night and expect us to stand till morning?" The openmouthed soldier and the one beside him got hastily to their feet, and Aimee sat down, beckoning to me to sit beside her.

As soon as I sat down, a red-faced boy in uniform sitting on the other side of me smiled shyly and offered me a cigarette. I took it gratefully, since I had brought none of my own. "What is your worthy nation?" he asked, using the polite honorific, which by then had been practically eliminated from Chinese speech as a feudalistic anachronism.

It was my turn to be shy. "My humble country is America," I told him.

He continued to smile. "China loves the American people. They are misled by their government but they are good people," he said. Even though I knew that this was the Party line at the time, I was impressed by the warmth of his smile, and I wondered if he had been drinking.

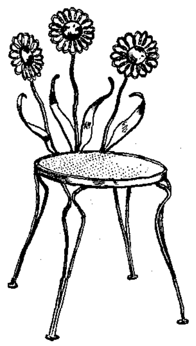
Aimee asked how I felt, and I told her I felt fine. "Don't you want anything?" she asked. "Wouldn't you like something to eat?" It hadn't occurred to me that I would be allowed to eat in a police station, and I said so, but Aimee replied that no one would mind, and, getting up, she started for home. Presently, she returned with some sandwiches. Later, she went back for cigarettes, and once again to bring me a murder mystery, and as the sky began to brighten, she returned a fourth time, with warm sugared milk and twisted strips of dough fried in sesame-seed oil. Nothing we said or did or ate went unnoticed, and I was aware that her solicitude for me did not please the officers in charge.

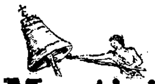
After a while, I became interested in the murder story Aimee had brought me, and by the time I had finished it,

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS, SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

the heat's on...
And food stays piping hot in our big three and a half quart casserole. It comes out of the oven and bides its time on a brass plated candle warmer. Designed by Ernest Sohn in white ovenware with a brass plated cover—an ideal gift for Mother's Day, 16.00. Mail and phone orders filled. Also in Beverly Hills and Detroit.

GUEST AND GIFT SHOP
FOURTEEN EAST 50th STREET





PIAZZA-MONTICI **original**

enchanting

This Italian garden chair is of wrought iron in green with white and yellow daisies. Seat ht. 18". $45.00. Shipped express collect.

the Piazza Montici
40 EAST 51st ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • PL 5-8826

MRS. PRISCILLA KIDDER
DESIGNER OF BRIDAL GOWNS

When Priscilla of Boston wants portraits for her personal use, she comes to

Bachrach
54 East 52nd St.
New York
PLaza 5-6233

There's nothing so powerful as an *idea*!

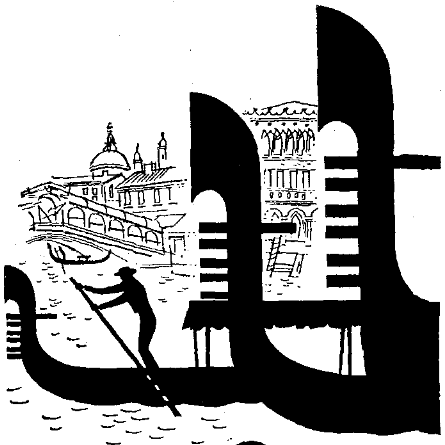
Better Homes and Gardens

The editors of Better Homes & Gardens have a talent for discovering just *which* ideas will interest their home-and-family-centered readers most. The idea of *cooking outdoors*, fanned by BH&G in page after page of editorial excitement, has caught on in big homes and little ones. And along with the idea, a whole new market for everything from outdoor grills to barbecue sauces has been born.

The folks who read Better Homes & Gardens—men and women and their teen-age youngsters—"live by the book". The more they read BH&G, the more they do—and *buy*. For advertisers, the sales atmosphere in BH&G is unique among all major media. *Meredith of Des Moines . . . America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans*

1/3 of America reads BH&G the family *idea* magazine

4,500,000 COPIES MONTHLY



this Spring

- Ride a Venetian gondola
- Explore smart Riviera night spots
- Marvel at timeless wonders of Greece and Italy
- Steep your mood, body, and spirit in the sunny luxury of the largest liner ever built for cruising

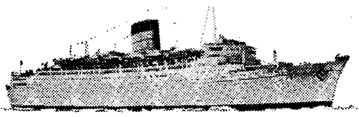
MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

in the **CARONIA**

100% Air-Conditioned World Cruise Liner
From N. Y. May 13 · 38 days · $975 up
16 storied ports:

Funchal, Gibraltar, Tangier, Malta, Athens, Dubrovnik, Venice, Catania, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma, Lisbon, Cherbourg, Southampton. Shore excursions arranged by experts in the field.

Your cruise ticket provides for unlimited stopover privileges and return First Class in the Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary, world's largest superliners, or in any of 9 other Cunarders.



Your choice of Cunard Cruises . . .
the Vacation that's all ways in Season

NORTH CAPE • CARONIA
July 3 from N. Y.
42 days • 24 ports • $1,100 up

AUTUMN MEDITERRANEAN • CARONIA
Oct. 3 from N. Y.
52 days • 19 ports • $1,000 up

WORLD CRUISE of 1959 • CARONIA
Jan. 20 from N. Y.
108 days • 25 ports • $3,200 up

ALL MEDITERRANEAN • BRITANNIC
Jan. 23, 1959 from N. Y.
66 days • 22 ports • $1275 up

No Greater Name in Cruising
CUNARD
See Your Travel Agent

the sun was well up and a new group of police, yawning and stretching—the daytime force, I supposed—were coming down from what was obviously their sleeping quarters upstairs. Among them was a young girl, perhaps twenty years old, wearing a police uniform. Her face was smooth and pink, her hair bobbed. She swaggered like a man. I suspected that she was well aware of the rather unusual presence of a foreigner, because she pointedly avoided looking at me.

Walking over to a worried-looking old man, she addressed him in a chummy manner, and some of the worry left his face. "Where are you from, Granddad?" she asked, and, as all Chinese do, he answered by naming the place of his family's origin. "Shantung Province," he said.

"Where were you born?" she asked.

"Tientsin," he said.

"Is that your home now?"

"Yes."

She began to swing her arms. "Then what are you doing in Peking?" (Since Peiping had been made the capital of Communist China, its old name, Peking, which means Northern Capital, had been restored, and the name Peiping, or Northern Peace, invented in 1926 when the Kuomintang government moved the capital to Nanking, had passed out of use on the Chinese mainland.)

"I'm staying with a friend," he answered.

"I asked what you're *doing* here?"

"Oh, I . . ." he said, wetting his lips with the tip of his tongue. "I'm trading a little."

"Trading in what?"

"Flour."

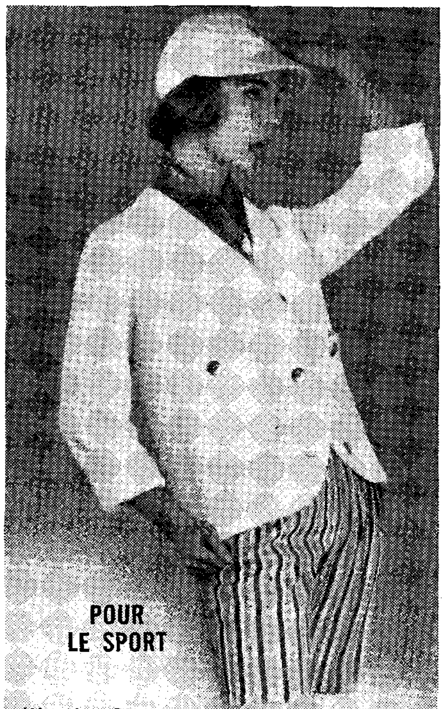
Her arms went on swinging as she continued to question him, and her face, though still smooth and pink, looked strangely older. I changed my estimate of her age. She might have been over forty.

In the course of the interrogation, she gradually accelerated the speed of her questions to a point where it was hard for me to understand what she was saying. Then she suddenly stopped and, her arms motionless at her sides, began slowly all over again. "How old are you, Granddad?"

He seemed relieved at the change of pace. "I'm fifty-seven," he said. Anything over fifty is old in China.

"Tell me about yourself."

He looked worried again, and, wetting his lips, started talking. He had worked in Tientsin, he told her, until he was fifteen and had then been sent to Kalgan as an apprentice in the fur-



- It's the Chanel look for casual chic in a white **terry** cutaway with high pockets, shortened sleeves and "gold" buttons. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$5.95**
- Jamaica shorts striped with white and stick-candy colors. Tailored in Cone wash **denim** with fly front, side pockets, buckled self belt. 10-18. **$6.95**
- Washable, elastic white terry cap. **$1.95**

Add 35¢ each for shipping. Send for playwear catalog.

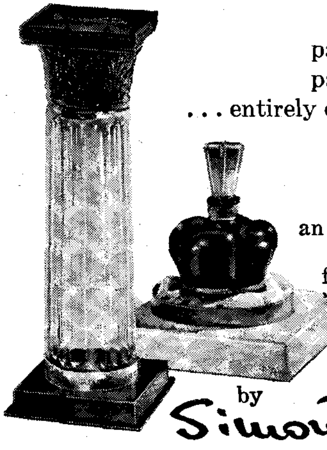
THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

English Silver
"Queen Anne" Coffee Set

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

INCANTO

part flame,
part flower
. . . entirely emotional



an impetuous
perfume
from Rome

from
$4.00

by
Simonetta

Paul Masson said: If you can't see it, taste it, or smell it, why bother?

An indignant man and incredulous. "I suppose the decent thing would be to write those fellows who make the stuff a letter. They would doubtless be as shocked as I was to find that anything – anything at all – you put with it drowns out the flavor, such as it is. O, my friends, how grateful we should all be that neither water, soda, bitters, tonic nor anything of whatever ilk will disguise the incomparable toothsomeness of my brandy. The mildness, the smoothness shine through!"

Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along. We had feared the breed was extinct. Nothing like that Paul Masson Brandy, eh, torchbearer?

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

84 PROOF

MASSON
DE LUXE
BRANDY

spring
comes to
The Red Barn

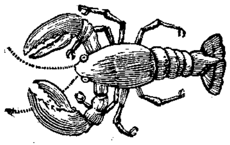
Why not drive out and help us greet the new season. If it's a sunshiny day, spring streams through our windows from the surrounding countryside. And if it turns cool suddenly, you'll be cozy in front of one of our roaring open hearth fires. To make the day perfect we serve bountiful cocktails and good old New England cooking . . . just about anything your palate desires.

Country Specials

Every Sunday from noon to 3:00 P.M. and Thursday evening from 5:30 to 9:00, we feature a variety of special dinners including choice of appetizer, entree, beverage and dessert for only $2.95

We're Famous for our Seafood

We respectfully call attention to our selection of seafood dishes. Try our broiled Maine Lobster or Lobster Thermidor.



Roast Beef

And when we say Roast Beef, we mean the best beef money can buy . . . succulent, juicy U. S. Government stamped *prime* beef. Frankly, it's our chef's pride and joy—and you'll see why the minute you taste it.

FREE NEW ENGLAND DINING GUIDE
We've prepared a special guide to 40 country dining spots in New England. Write Box N, The Red Barn, Westport, Conn.

Member all important credit card plans
Harry & Dorothy Davega

THE
Red Barn

WESTPORT, Conn. on Merritt Parkway
at Exit 41 • Telephone Capital 7-6204
OPEN EVERY DAY ALL YEAR

curing business. He had stayed there three or maybe four years, and after that taken a better position as a journeyman in Peking. The following year he had married. He and his growing family had lived in many cities, and his story was long, and complicated by dates and calculations of how old he had been at various times and places. His story, begun in the last days of the Ch'ing dynasty, was a history of bandits, revolutions, war lords, and foreign aggression, and through it all were woven the same themes—escape from poverty, from war, from death.

When he finished, the young-old girl began swinging her arms again. "And now you do a little speculating in flour?" she asked.

"Yes."

"How many days have you been in Peking?"

"Three."

"But you forgot to register with the police?"

"Yes."

The room was silent. The swinging moved from her arms into her body, and she rocked back and forth on her heels. "Where were you when you were thirty-two?" she asked. "Answer quickly!"

"Tientsin," he said.

"You said you were in Tientsin from the ninth to the thirteenth year of the Republic. You left there when you were thirty-one. What happened in the fourteenth year, when you said you were in Peking?" She had an excellent memory, and she pinpointed ages and dates until her victim was hopelessly contradicting himself every time he spoke. They even got back into the sixteenth year of the reign of Kuang Hsu, the next-to-last Manchu emperor, and, from time to time, used Gregorian-calendar dates as well.

She continued to fire one question after another at the old man, who by now was stuttering and sheepishly grinning from ear to ear, and bowing up and down in rhythm with her questioning. Whether he was guilty of anything serious or not (this was obviously just the preliminary softening up), I couldn't tell. She had certainly succeeded in making a liar out of him, and, leaving him bowed and red of face, she turned to a girl nursing a baby. "What a lovable baby!" she exclaimed. "Tell me something about yourself, little sister." And the performance started over again.

I almost hoped she would ask me some questions, but she had probably decided that a foreigner was more than she cared to tackle, and she never even

THE Persian Room
PRESENTS
Jane Powell
TED STRAETER
His Songs, Piano and Orchestra
MARK MONTE'S CONTINENTALS

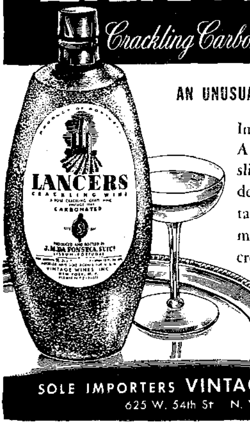
THE PLAZA
Fifth Ave. at 59th St.
PLaza 9-3000

Country Connecticut

For restoration. Old Connecticut Saltbox, circa 1737. One acre on brook with pool for swimming. Seven rooms including three bedrooms and two baths. Center chimney has four fireplaces. Wide old floors, some panelling, good barn. Excellent neighborhood. Taxes $153. Priced at $25,000.

HELENE PIGOTT ASSOCIATES
Realtors
Guilford, Conn. Glendale 3-9662

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St N. Y. 19, N. Y.

looked in my direction. Instead, at ten minutes past seven one of the officers phoned the Central Department of Public Safety, and it was confirmed that I was a registered foreigner who had declared himself a resident of exactly the place where they found me that night. No questions were asked me, no apology was given—just "You may go now," and, walking home with Aimee in the bright morning sunshine, I became angry for the first time.

IT was flattering to discover that several of Aimee's sisters, and even old Aunt Chin—having been informed by our gateman that I was about to be released—were waiting at our main gate to welcome me safely home. While we were all standing just inside the gate and Aimee was explaining about the telephone call to the Department of Public Safety, two old ladies and two old men came into view on the road outside. The four of them carried brooms and, keeping their faces down, were engaged somewhat less than wholeheartedly in sweeping the road.

"Isn't that Mme. Wu and her husband?" Aunt Chin asked, in a startled voice. I could see only their backs, but one of the women did look like our neighbor. "It *is* Mme. Wu!" Aunt Chin exclaimed. "And that's her brother and sister-in-law!"

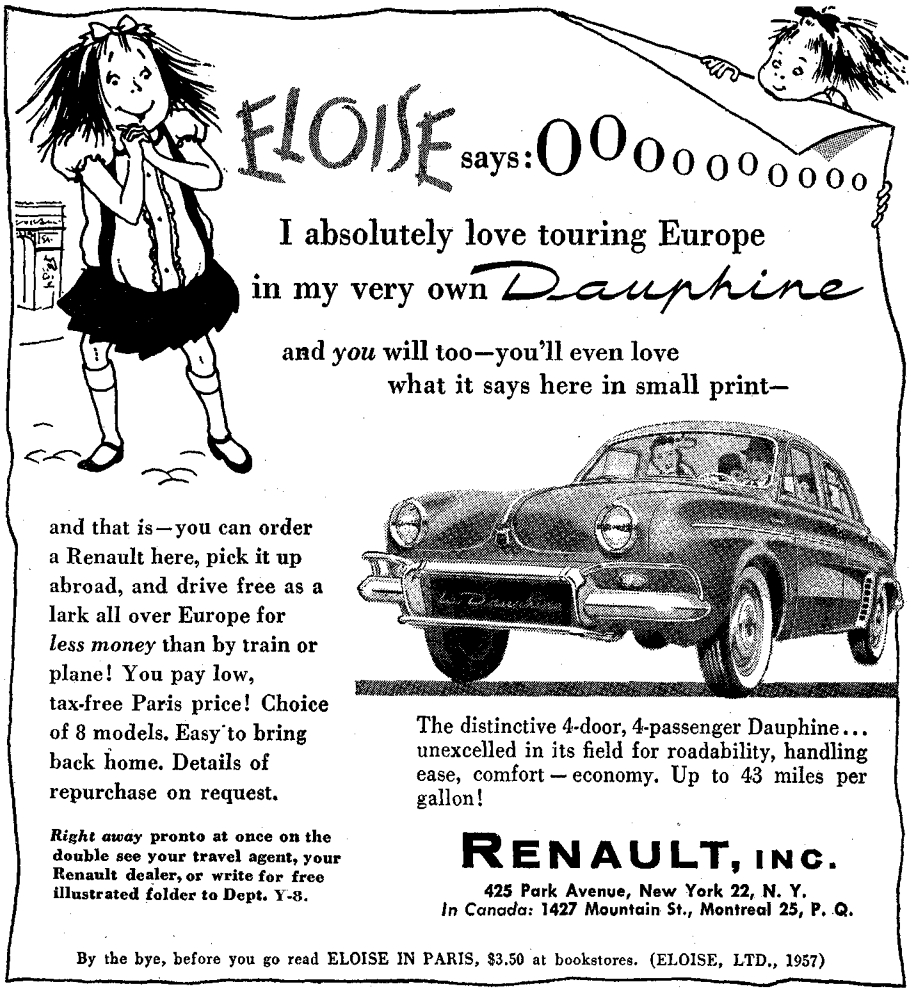
She immediately hurried out to speak to them, but the Wus, still with their heads down, only swept the harder. "Mme. Wu!" Aunt Chin shouted. "What are you doing?"

"Please," Mme. Wu said, without looking up, "don't stop us," and her pale face flushed. "We have to do this." She was apparently too choked with emotion to say more, and her husband finished for her.

"We've been ordered to sweep the road every morning for twenty days," he said. "It's our punishment, and we mustn't stop to talk."

Too stunned to protest, Aunt Chin let the Wus move off down the street. In a minute, one of the Wu serving maids, who had been following them at a distance, came along carrying a thermos jug, and stopped to tell us what had happened.

Her master and mistress, she said, had been playing a simple game of mahjongg late last night with their relatives—they thought nobody would really object, because they weren't playing for money—when suddenly the house was raided and they were caught with the tiles in their hands. If the Wus didn't need to sleep at night like honest



ELOISE says: Oooooooooooo

I absolutely love touring Europe
in my very own Dauphine

and *you* will too—you'll even love
what it says here in small print—

and that is—you can order a Renault here, pick it up abroad, and drive free as a lark all over Europe for *less money* than by train or plane! You pay low, tax-free Paris price! Choice of 8 models. Easy to bring back home. Details of repurchase on request.

The distinctive 4-door, 4-passenger Dauphine... unexcelled in its field for roadability, handling ease, comfort—economy. Up to 43 miles per gallon!

Right away pronto at once on the double see your travel agent, your Renault dealer, or write for free illustrated folder to Dept. Y-8.

RENAULT, INC.
425 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
In Canada: 1427 Mountain St., Montreal 25, P. Q.

By the bye, before you go read ELOISE IN PARIS, $3.50 at bookstores. (ELOISE, LTD., 1957)

News from our Furniture 5th

"Continental Sideboard" by Baker

Traditional, classic, superbly simple... just one distinctive piece from our new Baker Continental group, all designed and scaled for today's living. Crafted of walnut and cherry, $518
See it (and more) in our newly opened decorator rooms.

Furniture, 5th Floor *New York store only*

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900

The beer without peer

Brewed only in Denmark

TUBORG

by appointment to
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
THE ROYAL GREEK COURT

©
Tuborg Breweries, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark
U.S. Representatives: Danisco, Inc., N. Y. 4, N. Y.

working folk, the police had said sarcastically, then the Wus shouldn't mind sweeping the neighborhood streets in the morning as a token of their willingness to make themselves useful to the community. And they were sentenced on the spot. When the maid had told us this, she hurried off down the street after her master and mistress, ready, I supposed, to give aid and comfort from her thermos jug.

Aunt Chin had prepared a big breakfast in celebration of my return, and despite the fact that I had been eating steadily all through the night and needed food a good deal less than sleep, Aimee and I went with her to her rooms. While we had breakfast, Aunt Chin talked. "It *was* the Night People you saw last night," she said bitterly. "They were everywhere in the neighborhood, and that's how they caught poor Mme. Wu and her husband playing mah-jongg—not even for money. How wrong life is! It may not be generally known now, but, as a girl, Mme. Wu was famous for her delicate beauty."

We were still sitting over breakfast when our gateman brought in a letter from the local police. Aimee read it to me, her eyes growing round. It demanded a written apology from me for the crime of failing to register, and said that such highhanded tactics, employed by imperialist-minded foreigners and other leftover reactionaries and enemies of the people, could no longer be tolerated in the New China, and so on. It was clear what the police wanted—simply something to incriminate every foreigner, and particularly every American, if not in one way, then in another, for possible future use.

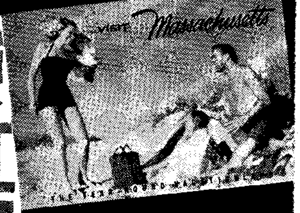
AIMEE and I negotiated with the police for two days before we realized that they were determined to make me admit my "guilt" in writing. If I continued to refuse, it was, I knew, quite possible that they would arrange to find a gun concealed in my room, or a secret code book, or plans to assassinate Mao Tse-tung. Aimee and I decided that it would be wiser to accept the lesser guilt and be done with it. She wrote out a terse apology and I signed it. The police accepted it, stamped my papers accordingly, and returned them to me.

As the days passed with no further trouble, I began to see what I had accomplished by surrendering. My misdemeanor became a kind of decoration on my various passes and permits, and, in all my encounters with officialdom in

MASSACHUSETTS

MASSACHUSETTS
"Year-round Vacationland"

Write for FREE New 40-Page Color Brochure describing these Areas!

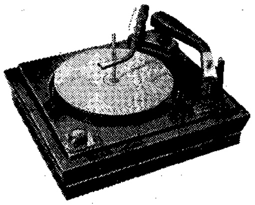


9
SCENIC
VACATION
AREAS

- BERKSHIRE HILLS
- BOSTON
- CAPE COD
- MARTHA'S VINEYARD
- NANTUCKET
- NORTH SHORE
- OLD STURBRIDGE VILLAGE
- PIONEER VALLEY
- PLYMOUTH

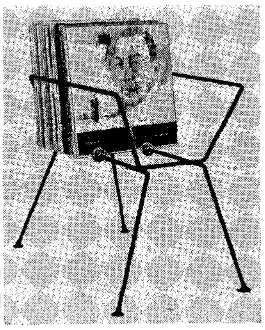
MASSACHUSETTS
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
N-4, 334 Boylston St.,
Boston, Mass.

"...PERFORMANCE VERY GOOD... UNUSUALLY GOOD. THE AUTOMATIC PARTS, INDEED, ARE BOTH INGENIOUS AND TRUSTWORTHY."
Edward Tatnall Canby,
February 1958 issue, Audio Magazine



No wonder audiophiles everywhere are switching to the
GLASER-STEERS GS-77
HIGH FIDELITY RECORD CHANGER
See why at your hi-fi dealer or write:
GLASER-STEERS CORP. BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY

FILE 100 LP RECORDS
Alphabetically!



Chairside Browser, puts entire collection in order, the moment you receive it! Adjustable rubber stops, allows collection to expand. Open front invites browsing from your favorite easy chair! Self-leveling vinyl pads protect floors and carpets. Sturdy black wrought iron. 19" H, 14" W, 21" D. Please remit $8.95, or chg. Diners' Acct. Shipped Exp. collect. If not made in our factory, would be $12.95! Order now. Rack is waiting for your collection to grow into! Air-Mail-Money-Back-Guarantee! **$8.95**
© LESLIE CREATIONS
231V, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

which these papers were shown, was the chief object of interest. Those who saw it seemed relieved that my guilt had already been established and that it was unnecessary to devise means to incriminate me further. They always smilingly returned the papers and politely sent me on my way. My new criminal record was really a great convenience. But although life in the Yu mansion seemed to go on just as it had in the past, and the walls were as high as ever, the rooms as quiet, the halls as cool, and the garden as vast, I had lost my peace of mind.

The members of the Yu family must have sensed my feeling, because suddenly—or so it seemed to me—they began to treat me with unusual consideration. Some of them even brought around tasty dishes specially prepared for me. And in the street I got the impression that people were being kind to me (not because they liked Americans so much more than other foreigners but because the Communist government liked Americans so much less). Pedicab men, as soon as they discovered I was an American, pumped harder, speeding me to my destination; dealers often reduced their prices; and once, in a moment of candor, a pro-Communist student confessed to me, "When the Americans were here, we wanted them to go, but now that they have really gone, with their music, their movies, and their money, we rather miss them."

Meanwhile, Aunt Chin wrapped her mah-jongg sets in copies of the *China People's Newspaper* and packed them away in the bottom of a chest, and though the family tried to find another dog to take the place of old Baldy, there were none for sale, and even the strays had disappeared.

—DAVID KIDD

•

CELIA G.—I guess most people whoul dsay I'm an awfully lucky girl, but I wonder. I'm so mixed up. I'm 22 years old, not very pretty, yet I've always had loads of boy friends and several have wanted to marry me.

Now, there are three perfectly swell ones who are very seriou Ithink he's the one, but then along comes the next one, and he seems to be the one. Mayeb I'm just not much of a romantic, but Ifeel that Icould be "in love" with any one of them if I had mind to be. It's just a question of choosni gwhcih one.

My friends and my parent thin kIm 'jus tno tnorm aa I ndh etboyseegbirnnioIthtnkntgai ,m js'

—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

You're in love, all right!

MOTHER'S DELIGHT
Hand-crafted silver jewelry by Georg Jensen.
A. Brooch, First Flight, $11
B. Brooch, Robins in Wheat, $19
C. Earrings, Wheat, $14 pr.
Federal tax included
B.
C.
GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

Sascha Brastoff
From sculptured decorative accessories to fabulous translucent china, the thrill of discovering Sascha Brastoff creations is matched only by the joy of owning them. For collectors of Sascha B. signed originals, this is a "vintage year."
ceramics—lamps—fine china
At America's finest stores
SASCHA BRASTOFF PRODUCTS, INC.
11520 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles 64
New brochure N-1, 25¢

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

Warm Weather SUITS

It's difficult to tell the difference between a washable suit and a pure tropical worsted, pattern wise. Great strides have been made styling this miraculous fabric into practical shades—deeptones, stripes, plaids. Chipp offers a balanced collection for the coming warm days. Quick drying and minimum care, all carefully tailored in our traditional natural shoulder Chipp model.

N1 Dacron-Cotton Deeptones Hairlines Navy, Oxford Grey, Mid-Grey, Black-Brown .... **$39.75** wash and wear

N2 Dacron-Cotton Lightone Hairlines Tan-White, Blue-White, Grey-White .... **$39.75** wash and wear

N3 Poplin-Dacron Cotton, Natural Tan, Drab Olive, Covert Olive, Oxford Grey, Lovat .... **$39.75** wash and wear

N4 Dacron-Cotton Pin Stripe, ⅜" stripe, skeleton lined body and sleeves, Grey or Lovat .... **$55.00** wash and wear

N5 Dacron-Cotton Sharkskin Weave—skeleton lined body and sleeves, Black-Brown, Mid-Grey, Oxford Grey, Lovat .... **$55.00** wash and wear

N6 Dacron Mohair—Hopsack Weave—skeleton lined body and sleeves, Navy, *Grey, *Lovat .... **$59.50** wash and wear

SUMMER ODD COATS

N7 Dacron-Cotton—Miniature Plaid *Navy ground with Lovat, Maroon & Yellow overplaid *Navy ground with Lovat & Yellow overplaid .... **$39.50** wash and wear

N8 Dacron-Cotton—Cluster stripe, *Navy ground with Lovat & Yellow stripes .... **$39.50** wash and wear

N9 Dacron Poplin—*Eggshell—Wash & Wear **$35.00**
Matching slim Trousers **$17.50**
Matching Knee Length Shorts **$13.50**

N10 Irish Moygashel Linen **$39.50**
Natural, Navy, Lovat dry clean only

N11 India Madras (state color preference) **$39.50** dry clean only

*Regulars and Longs only
All others: 36-46 Regulars, 36-44 Shorts, 38-46 Extra Longs
Limited Stock on Shorts and Extra Longs
Trousers Shipped with Unfinished Bottoms
Please State Suit Size on Mail Orders

Mail Orders Filled.

Add 75¢ for Postage. No C.O.D.'s.

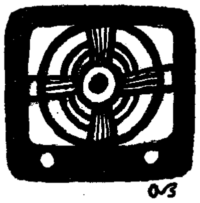
Chipp Travelers are now on the road. Upon request we will be happy to furnish their itinerary.

Chipp
14 East 44th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

THE AIR

Bananas in General



I WROTE a considerable number of words here recently to the effect that Sid Caesar, in his Sunday-evening program "Sid Caesar Invites You," is the only performer on television at present who does true, undiluted comedy on a regular basis. That's a broad and hazy proposition, and also, perhaps, by implication a gloomier one than I meant it to be. In the first place, it raises questions of definition, and of boundary lines. Jack Benny, for instance, provides regularly a program that goes beyond the limitations of mere situation comedy; it has certain of the outward marks of true comedy. Bob Hope, regardless of the quality of his work, adheres bravely and steadily to the comic tone; he's an undiluted comedian. Besides these two, there are many people in the field—some of them, to my mind, less synthetic than Mr. Benny and more original than Mr. Hope—who are funny by fits and starts. The fact that they can't, or don't, sustain the quality over a full, exacting season of television doesn't by any means cancel their usefulness or their importance. The material of television these days is generally so grim, so stiff with discretion, and so doughy with portent that it needs comedy to make it fit for human consumption. I didn't intend, when I first discussed Mr. Caesar's show, to suggest that comedy on the air had to be done his way—with a kind of desperate consecutiveness, by weekly performers—or not at all. There must be other, easier ways of bringing the supply of comic talent to bear. What's required, I think, is a formula that will allow as many good comedians as possible to do their stuff when and as best they can. The formula should also (this is a vital point) allow them to be wholly, unremittingly comic in character, with no forced excursions into sentimentality or public-spiritedness or that strange, degrading line of behavior that might be described as announcerism.

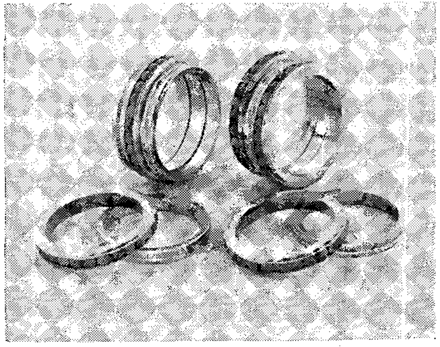
To get back for a moment to the question of definition: The reason Mr. Caesar is able to produce pure, unmixed, spontaneous comedy week after week is, I believe, that his work is essentially creative; that is, his humor comes primarily from his own special view of life, rather than from plots, props, jokes, and

DRAGON'S
Tour de France

La Belle France
CARMEN DRAGON
conducting the Capitol Symphony Orchestra

In 38 musical minutes, how would you describe France? Conductor-arranger Carmen Dragon does it thus: *La Marseillaise*, of course. Folk songs like *Allouette*. A love aria from *Samson and Delilah*, a gay French ballet scene, a misty Debussy arabesque, a frenzied can-can by Offenbach. In all, a rewarding tour of La Belle France—selected and conducted by the foremost spokesman for the world's favorite classics.

Capitol CLASSICS
FDS FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND



ANNOUNCEMENT: **GUARD RINGS**
(now in PEARLS too—due to many requests)

Mix & Match them. Sterling Silver or Gold plate on Sterling set all around with tiny turquoise blue stones, or simulated pearls, diamonds, rubies, sapphires or emeralds.

Prices & Special Prices for Suggested Combinations

Plain (no gems)—$1.50
2 Plain and 1 Gem—$5
1 Plain and 2 Gem—$6.50
Gem Bands—$2.95 ea.
2 Gem Bands—$5
3 Gems—$7.50

Send ring size or measure with string. Satisf. guar. Send cash, check or m.o. For COD send $2 deposit.

OLD PUEBLO TRADERS Box 4035, Dept. Y-5 Tucson, Arizona

Multi-million dollar spectacular hotel for business and vacation visits. Sumptuous accommodations 5 min. to Int. Airport and Hollywood.

OPEN JUNE 1ST

Bel-Air Sands HOTEL
SUBURBAN LOS ANGELES
Sunset Blvd. at Sepulveda Freeway

SPECIAL
P.D.
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHIS
Julius
WILE
SONS LTD
ESTABLISHED
1877
PETER
DAWSON
"SPECIAL"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

The scotch with the secret you can taste... **Peter Dawson**®

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

FOR THREE PETER DAWSON JIGGER GLASSES WRITE TO JULIUS WILE, TETERBORO, N. J. ENCLOSE 25¢ TO COVER SHIPPING.

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY • JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF

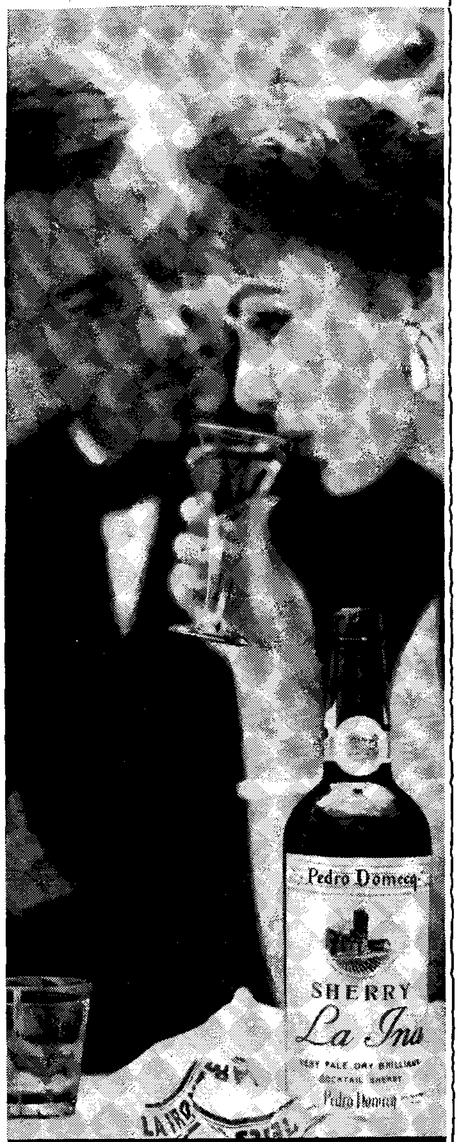
UNIQUE AND BEGUILING!

IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA

La Ina
DRY SHERRY

It's the finest, most popular dry sherry in the world. Gently chilled, or on the rocks, its delicate flavor lends a smart new brilliance to before-lunch or cocktail time. Enjoy La Ina . . . a traditional pleasure of old Spain, the home of *true* Sherry wine (in Spanish—*vino de Jerez).*

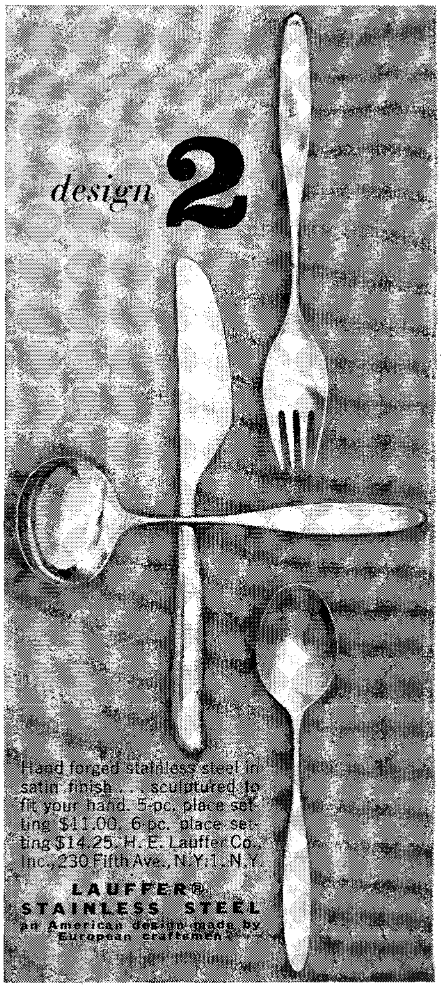
Try a *La Ina Martini* . . . distinctively drier, smoother, stirred with La Ina instead of vermouth.



Since 1730, a world-wide tradition of excellence

Pedro Domecq
SUPERB SHERRIES
FINOS • AMONTILLADOS • OLOROSOS
SOLE U.S. IMPORTER:
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

other contrivances of writers. Creative comedians are scarce. There have probably been no more than a dozen or so in this century. (In addition to W. C. Fields, Bobby Clark, Ed Wynn, Jimmy Durante, Groucho Marx, and Harpo Marx, whom I've mentioned before, the list might well include Beatrice Lillie, Victor Moore, Frank Tinney, Fannie Brice, Bert Williams, Bert Lahr, and a singing satirist of fifty years ago named Charlie Case. And, to be sure, Charlie Chaplin.) Most of them formed their styles and working habits in mediums more static and leisurely than television. Among comedians who have specialized, more or less, in television, perhaps only Jackie Gleason and Milton Berle, besides Mr. Caesar, have been even touched by the spirit of true, creative comedy; and Mr. Gleason and Mr. Berle, although they scrambled gamely against the odds of so-called exposure, were obliged in the long run to fall back on situation comedy or joke-book material or both, and then to retire—temporarily, I hope—from the wars to lick their wounds. I spoke a little earlier of Jack Benny as a performer who has managed to present a comic program at regular intervals. His stamina and his success have, of course, been prodigious, in television as well as in the calmer field of radio. Since his program is only superficially situation comedy—it qualifies, in part, because of the star's skill and influence, as the straight, personal comedy of the comic virtuoso—Mr. Benny's case calls for a word or two of explanation from me in defense of my first proposition. The fact is, I consider Mr. Benny to be not a true, creative clown but a shrewd politician and an immensely resourceful mechanic. On the face of it, his comedy is satiric, and thus genuine, because he dwells on human frailties: vanity, greed, arrogance, selfishness. But it seems to me that he forfeits any claim to the creation of sound social satire by spelling out the weaknesses of his characters, including himself, as though they were labels; and by taking care to show, quickly and consistently, that it isn't true, that it's all in fun. His program is an expert job of commercial demagogy. It represents, I feel, Mr. Benny's idea of just how far character study can be carried in front of a mass audience; and the stopping point is as carefully timed and calculated as every other phase of the Benny technique. At that point, Mr. Benny and his cast say "We're kidding." And they are. The show ("The Jack Benny Show," Channel 2, 7:30-8 P.M., alternate Sundays) is, in short,


design 2

Hand forged stainless steel in satin finish . . . sculptured to fit your hand. 5-pc. place setting $11.00. 6-pc. place setting $14.25. H. E. Lauffer Co., Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

LAUFFER®
STAINLESS STEEL
an American design made by European craftsmen

Enjoy the Coffee of Connoisseurs
O'CONNOR'S
MOCHA & JAVA

Aged, blended and roasted with painstaking skill, O'Connor's Mocha & Java stands unrivaled as the luxury coffee that achieves rich, full-bodied, fragrant perfection.

O'CONNOR'S
VACUUM PACKED
COFFEE
MOCHA & JAVA

At Fine Food Stores
JAMES J. O'CONNOR COFFEE COMPANY
2900 N. Market St. • St. Louis 6, Mo.

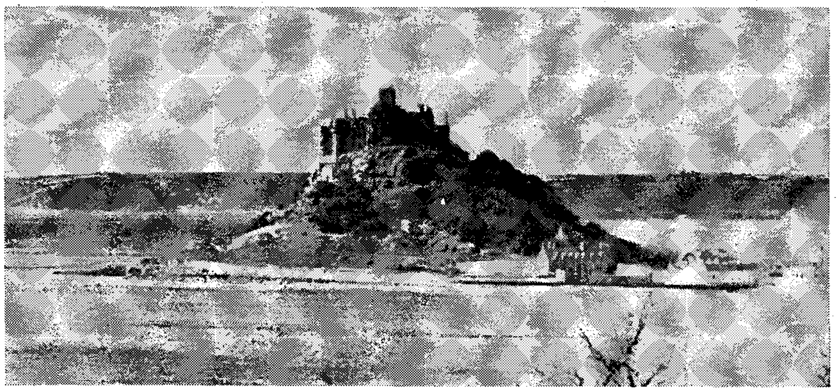
Have you seen
Dorchester?
It's one of the many magnificent new bone china dinnerware patterns made by
Royal Worcester
OF ENGLAND
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
5-Piece Place Setting— 16.75

a charade, a game of make-believe social criticism. It avoids the strains and risks of complete, uncompromising comedy, and therefore, as I see it, fails to challenge the bold loneliness of Mr. Caesar.

I have, nonetheless, a strong respect for Mr. Benny's good humor, mechanical or not. He is loyal to the mood of comedy. I also admire the doggedly fun-loving spirit of Mr. Hope ("The Bob Hope Show," Channel 4), who is, if not the last, certainly the most tireless and confident of the stand-up comedians, or gagmen. There are, as I've said, comedians in circulation who strike me as being potentially funnier than either of these steadfast technicians. But the others—largely, I guess, through no fault of their own—are not doing themselves justice. Their activities are sporadic, or shamefully mixed. It's depressing, for example, to see a wit and comedian of the calibre of Steve Allen ("The Steve Allen Show," Channel 4, 8-9 P.M., Sundays) performing the chores of an Ed Sullivan or a John Daly—introducing guests, promoting causes, running commercial errands, leading troops in the rating wars, behaving at times as blandly and institutionally as any other master of ceremonies. To take an austere view of the matter, it doesn't become an honest comedian to present *Photoplay's* awards of the year to movie actors . . . or to plug even such respectable authors as J. Edgar Hoover, whose books expose, as Mr. Allen was saying the other night, "that ugly philosophy" . . . or to wish the world a happy St. Patrick's Day . . . or to use the industry's key word, "wonderful," fifty times in an evening. "You speak wonderful English," we find Mr. Allen saying. And "What do you like to do? Collect stamps? Wonderful!" And "You come from Denver? Wonderful!" And, by way of sweeping the board, "I'd like to thank all our wonderful guests!" It's possible, though not medically certain, that a comedian can injure himself organically by too much master-of-ceremonies work. As for some of the other present-day sidelines of comedians, they are patently dangerous. It's hard to see how George Gobel, for instance, who shares his program with a singer, can survive the experience with his native talent uninfected, in an age when singers are gaily and ruthlessly poisoning the wellsprings of humor.

And yet comedy—true, expert, original comedy—does continue to exist in television, in small lodes and veins that must be earnestly dug for. You'll find it on the Allen show, among others, if

Low Cost Travel in Britain
...with Railway Thrift Coupons



BRITISH RAILWAYS
Thrift Coupons
FIRST CLASS
$3.50 1000 MILES Approx

London to Marazion (303 miles) $6.52

Swift, comfortable British Railways trains take you anywhere in Britain the economical way. Buy Thrift Coupons here and "go as you please" by rail, at a discount. 1,000 miles cost only $21. (2nd class) . . . $31.50 (1st class). Also good on Irish cross-channel and MacBrayne's steamers. Additional miles at commensurate savings. Valid for six months. ***Buy Thrift Coupons from your travel agent before you leave. Not sold overseas.***

BRITISH RAILWAYS

OFFICES IN NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · TORONTO

Want "planning literature"? Write British Railways, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., Dept. B8-4

J.J.JONES CO.
J.J.JONES,JR. VICE-PRESIDENT

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Graduating to bigger things? It's sound business to insist on the comfort, quiet and distinction of Bigelow Carpet. Special designs, colors, and textures available. Just call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Department, 140 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. *The new ideas in carpet begin with* BIGELOW.

(Advertisement)

What's in a Name?

Shakespeare said, ". . . *a rose by any other name would smell as sweet*". And, we know, that no matter what you called Miller High Life . . . it would still have that distinctive, delicious, light-hearted flavor that comes from brewing with the rarest ingredients . . . in the world's finest brewery. But, of course, we also know that many of our friends would hesitate to order our beer . . . unless they could see the NAME . . . the name that has been stubbornly and ardently built from a royal heritage in Europe . . . to the present time.

What's in a name? If the name is Miller High Life . . . there is trust . . . confidence . . . and good taste. There is pride . . . yours, and ours, . . . and there is satisfaction; the deep sense of pleasure anyone gets when he knows he has asked for the best!

So . . . when you want the best in beer . . . ignore Mr. Shakespeare and ask for Miller High Life . . . by name.

© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

you're patient. Mr. Allen, when his mind is free of his hostly duties, is not only a smooth and versatile comedian himself but a patron and a collector of comedy. I've seen at least three excellent comic skits on his program in recent weeks, in which he ably and unselfishly played straight man. In one of these, Keenan Wynn analyzed different types of waiters. In another, Peter Ustinov analyzed national types of customs officials. In the third, Mr. Allen's panel of house comedians—whose work is sometimes a little blatant and hard on the nerves—were very funny, with Mr. Allen's help, as members of a research board called the Allen Bureau of Standards. Jack Paar ("The Jack Paar Show," Channel 4, 11:15 P.M.-1 A.M., Mondays through Fridays) has also given valuable service as a collector and exhibitor of fragments of true comedy. Mr. Paar's own performance has in the last few months, I'm sorry to say, taken on an unaccountably sullen, tired, and arrogant tone that has done his program no good at all; a man of his ability and intelligence should not be using the audience-needling routine, which consists of remarks like "Are you dead out there?" and "Maybe I should try that again." But he does occasionally unearth a sound, fresh comedian whom the public might not otherwise see or know about; one such was a brash and nonsensical fellow named Charlie Weaver, whom Mr. Paar has been putting through his paces. And Mr. Hope, in one of his shows in early February, made his audience a handsome and unexpected present of two sketches—a rock-'n'-roll parody, and a burlesque of "Lassie"—involving Wally Cox, an exceptionally deft and polished clown.

Since there are comedians available, it would seem that the problem is, first, to segregate them and, second, to find a way to put them to steady, sensible, organized use. Those who are now bogged down in serial stories or variety shows or ceremonial duties should be separated from their sticky surroundings at least for short, stated periods; as noted, a comedian, to be completely effective, must be completely comic, and completely uncommitted to anyone's mood or style but his own. History indicates that few true comedians—Mr. Caesar being the current exception—can beat the odds of exposure for any length of time with a weekly, or even a monthly, program. If that's the case, other means of distribution can be found. I devoutly hope that some network—or some high-minded combina-

HEAVEN FOR HI-FI CONNOISSEURS!

A brand new musical concept that utilizes the full range of fine audio equipment... showcasing every subtle shading in sound quality.

FERRANTE and TEICHER
heavenly SOUNDS in hi-fi
ABC-221

ABC-PARAMOUNT FULL COLOR FIDELITY

... in the sound of the year HI-FI 58!

JAMAICA INN
Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS • JAMAICA, B.W.I.

for the ***Very Best People***

REDUCED SUMMER RATES IN EFFECT

Consult your Travel Agent
U.S. Rep.: Wm. P. Wolfe
500 Fifth Ave., New York

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

CHICAGO

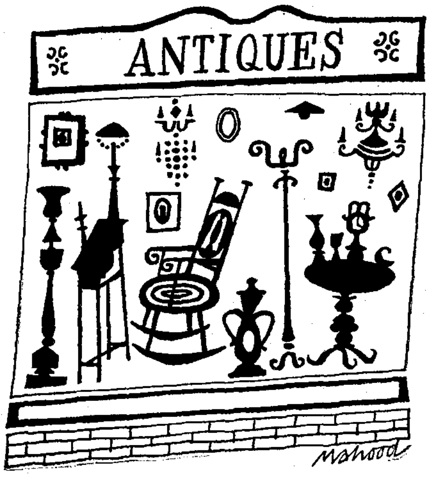
Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.

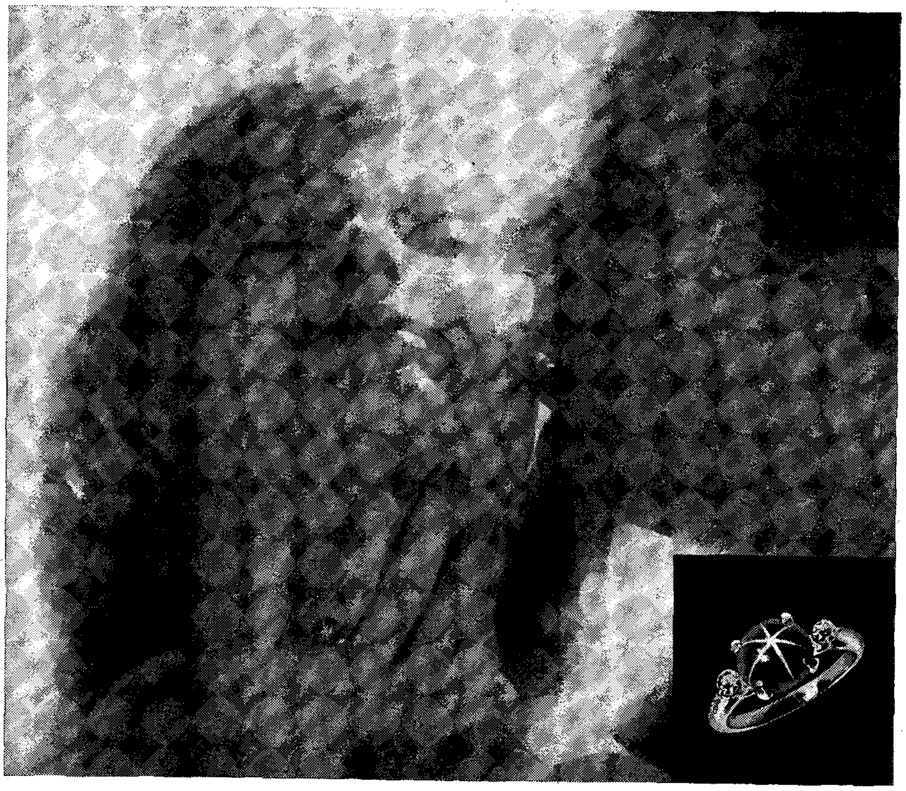
Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

tion of networks—will see its way soon to scheduling a full thirty-nine-week season of comedy, with a different comedian dominating each show. Small efforts have been made in this direction before, but none, as far as I know, that was thoroughly and ambitiously planned. The program might be staged biweekly, at a given time on a given night, to alternate with another kind of theatrical show, perhaps a play. In that event, only twenty major comedians would be needed for the comedy program. The quota, I'm reasonably sure, could be filled without trouble.

The comedians—that is, the dominating comedians—would be the best comedians. If Mr. Caesar were still fully engaged with his own show, as I trust he would be, I'd exempt him from the extra work. There would be a show apiece for, among others, Mr. Durante, Mr. Clark, the Marx Brothers, Miss Lillie, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lahr, Mr. Wynn (I'm speaking of Ed Wynn, but I'd be glad to see him supported by Keenan Wynn), Mr. Cox, Mr. Gleason, Mr. Berle (if he stuck to his historic, early-television form), and Mr. Allen. Because of Mr. Allen's special gift for the management and promotion of comedians, I'd expect him to bring along and manipulate his own private herd. I'd expect the same of Mr. Hope, if he were given a show, and Mr. Paar. Since Mr. Cox has proved that situation comedy, which he once practiced, does not necessarily destroy the reflexes and muscles needed for real comedy, I'd be willing to extend amnesty to Phil Silvers, and perhaps to Danny Thomas. I'd like to see Mr. Benny have an hour in which to demonstrate his slick but consummate art. I think the freedom of the hall might be awarded, for a full hour or less apiece, to three men of marked, if dissimilar, gifts, all television comedians

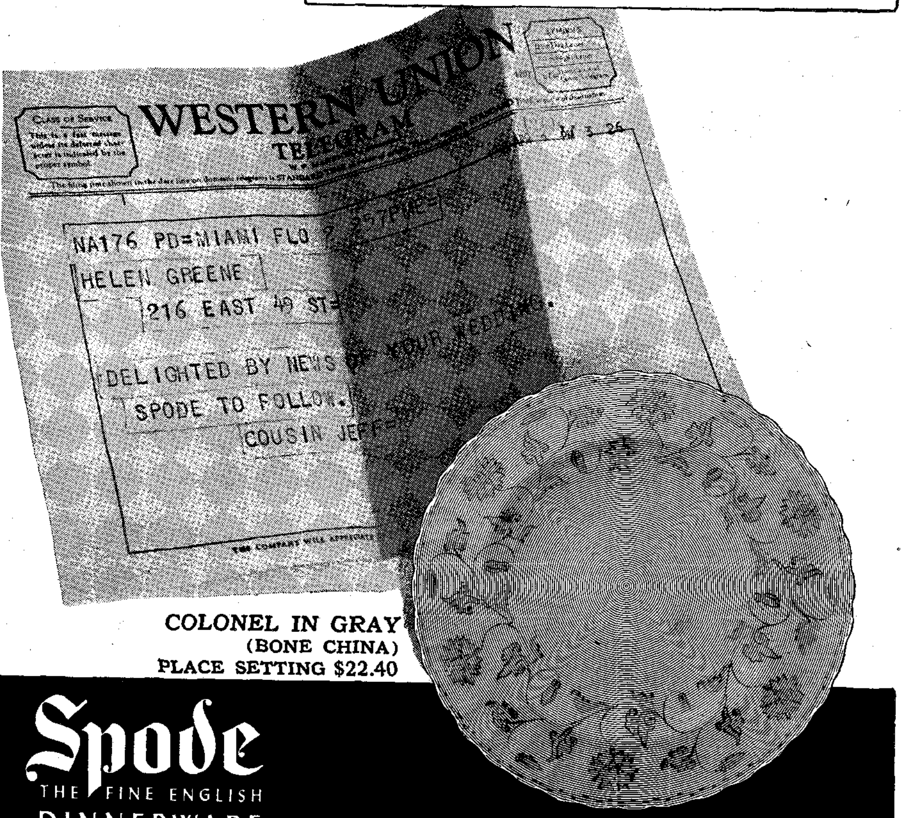




"All this is mine... the moment, the man, the Mystery of the Star in my engagement ring! My 'Linde' Star is our first heirloom-to-be...I'll treasure it, and him, too, as long as I live!" Exciting 'Linde' Star Sapphires and 'Linde' Star Rubies, created by man, equal the beauty of nature's own rare gems. Ask your jeweler to show you his fine selection. Prices are nationally established from $85 to $1500.

'LINDE' STARS...made by Union Carbide Corporation

"SPODE TO FOLLOW..."



WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NA176 PD=MIAMI FLO

HELEN GREENE

216 EAST 49 ST=

DELIGHTED BY NEWS OF YOUR WEDDING.

SPODE TO FOLLOW.

COUSIN JEFF

COLONEL IN GRAY
(BONE CHINA)
PLACE SETTING $22.40

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH DINNERWARE

See Spode at nearby stores or send for Booklet 71 to help you select the Spode pattern best suited to your own taste and needs.

wholesale distributors: COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC., 206 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

emeritus—Ernie Kovacs, Henry Morgan, and Red Buttons.

The formula of limited exposure, of the once-a-year show, has been developed with particular skill by still another comedian, Victor Borge. I regard the comedy of Mr. Borge as being on the artificial and tricky side. I think it relies heavily on a bogus effect—on the kidding or negation of a serious accomplishment of his own, on the exploitation of his musicianship. The late Fred Stone exploited athleticism in the same way, and passed as a comedian. But, because Mr. Borge has paved the way for one-shot showmanship on television, I'll concede him a place on the new program, provided he remembers one of the program's rules: Don't mix in with the salespeople. In his last show, he did commercials. I've heard it said that the commercials were amusing, because Mr. Borge did them only semiseriously. I defy any man, including Bob and Ray, to make a commercial funny if he is one per cent serious—if, for that matter, he as much as mentions the product's name. —John Lardner

•

GREEN AS THE RICE AT HUMPTY DOO

The grass is singularly green,
  Green as the rice at Humpty Doo.
Considering this gentle scene,
  I do not have a single clue
  Why I am filled with thoughts of you

When all we ever had was squalls
  Black as the earth at Humpty Doo,
  Black as the midnight sky at Crewe,
Black as the Widnes workhouse walls.
Suddenly, when the cuckoo calls,

Why are my eyes all damp with tears,
  Damp as the earth at Humpty Doo,
  Damp as the fields of Waterloo,
Damp as the unforgiving years
  That part this unforgiving two?

Swiftly the years arose and sped;
  Over the past and all we knew
Swiftly the green, green grasses spread.
  Over the past the grasses grew,
  Green as the rice at Humpty Doo.
—R. P. Lister

•

Q. I was widowed several months ago, and a friend has told me I am supposed either to discard my wedding ring or wear it on my right hand. What is correct?

A. Dip the ends of the fingers of one hand at a time, not both together, into the water. Then dry them with the napkin on the lap.—*Scranton Times.*

And try not to ask questions.

Captain L. J. Alexanderson, Executive Officer of the S. S. United States, U. S. Lines

Men who sail the seven seas choose the protection of

Old Spice

AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Now with extra emollients to keep your skin healthy!

Follow the lead of the seafaring men who face winds and weather daily. Protect and refresh your face with Old Spice After Shave Lotion. Good for your skin: stimulates to a healthy glow, contains extra emollients to guard against loss of vital skin-moisture. It feels good! Clean. Fresh. Brisk. With that tangy Old Spice scent. Try it—happiest ending a shave ever had! 1.00 plus tax

SHULTON

Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A NICE, BIG, SURPRISING CITY

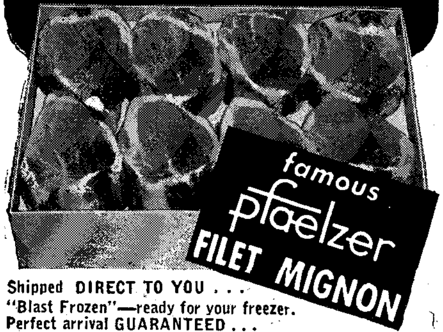
WHEN I read, early in the year, that part of the program of cultural interchange between the Soviet Union and the United States was to be physical cultural, I assumed that the State Department, which spends a huge amount of money every year to project a favorable image of America, would take advantage of a great chance. At the Helsinki Olympic Games, in 1952, I had seen how fervently Russians took their sports, and I knew that every Russian sporting excursion outside the national limits got extraordinarily heavy coverage in the Soviet press. Readers there identify more easily with athletes than with diplomats or violinists. One of the best and least expensive ways for us to impress this big public with the fact that we are decent fellows, I thought, would be to treat the visiting Russian athletes well—for example, quarter them in a first-rate hotel, preferably above the thirtieth floor for the view, and provide them with a Russian-speaking cook and plenty of the kind of food they were used to. The Soviet press couldn't fail to record these courtesies, and there would be a secondary gain in the effect on the athletes themselves.

The first Russian cultural squad scheduled to arrive under the new program, I later learned, was the U.S.S.R. National Free-Style Wrestling Team, due in at Idlewild on Saturday, April 5th. (Incidentally, it would be the first Soviet sports team ever to visit this country.) Wrestling is a major sport in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—the Armenian and Georgian Soviet Republics produce most of the champions—and the national team's migrations are top news. (In fact, Tass, the Soviet news agency, cabled an average of five hundred words a day during the squad's stay in New York—a great deal for Russian newspapers, which have less editorial space at their disposal than ours.) There were to be but a dozen in the party—eight wrestlers, since there are only eight weight classes in Olympic wrestling, plus four officials—and, as I've said, it appeared to be a great opportunity to boost cultural interchange, at less than the cost of lodging one Arab sheik at the Waldorf. The day before the wrestlers' arrival, though, I looked up a fellow I know named Henry Wittenberg, who is a member of the Wrestling Committee of the Metropolitan branch of the Amateur Athletic Union, and learned that the State Department could not find a bean to contribute to their entertainment. The Eisenhower program would have been snagged at the start if the A.A.U. committee had not stepped in. The team was bound for Oklahoma, Wittenberg said, which is the only part of the United States where wrestling is a major sport, like bingo in New Jersey. The original plan called for the wrestlers to pause for only a day in New York in their steppe-to-steppe migration. All are Masters of Sport of the U.S.S.R., except two, especially illustrious, who are Honored Masters of Sport. In Oklahoma, they would wrestle three times, and a manufacturer of oil-refining equipment named Tom Lumly, an old wrestler himself, had agreed to underwrite their trip. "He is a millionaire anyway, like everybody else in Oklahoma, including the Indians," Wittenberg said. In fact, he went on, everything would have been fine if the Russian sports officials had not suddenly indicated a desire that the team stay four days in New York, for acclimatization and cultural intake.

"In the metropolitan area, wrestling under the Olympic or any other code has all the drawing power of a recital on the rebec," Wittenberg told me. (He is a Master of Arts, Columbia Teachers College '41.) "The only kind that makes money is the simulated, or television, variety, which has no code at all." The Wrestling Committee of the Metropolitan A.A.U. therefore has no fund on which it can draw to entertain distinguished visitors. If the wrestlers paused here long enough to starve to death, Wittenberg thought, our national reputation for boundless hospitality was sure to suffer. Wittenberg knows how much wrestlers can eat. He won the 1948 Olympic free-style light-heavyweight championship in London at a hundred and ninety-one pounds, and now weighs considerably more. At Helsinki, he took the silver medal for second in the class, beating a Russian con-

"I always try to get here a few minutes before sundown to beat the rush."

NOW . . . Enjoy at HOME
"The **BEST STEAKS** you ever ate"



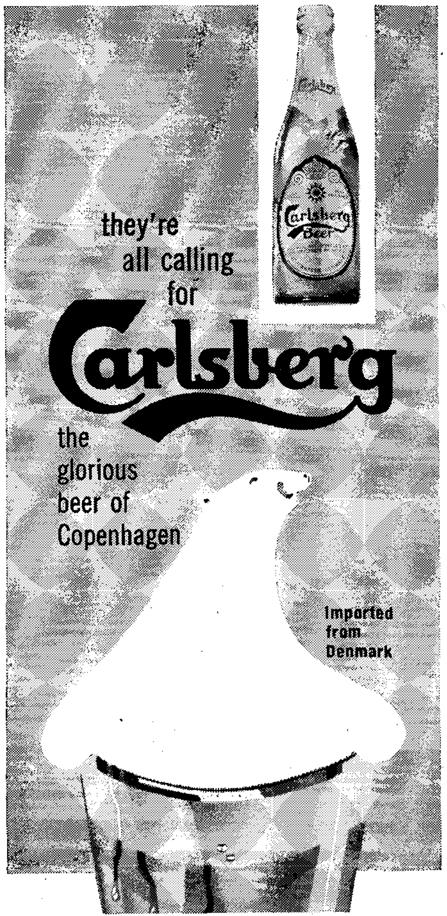
Shipped DIRECT TO YOU . . .
"Blast Frozen"—ready for your freezer.
Perfect arrival GUARANTEED . . .
delivery anywhere in the 48 states!

These Pfaelzer beef tenderloin steaks of U.S. Prime quality are tender, flavorful, mellow-aged . . . have been served for over 30 years by exclusive clubs, fine hotels and restaurants . . . now are preferred in many better homes, everywhere! They're sure to enhance your personal and family's enjoyment . . . delight your guests when you entertain. *These Steaks can't be purchased in any store.* Introduce yourself to extraordinary dining pleasure. Take advantage of Pfaelzer's TRIAL OFFER today! Send check or money order. Receipt acknowledged by return mail.

Introductory Offer!
LIMITED TIME ONLY
16 FILET MIGNONS
Approx. 1¼" Thick $32.50 Per box
2 or more boxes 5% discount
R. R. EXPRESS PREPAID

Over a hundred freezer delicacies—steaks, chops, roasts, etc. to delight the discriminating diner, now available through unique Pfaelzer Home Service. Ask for free, 20 page illustrated catalog.

Pfaelzer Brothers, Inc.
Dept. NY-48 • Union Stock Yards, Chicago 9, Ill.



CARLSBERG AGENCY, INC.
11 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
The East Asiatic Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Ore.

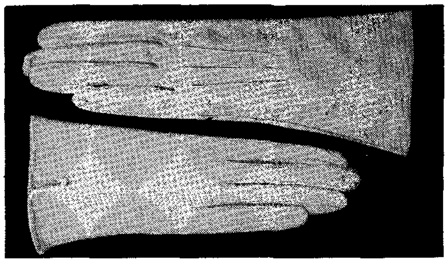
tender but losing to a Swede on a decision that still rankles. He is also a New York police sergeant emeritus (voluntarily retired), an amateur painter (Gauguinesque), and a bit of an ichthyologist. In addition, he is on more Olympic and amateur wrestling committees than you can shake a nightstick at. He himself comfortably combats malnutrition as a salesman for the Powers Photo Engraving Company, of which the secretary and treasurer, Charles A. Powers, is himself a former intercollegiate wrestling champion (Princeton). These vocational-avocational connections are a homely feature of capitalism. There was for many years a contractor in New York named Dietrich Wortmann—he is dead now—who was a weight lifter and employed weight lifters. He had the best-manned hods around town.

Wittenberg said that associated with him in the task of stabling and feeding the cultural visitors were Powers and an old police and wrestling partner, Detective John Mandel, of the West Forty-seventh Street house, who is chairman of the Wrestling Committee of the Metropolitan A.A.U. Mandel, although a retired wrestler, is still a practicing cop. The news of the prolongation of the Russian stay had thrown all three of them. "So we went out and put the arm on everybody we could think of," the Master of Arts said. "It was an enterprise." Since the Russian national sports organization was paying the fares to Idlewild, he was confident the visitors would get that far, but it was up to Powers, Mandel, and him to get them in to town and under shelter. "We all have cars," he said, "and there are not many of them, so we can do it. Russians expect to be greeted with flowers, so on my way out to Idlewild I will go through the wholesale flower district, on Sixth Avenue, and grab an omelet of whatever's reasonable." His knowledge of Russian etiquette, he explained, was gained at Helsinki.

At the very last minute, Wittenberg said, the whole deal had seemed off. The State Department, which had previously agreed to provide visas for a dozen Russians, had refused to approve the twelfth man, an interpreter, for reasons unknown here. The interpreter was unknown here, too, of course. The Russians had then threatened not to come, and the A.A.U. committee here had been told the tour was cancelled, but all was smoothed out two hours before flight time; the Russians were coming without an interpreter, and the State Department would supply one. Looking for a place to lodge the Russians, the

TWIN TOURIST ROUTES
TO EUROPE
8 EXCITING LANDS!

NORTH ATLANTIC 2 popular ships including the "ARKADIA", latest addition to the Greek Line fleet. From New York, Boston, Canada to
IRELAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY
MEDITERRANEAN Cruise liner "OLYMPIA", many 2-berth Tourist cabins with private shower and toilet. From New York, Boston to
PORTUGAL • ITALY • SICILY • GREECE
Go One Route . . . Return the Other!
See Your Travel Agent
GREEK LINE
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO • TORONTO • MONTREAL



EXCITING ENGLISH DOESKIN GLOVES
By Mail From Bermuda

These luxurious accessories are beautifully made of specially processed lambskin by England's finest craftsmen. Soft as starlight, and as gay. Washable. In white only. Women's sizes, 6-8 by quarters. Same happy price *$2.98 postpaid* for either the 3-button classic or the informal shorty. Please specify. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order to Dept. 9.

H.A. & E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA
If You Like Shopping, You'll Love Smith's!

etka EXCLUSIVE Haute Couture Knits
Designed for your active life . . .
around town . . .
enchanting evenings
Made for those who AIM Perfection
Kent
20 West 58th St., N.Y. 19 PL 3-3050
Also Cleaning—Blocking—Repairs

committee had chosen a small hotel, the Schuyler, on Forty-fifth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, because it was the cheapest they could find that had reasonably good accommodations; a friend of Mandel's—a paper jobber named Philip O. Deitsch—had agreed to pick up the tab. (It turned out to be $207.50 for putting up eleven men for four days.) The committee had prevailed on *Sports Illustrated* to offer a lunch to the visitors on the day of their arrival. For the evening, the proprietor of La Barraca, a Cuban place near Eighth Avenue, had agreed to provide *paella* and dance music. "It will be a surprise to the Russians, I imagine," the old champion said, "but they should enjoy it."

For Sunday morning, a wrestling fan whom Mandel knows at Horn & Hardart's, the cafeteria chain, had volunteered to give the visitors a conducted tour of Horn & Hardart's commissary and, incidentally, feed them breakfast. The wrestling cult in the city is small, but its adherents hang together like Druses. In planning these logistic preparations, Wittenberg, Powers, and Mandel had drawn heavily on their pooled experience. Wittenberg had thought of the wholesale flower district, for example, because he had for years been on the desk at the West Thirtieth Street precinct house, which is near there. Powers would take over for Sunday lunch, because he had a house at Sands Point, on the North Shore of Long Island, where he could entertain the expeditionary force. "We will try to stuff them out there, so they will not be hungry when they come back to the Schuyler," Mr. Wittenberg said, "because that evening there is a hiatus in the curriculum."

It all sounded so alarming that although I myself am not a wrestling fan—my esteem for Wittenberg is founded purely on his painting—I asked whether there was anything that I, as a supporter of cultural interchange, could do. He said that the Russian officials who would be gathering around—not the wrestlers—would hardly feel at home without a warming glass of spirits. That evening, I went to a liquor store on Forty-fifth Street and bought two bottles of a reliable bourbon and one of a magnificently labelled American vodka, and left them at the desk of the Schuyler. The hotel has a not unpleasing nineteenth-century façade and a lobby just wide enough for three chairs and a tank of tropical fish, which seemed in excellent condition. The woman behind the hotel desk, which is the size of two pari-mutuel windows, took the package, looked at its destina-

Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON
Product of Scotland

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

More and more, industry recognizes the importance of color . . . color as a living force. Color used in relationship to space is a source of inspiration . . . contributes to well-being . . . to greater efficiency. Executives who care enough . . . Architects . . . Interior Decorators who specialize in industrial installations . . . work with THAIBOK'S incomparable handwoven fabrics. Justly famous for their glowing colors and textures, they add elegance and lustre wherever used.

3 EAST 52ND STREET • NEW YORK 22 THAIBOK

OUR DISTRIBUTORS: ROBERT S. COLLINS, MIAMI AND PHILADELPHIA • DENST & SODERLUND, CHICAGO DESIGN RESEARCH INC., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. • CHARLES EISEN, DENVER • BEN HANNEWYK, DALLAS KNEEDLER-FAUCHERE, SAN FRANCISCO • KNEEDLER-FAUCHERE, LOS ANGELES • EDWARD A. MURPHY, SEATTLE • MRS. MARY RICHARDSON, TORONTO • ARTHUR L. SHERA, GRAND RAPIDS

CORBIN, LTD.

Natural Shoulder Trousers and Walking Shorts®

Corbin
...all you need know about trousers

New York......Paul Stuart
Boston......Jordan Marsh
Kansas City......Jack Henry
Pasadena......Bayne Williams
Paramus......Law, Inc.
Houston......Norton Ditto
Nashville......Dix, Ltd.
Savannah......Men's Quality Shop

or write CORBIN, Ltd., 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Investing for future income?

Incorporated Investors

ESTABLISHED 1925

A mutual fund invested in a list of securities selected for possible GROWTH OF CAPITAL and INCOME in the years ahead.

Investing for current income?

Incorporated Income Fund

A mutual fund whose first objective is to return as LARGE CURRENT INCOME as may be obtained without undue risk of principal.

THE PARKER CORPORATION NY4
200 Berkeley Street, Boston 16, Mass.

Please send a Prospectus on

☐ Incorporated Investors
☐ Incorporated Income Fund

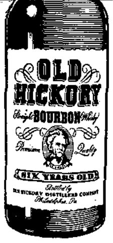
Name....................
Address....................
City....................

tion, and said knowingly, "That must be vodka." I felt that I had now fully performed my duty to the Eisenhower-Khrushchev program of cultural cross-fertilization, and went home with a clear conscience.

ALL through that wet, miserable Easter Sunday, though, I worried about the possibly hungry Russians. I saw in the *Times* that they had arrived on schedule. There was a splendid photograph of them on the first page of the sports section, with a small American wrestler presenting the smallest Russian wrestler with an unmistakable omelet of flowers. The smallest Russian—114½ pounds—was under the largest hat. He also had the longest name—Meriyan Tsalkalamanidze. All eleven Russians wore wide-brimmed hats with miniature lariats looped around them, as if they were Oklahomans arriving in Moscow. The biggest Russian stood behind Meriyan. His name was Otar Kandelaki. Neither looked like a man who could cheerfully support famine. Toward evening, I felt myself irresistibly drawn to the Schuyler. I arrived at about seven-thirty, and perceived, as I crossed the street in front of the hotel, a stocky man in a trench coat, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and his hands jammed in his pockets, standing in the doorway—exactly the figure that travellers' tales had warned me against. I decided that he must be a Russian cop who had stowed away on the plane, but he turned out to be Nikolai Bourov, First Secretary of the Soviet Delegation to the United Nations. Bourov, an affable English-speaker, was, like me, awaiting the return of his compatriots.

Soon they appeared, climbing out of the automobiles that had brought them from Sands Point. Wittenberg, his wife, Edith, and Powers were with them. Alexander Malyshev, the State Department interpreter, was also with them—a tall, pale, youngish man who, he said, works on a per-diem basis when Soviet delegations are in town. There were doffings of hats, handshakes, and introductions—Mr. Pesliak, the wrestlers' *chef de mission* (blond, pale, fat, with a soft, sweet face); Mr. Bourov; Mr. Saveliev, of Tass (tall and suspicious); Mr. Karapetyan, trainer (medium-small and gnarled); Mr. Krutjkevskiy, coach (medium-big and gnarled); Mr. Powers; me. The wrestlers, not included in the introductions, stood about, grinning. Each wore a big hat, a trench coat, and sandals; each carried slung about his neck a double-turreted, shiny camera

TRAVEL TIP from *Temple Fielding*



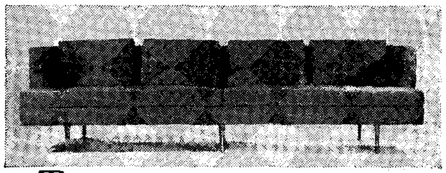
renowned travel authority, author of "Fielding's Travel Guide"

"Overseas, American whiskies can be hard to come by. That's why travelers value their bourbon—and treasure Old Hickory. It's a truly great straight."

OLD HICKORY

An old fashioned whisky—
The mild taste tells the story

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF
OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA., PA.



This is the nine-foot sofa #4907 which went out into the field for the first Dunbar advertisement and has been going out ever since to decorators, designers, architects who specify it over and over again and to just plain people who love this sofa. Today we hear #4907 is included among the Dunbar pieces at the Brussels Fair. Once again this sofa, designed by Edward Wormley, is recognized as one of the tastemakers of our time. Visit the Dunbar showrooms: New York, Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Seattle and Tulsa. Home Office: Berne, Indiana.

(*Advertisement*)

HALF THE WEIGHT OF REGULAR GOLF SHOES

NEW IMPROVED
FLOATER GOLF SHOE
Reduces Fatigue — Lowers Golf Scores

Satisfaction Guaranteed

WATERPROOF FOAM RUBBER OUTER SOLES

- Removable Steel Spikes
- Leather Insoles
- Glove Leather Uppers

Resident Pro inquiries invited

SHIPPED POSTPAID
Black & White or Brown & White $14.95 Solid Brown $13.95
Add $1.00 if desired with COMFORTABLE ARCH GRIP
Indicate Color, Size, Width
Sizes 5½-13
Widths A, B, C, D, E

Mail Check or Money Order to... **MAC SHOE CO.**
7 WHITNEY AVE., DEPT. 5, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

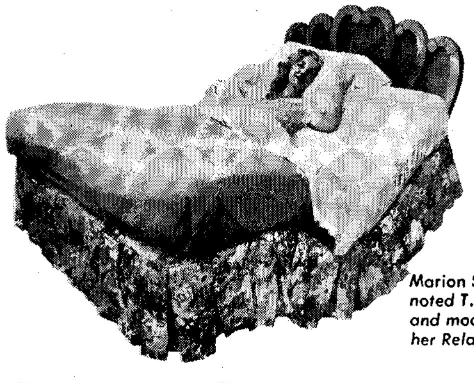
of Soviet make—a copy, Malyshev told me, of an excellent East German model. Amateur wrestlers are of assorted sizes, since they compete in various weight classes, but the visitors had in common their solidity, their smiles, and their thickened ears—the last proudly worn, like caste marks. The right ears were uniformly thicker than the left ears, because wrestlers usually take holds with both men facing in the same direction. Most wrestlers' right arms, which come in contact most frequently with their opponents' right ears, are stronger than their left arms, which usually press against left ears. In boxing, the men face each other, and then the right hand strikes the *left* ear. The Russians, since they have long careers as wrestlers, develop the thickest amateur ears in the world.

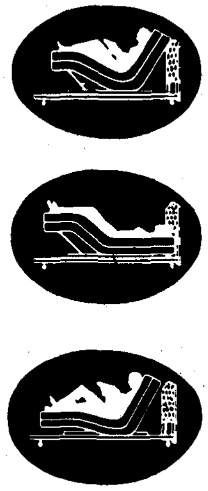
All hands, and all facial expressions, reported that the day at the Powers estate had been a great success, in spite of the rain. The menu, which was preserved for posterity by Monday's *Times*, had been vichyssoise, ham, macaroni and cheese, asparagus with hollandaise, a tossed green salad, and frozen chocolate éclairs, in the shape of Easter eggs, filled with ice cream. Powers, a big man, headed back to Sands Point, saying that he felt as if he never wanted to eat again. The rest of us—a dozen or so, including Edith Wittenberg—went upstairs to Mr. Pesliak's quarters. The self-operated elevator at the Schuyler is not a hair-trigger opener or closer. Its massive door hesitates, as if reluctant to chance crushing a finger, until the boarding party is just about to abandon ship and climb; then it rolls majestically shut, narrowly avoiding squashing a fellow halfway out on his way to the stairs. The car's upward progress is slow, and when it has arrived at the requested level, the door hesitates again, testing each passenger's threshold of claustrophobia. "This won't fit in with their idea of American efficiency," I said to Malyshev as some of the Master Sportsmen around us began to grin and others to look anxious, according to their temperaments. "Tell them that and see what they say."

"There is no word in Russian for 'efficiency,'" he said.

In Pesliak's suite, which reminded me of that Broadway classic "Room Service," we exchanged further compliments via Malyshev. I had looked forward to hearing what the Honored and less honored Masters of Sport thought of their stay here, but Pesliak informed me, through the interpreter, that none of the wrestlers spoke a word of English, French, or German. Six

pardon us but . . .
your "sleep" is showing





Marion Stafford
noted T. V. actress
and model demonstrates
her Relax-A-Bed*

Relax-A-Bed*
The Electromatic Bed

It's functional . . . it's practical . . . it leads a "double-life"

Your husband (and you too) deserve a good night's sleep. Relieve all tension and fatigue, relax-in-a-bed of incomparable comfort while enjoying unsurpassed health benefits . . . raise or lower sections of your body with feather ease at the flick-of-a-finger. RELAX-A-BED* is available in all sizes, with or without foam or innerspring mattress, fits your present headboard.

Write for name of store nearest you, request illustrated brochure 19

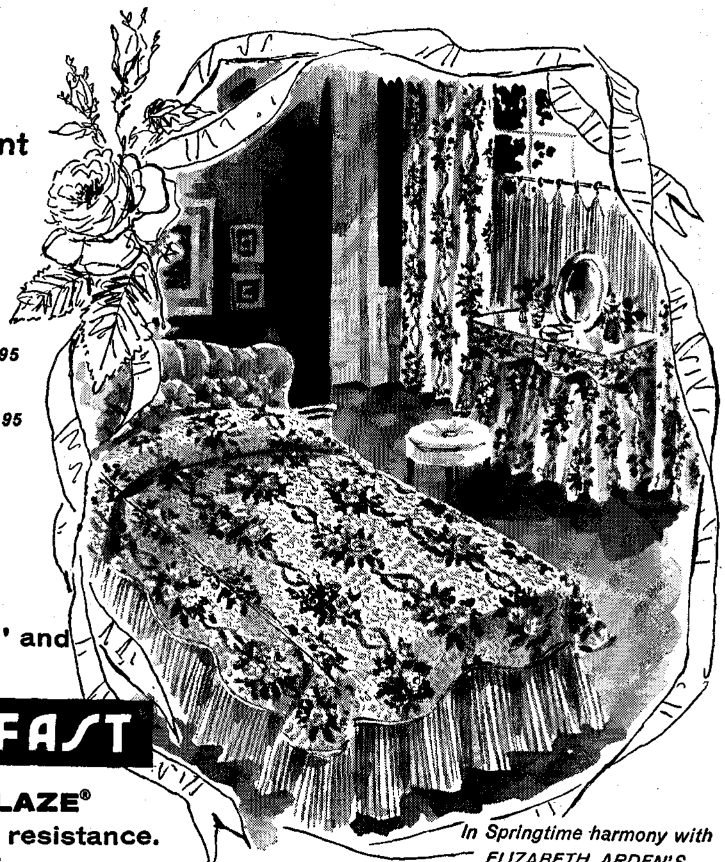
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Relax-A-Bed* CORP.
22 East 58th St. • New York 22, N.Y. • PLaza 1-0070
hours: daily 10 a.m. - 6 p.m., sat. 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Reg. Trade Mark

Spring enchantment for your home

As Shown
Single Topper $24.95
Dust Ruffle $12.95
Brise-bise
Curtains, pair $6.95



In Springtime harmony with
ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
"MÉMOIRE CHÉRIE"

"Fragrance" and "Sachet" by

EVERFAST

with EVERGLAZE® tested crease resistance. In draperies, toppers, dust ruffles and spreads now at:

B. ALTMAN & CO. Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills
also by the yard at JORDAN, MARSH, Boston; LA SALLE & KOCH, Toledo; FURCHGOTT'S, Jacksonville, Fla. and other fine stores

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who then as now provide the choicest in wines and spirits. Try the famous Rare J. & B. Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky
Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

OWN YOUR VACATION HOME ON
Fire Island
90 MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN
Wonderful new community (opposite Bay Shore) fronts on ocean and bay. Fabulous beach, private boat basin, tennis.
OCCUPANCY THIS SUMMER
For brochure and directions to FURNISHED MODEL ON FIRE ISLAND, Write Dept. N.
Dunewood on Fire Island
BUILDER'S OFFICE: 42 Fire Island Ave.
Babylon, N. Y. • MOhawk 9-3236

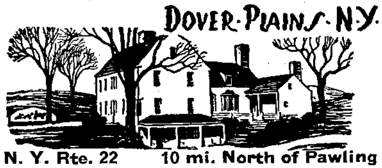
Daily 4 P.M. to 2 A.M. Sunday from 1 P.M.
MISTER PRIME RIBS "THAT'S IT"
PLaza 1-0014 0015
24 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
New York's Finest
Prime Ribs Restaurant

MARBLEIZED LAMPS
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

of the eight were listed as "students" in a mimeographed handout sheet describing their records, and the remaining two as "teachers." I concluded that the students hadn't been taking liberal-arts courses. Perhaps they take gym. They were older than most American undergraduates; the flyweight Honored Master of Sport Tsalkalamanidze, for example, was listed as "31 years old . . . a student who has engaged in wrestling since 1951," and the heavyweight Master of Sport Kandelaki—a towering, happily smiling fellow—as "30 years old . . . a student who has been engaged in wrestling since 1947." I heard later that Kandelaki was a law student, which made his age more reasonable. Poor Malyshev was so busy translating the routine of life for eleven people that I hadn't the heart to monopolize him; besides, an interview through an interpreter is always stilted. So I relaxed and grinned, like everybody else. Karapetyan, the trainer—an old bantamweight, who is blond and fair, despite his Armenian name, and looks like a seasoned Norse boatswain—said, through the interpreter, that he spoke fifteen languages, including Turkish, Tartar, Uzbek, and Polish, but it was hard to pin a hold on him in a language that the Wittenbergs and I knew. (Our best medium would have been German, for I can testify that during his stay here I heard him say "*spazieren*," for "walk," and "*zu Hause*," for the Schuyler. He said "*spazieren*" when the street-crossing lights showed green, and "*nyet spazieren*" when they showed red. Kandelaki, sportier, said "*woke*," for the "walk" sign, and "*nyet woke*" when it changed.) All, however, was amity. Wittenberg's presence in particular seemed to comfort them. He was a fellow-wrestler in a strange land, and occasionally, out of sheer good feeling, one of the smaller Russians would amicably try to break his arm, or two of the larger ones, with snorts of laughter, would try to pull him in halves. They needed no other language, and I was reminded of an old professional wrestler I knew long ago named Ernie Roeber, who had once wrestled the Terrible Turk. "They all said he couldn't understand English," Roeber told me. "But it was a lie. I went 'Pf-f-f' in his face, and he stuck his finger in my eye." Wittenberg would show that he liked the Russians, too, by unexpectedly putting his forearm around a passing face and squeezing hard enough to break a non-wrestler's nose. After a few minutes of this sort of thing, Mrs. Wittenberg, a handsome,

THE Astor
PRESENTS
The Hunting Room
Luncheon • Theatre Dinner
Supper
Featuring
Rudy Timfield at the Piano
From 9:30 p.m. nightly except Sunday
No Entertainment Tax • No Cover
Columbia Room
Ideal setting for Cocktails
Featuring Rudy Timfield 5:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m. Nightly Except Sundays
Dancing Fridays and Saturdays from 9:30 p.m. to
Lester Lanin's Orchestra
Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE
JUdson 6-3000
A ZECKENDORF HOTEL

among the world's famous eating places
Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York
. . unique atmosphere, interesting customs and traditions.

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N·Y·

on N. Y. Rte. 22 10 mi. North of Pawling
Reservations: TRinity 7-9987 • Closed Wed.

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd AVE. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

athletic woman in a red velvet-corduroy suit, suggested that it was getting late, and Wittenberg, in a tone implying that it was a merely rhetorical question, said to Malyshev, "Anybody hungry?" Malyshev translated. First reactions were favorable from our point of view. Pesliak, who is no wrestler, patted his belly and shook his head, indicating that he had had quite enough and was getting too fat. Coach Krutjkevskiy, who wanted to set an example because he was afraid some of his men were putting on weight, made a polite speech of refusal. "He says he has eaten at Mr. Powers' much," Malyshev translated. (The coach, I afterward learned, had a large loaf of rye bread in the top drawer of his dresser.) But only two of the wrestlers—both small men—stayed in line. Six, plus Trainer Karapetyan, said they wanted to eat. It was a crisis, but with the whole program of cultural interchange at stake I stuck my thumb in the dike. If the wrestlers perished, I feared, the Russian National Weight-Lifting Team, scheduled to be the next cultural expedition after the Moiseyev Dance Company, might be deterred from coming. Weight lifters eat even more than wrestlers. The ladies of the ballet eat more than either wrestlers or weight lifters, I have been informed, although I never tried to feed six. "There is an Automat on Sixth Avenue," I said. "Perhaps it would amuse them to see how it works." Malyshev translated. His remarks were greeted with eager cries in several Caucasian tongues. "They say they have Automats in Moscow," he said. "They approve. I am hungry, too."

With what—considering the reluctance of the Schuyler elevator—now seems incredible speed, the Wittenbergs, Malyshev, Karapetyan, Honored Master of Sport Vakhtang Balavdze (160½ pounds), five Masters of Sport, and I found ourselves on the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, awaiting the turn of the lights. The green showed at last. "*Spazieren!*" cried the cosmopolitan Karapetyan. "*Woke!*" thundered Kandelaki, in the tone of a famished Indian sighting buffalo. We ran across the street and into the Automat, where, I could see, they had not lied about their experience. Before you could say "Ivan Robinovich," they were in the cafeteria line, each holding two trays. Had we been at some restaurants I know, the bill would have been $700, but I got away for $15.95. I don't expect the Order of Lenin for what I did, but I just hope the State Department does the decent. During the next five minutes, the only

Bruges
Brussels
Ghent
Louvain
Liège
Hainaut
Antwerp

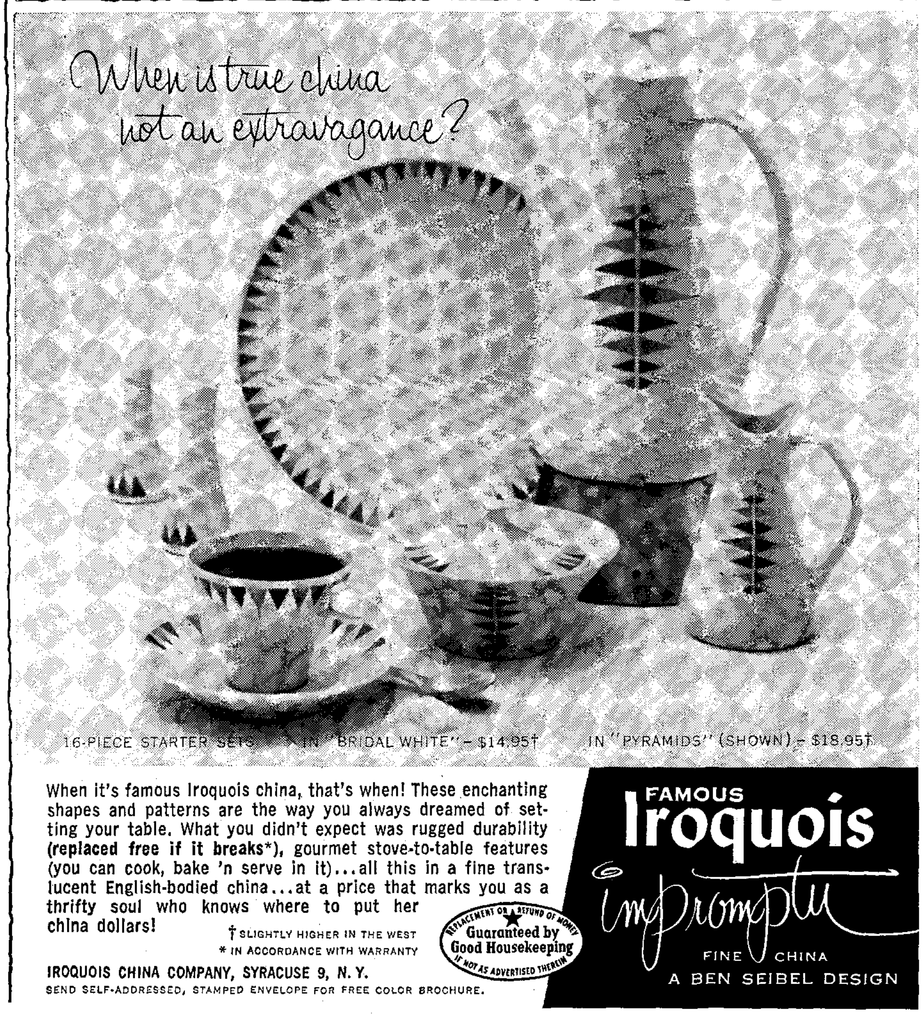
THIS YEAR PLAN TO SEE MORE

OF BEAUTIFUL

belgium

World's Fair—Brussels—1958

For literature and information:—Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17



16-PIECE STARTER SETS—IN "BRIDAL WHITE"—$14.95† IN "PYRAMIDS" (SHOWN)—$18.95†

When it's famous Iroquois china, that's when! These enchanting shapes and patterns are the way you always dreamed of setting your table. What you didn't expect was rugged durability **(replaced free if it breaks*)**, gourmet stove-to-table features (you can cook, bake 'n serve in it)...all this in a fine translucent English-bodied china...at a price that marks you as a thrifty soul who knows where to put her china dollars!

† SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST
* IN ACCORDANCE WITH WARRANTY

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

IROQUOIS CHINA COMPANY, SYRACUSE 9, N. Y.
SEND SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE.

FAMOUS Iroquois
Impromptu
FINE CHINA
A BEN SEIBEL DESIGN

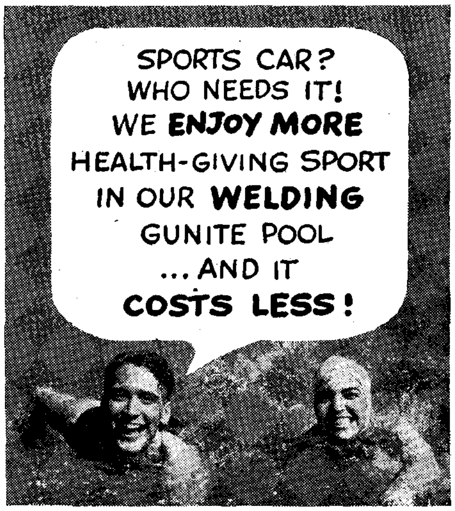
Our
cool
comfortable
PHANTOMWEIGHT
SLACKS

Slimly tailored for us by Southwick in superb tropical worsteds of pure wool or blends of Dacron and wool. In exclusive Burnt Olive or Black Brown mixtures, and in dark, medium or light grey, $21.50. Also Dacron and wool gabardine in light tan, $25.

Paul Stuart

Sizes 30-40. Mail orders shipped uncuffed. Please add 45¢ postage and handling.

18 East 45th Street, New York
Murray Hill 2-0139
Gift Catalog upon request


SPORTS CAR? WHO NEEDS IT! WE ENJOY MORE HEALTH-GIVING SPORT IN OUR WELDING GUNITE POOL ... AND IT COSTS LESS!

Tom is right. The Welding Engineering Company, famous for De Luxe Estate and Commercial Pools, is even better known for (and equally proud of) its beautiful and soundly built *trouble-free* homeside pools AT COSTS UNDER MANY CAR PRICES!

GET FULL DETAILS BEFORE YOU ORDER THAT SECOND CAR!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

WELDING ENGINEERING COMPANY
26 GLADYS AVE., HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
PLEASE SEND FREE LITERATURE AND REFERENCES.
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY______ZONE___STATE______
PHONES: HOME______BUS.______

face with a cloud on it was Wittenberg's. It was, in fact, the only face that was closed. "Tomorrow morning, these guys will be hungry again," he said. "We have got them into Maisel's Floridian, on Broadway, for early lunch on the cuff, but before that they may be faint."

Karapetyan, although he did not know our dilemma, solved it. He talked to Malyshev, and Malyshev passed the word on to us: "The trainer says that since the men will train in the morning, they will take only a couple of pieces of fruit for breakfast. He wants to know if we can pick some up on the way back to the hotel." It was an easy out, even at night-delicatessen prices—a dozen apples and a dozen oranges. Karapetyan, the dashing cosmopolite, now suggested that we all return to the hotel, send the appeased wrestlers to bed, and talk about culture. Coach Krutjkevskiy would still be up, he said. Krutjkevskiy had a bottle of vodka, left for the team by a mysterious benefactor, and was afraid that if he left it about, some athlete would find it. I declined. I remembered the mornings that had followed similar occasions in Helsinki. Besides, I knew who had left that vodka. It has a label covered with medals, but I do not know who gave them to it. My demurrer was overruled, and the following morning I had a headache. When I saw Malyshev next, he told me, "Krutjkevskiy says that that vodka was like a little fish they have in Russia, like our stickleback. It has a sharp spine along its back fin, and when you swallow the fish it goes down easy until the spine sticks in your throat." It would make a good name for a blended whiskey, I thought—"Old Stickleback, 99% grain neutral spirits."

DESPITE my head, I got to the Floridian by noon, and was happy to see all the Honored Masters and Masters of Sport on hand, eating small steaks and strawberry shortcake. They washed them down with Coca-Cola, which they said they had learned to appreciate at the Melbourne Olympics. The party was in the bloom of health, and I knew that I had saved the whole program of cultural interchange until the next crisis.

I saw the Masters again, for the valedictory time, on Tuesday. They were eating a lunch that seemed to puzzle them a little at a Japanese restaurant called the Miyako, whose proprietor is a wrestling fan, although he prefers Sumo, the ancient Japanese cultural form of the art. (They had been fed the night before at El Rancho, a Mexican place.) Through First Secretary Bourov, who was pinch-hitting for Malyshev, Trainer Karapetyan said that all digestions—and, naturally, all appetites—were holding up well. Mandel had explained the variety of eating places by saying that hundreds of restaurants had wanted to entertain them, and that he could not hurt anybody's feelings. After the meal, I felt that I ought to interview at least one Russian. We all walked down Fifth Avenue toward the Schuyler. I found myself walking with Bourov and Master of Sport Boris Kulaev (191 pounds)—a blond blockhouse of a man with a kind smile. "Ask him what has most pleased him on his trip," I said to Bourov. The diplomat spoke, and from the corrugation of Kulaev's brow I could see that he was thinking. At last he answered, and Bourov considered the problem of translation. "He says," Bourov explained, "that what he likes best is just to be in such a nice, big, surprising city."

If the Russians can find enough to eat in Oklahoma, they'll be back here on April 17th, to wrestle a picked American team at the New York Athletic Club. This séance of culture is open to the public at two dollars a head, which counts as a donation to the Wrestling Committee of the A.A.U., for use in case any more cultural visitors arrive. All that Powers, Wittenberg, and Mandel have to worry about now, they say, is getting together an American team for the seminar.

—A. J. LIEBLING

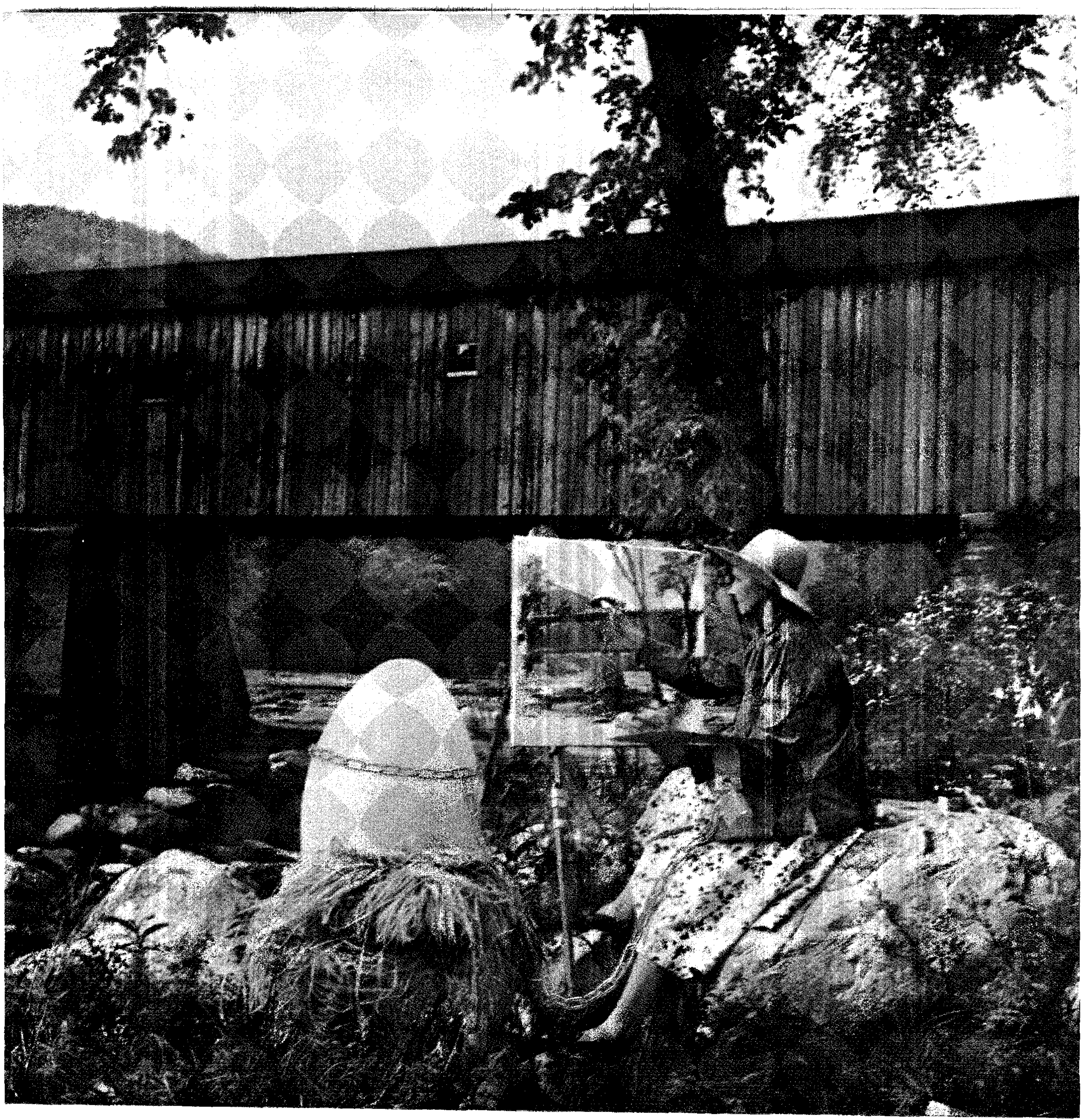
• •

THE CRUSE

Joy and the soul are mates, as heart and sorrow;
The soul has portal difficult and narrow,
Being a vessel oddly wrought, a cruse
Which, proffered sorrow, always must refuse.

The heart's more open and allows despair,
Fluid importunate and not so rare.
The soul for joy is shaped, the heart for ruth,
And love's the only oil that flows in both.

—LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL



The Covered Bridge at Cornwall, Connecticut

For a better way to take care of your nest egg talk to the people at Chase Manhattan

There's just no respite from financial ponderings for those who insist upon struggling with their own investments.

But it needn't happen to you.

Commission The Chase Manhattan Bank Trust Department to watch over your nest egg right away. Without fuss or feathers, sympathetic Chasemen will see to it that you're quit of such repetitive details as call dates, coupons and record keeping.

And at a word from you the Personal Trust Department will act as your Executor and Trustee, serve as Custodian of your securities, advise you on your investments and plan your estate with you and your lawyer.

Simply ring up the Personal Trust Department at HAnover 2-6000 or write 40 Wall Street, New York 15, for an appointment.

**THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK**

"On a picnic in Puerto Rico, I discovered a new kind of rum,"

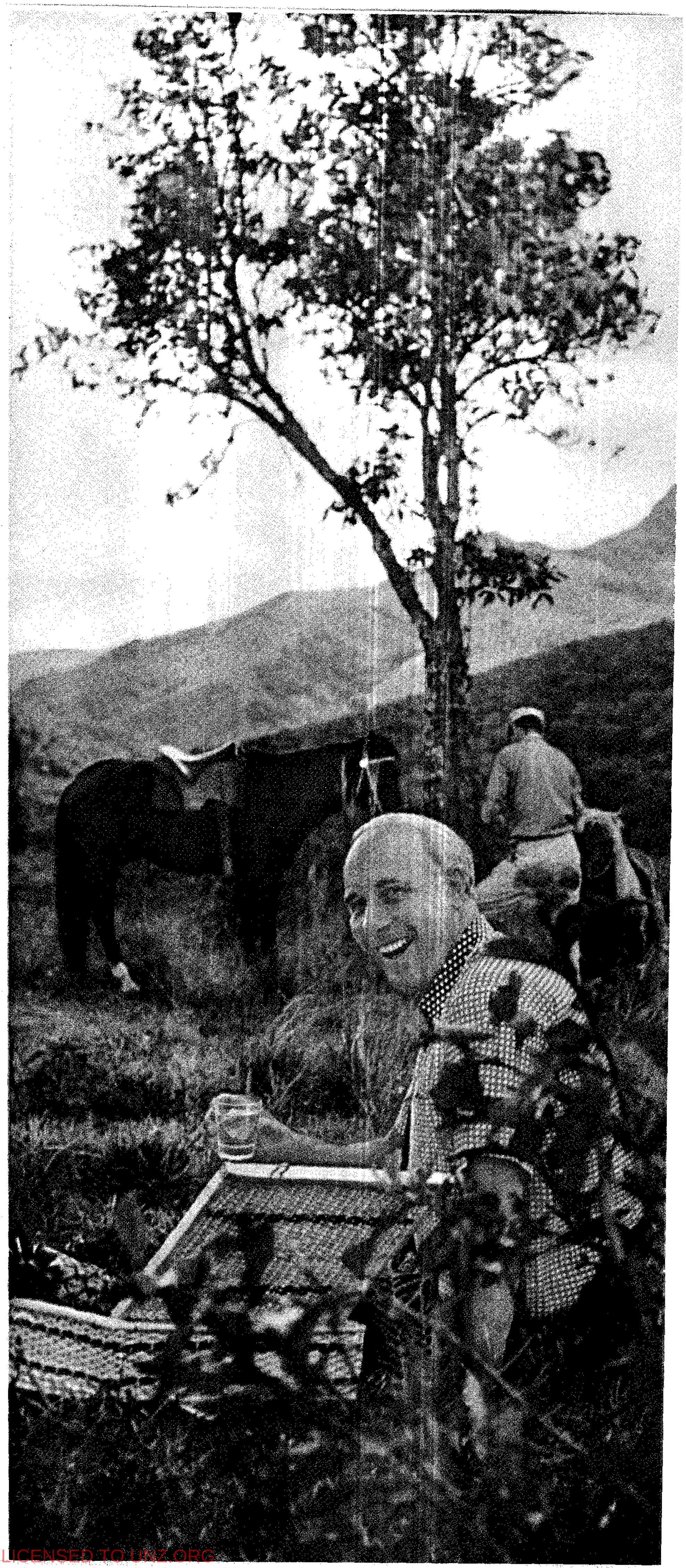
says Leonard Woods Bughman
of Ligonier, Pennsylvania

"Two things surprised me about Puerto Rico," says Leonard Bughman. "The climate—and the *rum.*

"I had never tasted anything like Puerto Rican rum before. It is startlingly dry. Clear. Like the Caribbean itself—fresh and full of sunlight.

"The picture illustrates the climate. Those are *Paso Fino* horses. A remarkable breed with a gait so smooth that you can carry a rum collins in the saddle and not spill a drop."

Len Bughman lunches high among the *Alps of the Caribbean.* "It's amazing how many of my friends are now serving rum—and planning their own picnics in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Bughman. ▶



Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion Division, Dept. R, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19

THE ART GALLERIES

Old and Young

PAINTERS, as I believe I've remarked before, seem to be phenomenally long-lived, and the French painters of the last century or more are the longest-lived of all. Naturally, there are exceptions. But from David (who was seventy-seven when he died) on through Ingres and Corot (eighty-seven and seventy-eight, respectively) to such present-day miracles as Braque, Villon, and Picasso—and the late Matisse, Léger, and Rouault—the record strongly supports the contention that painting is one of the healthiest of professions.

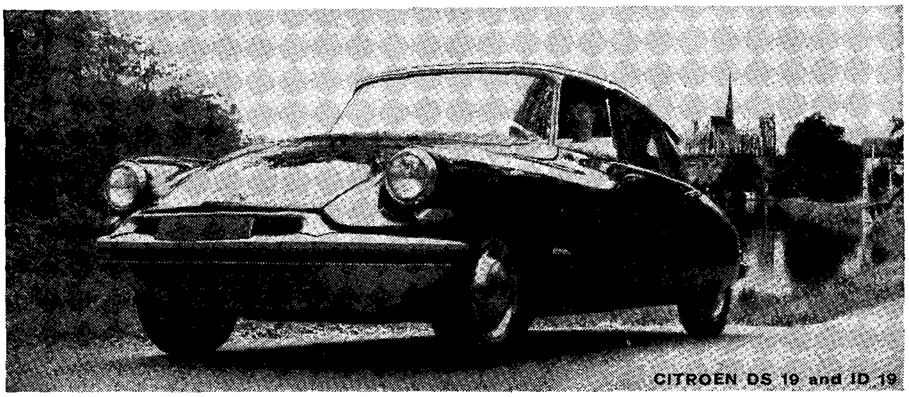
Renoir, now the subject of a big loan exhibition at Wildenstein, was another example—along with Monet (eighty-six), Degas (eighty-three), and others of *his* contemporaries. Renoir lived to be seventy-eight, and since he was precocious (he was taking lessons in drawing in his middle teens), it is obvious that a collection aiming to cover so long a career with any degree of authority must be a substantial one. This the present exhibition unquestionably is. There are gaps, though. (I regretted the lack of reference to the smooth-surfaced little canvases of his "porcelain," pre-Impressionist phase.) But in general the eighty-one pieces—of which twelve are sculptures—give a remarkably complete summary of his production, while the fact that so many of the paintings are new to New York (twenty-three in all, or a third of the group) adds a freshness of complexion to the affair that is unusual in the case of so widely and popularly accepted an artist.

To be sure, a number of his better-known canvases are included—enough to lend a certain intimacy to the affair. The earliest piece in the show is the familiar and always beguiling "The Pont des Arts," done in 1868, when he was in the midst of his plein-airist Impressionist period, and among the latest are the equally familiar nude study of the nurse Gabrielle called "Bather" and the handsome, sensuous "Portrait of Tilla Durieux," of 1913 and 1914, respectively. (The very latest, done in 1919, the year of his death, is a color-

A Car is a MUST in Europe!

You know what a car means to you here...abroad it means even more! With time so short, and so many places to see, only a car of your own can give you the complete freedom you need to come and go as you please! **CITROEN,** one of the world's greatest automotive names, offers the most convenient and economical way to see Europe by far!

Order your CITROEN here, and a brand new car (complete with all necessary travel and touring documents) will be delivered to you in Europe direct from the factory. **CITROEN gives you all the advantages:** A new car, with a choice of taking it back to the States for further savings, or using the Factory Repurchase Plan. Either way you go farther for less in your own CITROEN.



CITROEN DS 19 and ID 19

A CAR FOR EVERY BUDGET: CITROEN DS 19 – World's Safest Car with AIR-oil SUSPENSION, Power Steering, Power Brakes, Automatic Clutch. **CITROEN ID 19** – Medium-priced Five-Seater, also featuring the luxurious comfort of AIR-oil SUSPENSION. **PANHARD-Dyna**–Five-Seater, one of the best selling cars in France today. **CITROEN 2CV** – Four-Seater – the most economical car in the world.

Tour Europe with UNLIMITED MILEAGE in your own new CITROËN

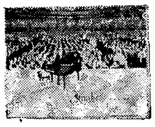
For **FREE BOOKLET:** "Overseas Delivery Plan," write, call or visit the DIRECT FACTORY BRANCH

CITROEN CARS CORPORATION:
300 Park Avenue, Dept. NY-3, New York • ELdorado 5-2872
8423 Wilshire Blvd., Dept. NY-3, Beverly Hills, Calif. • OLive 3-4745

Munsel's captivating voice sings praises of Knabe . . . official piano of the Met

Patrice Munsel, like other Metropolitan Opera stars, chooses Knabe. Reason: "No other piano so closely approximates the warmth and richness of the human voice."

10 reasons why Knabe is the Met's official piano are *also* why you should make it yours. Ask your Knabe dealer (listed in Yellow Pages) for a demonstration of these *"10 reasons why"*.



Get new color catalog showing 10 Knabe pianos like the Modern Chippendale, above. KNABE, 10 East 48th Street (just off Fifth), New York City.

Knabe The Piano of Song

UNIVERSITY TOWN

and A-WEIGH you go!

. . . Brussels Fair or Madison Avenue this summer?

. . . 6 ounces of travel or business pleasure are yours to enjoy in our superlite MINICRON blend of 55% dacron—45% fine worsted.

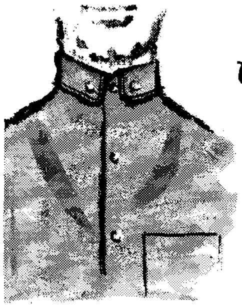
. . . taffeta trim. 3 button natural or lounge models. Brings out the male in you!

about $55

at knowledgeable retailers including

Birmingham	BURGER-PHILLIPS CO.
Charlotte	MELLON CO.
Columbus	J. A. KIRVEN CO.
Detroit-Pittsburgh	HUGHES & HATCHER
Ft. Worth	WASHER BROS.
Los Angeles	HARRIS & FRANK
Memphis	HENRY HALLE & BRO.
San Francisco	PAUSON'S

or write PINCUS BROS.-MAXWELL, INC., Phila. 7, Pa.



the very short collar

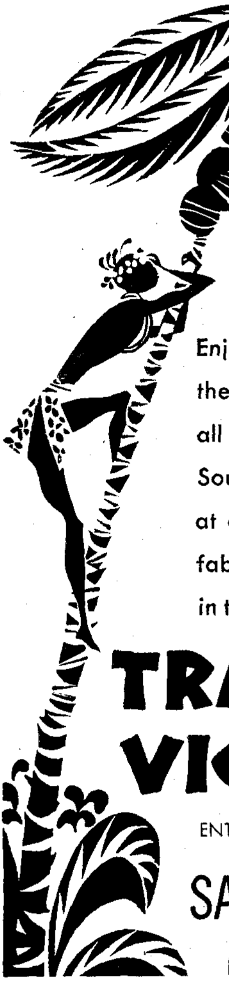
Great with a tie . . . but it really swings without one, and fully buttoned. Long sleeves. Oxford cloth in Deep Olive, Flax, or Yellow. Sizes S, M, L, XL. Ours alone, 6.95 ppd. Free catalog. No C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order to

the domino
1450 east 57th st., chicago 37
also 1020 rush st., chicago 11

ful painting of two women in vaguely Oriental costumes, called "The Concert." It is also one of the group never shown in New York before, and since Renoir was by then so crippled by arthritis that he could barely move, it is an amazing performance.)

In between, as I've said, Renoir's styles are on the whole capably covered. For all the sunny sensuousness of his art, its feeling of immediacy and warmth, he was a careful and conscientious worker. Particularly in his earlier years, he worried constantly about his art, rejecting and refining, and it is but natural that it went through a number of stylistic changes. Friendly influences—the kind of interchange that went on constantly among the founding Impressionists when they were young—appear here and there, as well as the deeper ones of the Old Masters that he admired. There are traces of the early Monet, his close friend at the time, in the crisp treatment of "The Pont des Arts," and in its companion cityscape "The Pont Neuf," of a few years later, while "Lady in a Garden" and the glowing "The Greenhouse" are even more Impressionist in approach. This, though, is about as far as he went in that direction, and despite all the dapplings of light and shade in "The Promenade"—a charming study of a coy, bonneted young lady entrusting her hand to a gentleman as he helps her along a forest path—there are undercurrents of Courbet and other earlier men that add a good deal to the picture's compositional strength.

The truth is, apparently, that there was something about the looseness of Impressionism that troubled Renoir, and though he never quite gave up the fluidity of attack that it permitted, he seems soon to have sought to combine that quality with a greater precision of design. Thus, Impressionist in other respects as "At the Moulin de la Galette" may be, it is tighter in structure and more finished texturally than it would have been if Sisley, say, or Pissarro had attempted it, and so are "Young Girl in a Boat" and "On the Terrace." What he gained from the method—and it's an achievement not always enough emphasized—was an enormous ability to create atmospheric suggestion. He could not only make you feel the surrounding air about the object; he could identify it, too—to the end that the illumination in "The Gondola, Venice" is as subtly different from that of "The Stairway, Algiers" as the latter is from the similarly composed Norman



Enjoy the atmosphere, the exotic food and all the splendor of the South Sea Islands at one of the most fabulous restaurants in the world . . .

TRADER VIC'S

ENTRANCE 7 E 58th STREET
AT THE
SAVOY-PLAZA
A HILTON HOTEL
ELdorado 5-2600

wondering why they never called back?

Maybe "they" did—and you were out. Why miss important business or social calls—when we will answer your phone for you—take messages and deliver them promptly. Only 4.40 a week for 24 hours, 7 day service. (4-week minimum, Manhattan exchanges only.) Call the Lefcorts at Affiliated Telephone Answering Service, CIRCLE 5-5800

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN RESTAURANT WITH A SLIGHT FRENCH ACCENT
HUnter 7-2525
TABLE d'HOTE and A la Carte
DINERS' CLUB
Leonard's OF GREAT NECK
380 NORTHERN BOULEVARD
between BELT PARKWAY and LAKEVILLE ROAD
PRIVATE BANQUET FACILITIES

New York's Foremost Supper Club
THE Blue Angel
152 East 55th St. Res. PL 3-5998

scene called "Road at Wargemont."

But while I've got caught up in this side of his work, Renoir was not primarily a landscape painter, though it might be said that in some of his late figure paintings the human body, tanned, tawny, and tumultuous as the Provençal countryside, is rendered with something of the same elementary significance. The best of these are all toward the end of the show, and since most are well known, I shan't try to catalogue them. But I will say that there's a quality about "The Judgment of Paris" and "The Young Shepherd," among others, that makes them seem as timeless, almost, as the earth itself.

IN the matter of age, Juan Gris, now being shown at the Modern Museum, unfortunately was one of the exceptions. Born in 1887, he died at the age of forty, and it was not till he was in his twenties that he painted seriously. For all that, and in spite of the fact that for a variety of causes—ill health and his own unassumingness rank high among them—he was largely unnoticed during his life, he is now coming more and more to be recognized as one of the truly great figures of the Cubist era.

The show—which will also be seen in Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Los Angeles—is the first attempt at a comprehensive survey of his work in this country, and despite a certain slight helter-skelter quality about the arrangement it is a generally successful one. Gris's main strength, perhaps, was in two of the qualities that are basic to an artist—a fine feeling for design and a quick eye for rich and resonant color. Near the end—see "Still-Life with Fruit Bowl" and "Woman with a Mandolin (After Corot)"—there was a period when his palette darkened, but even so the design is varied and imaginative, while in his best pieces ("Still-Life with Pears," "Book, Pipe and Glasses," and the beautifully blue "Still-Life Before an Open Window," to name only a few) he produced paintings that are the equal of any artist's of the period.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

MOST FASCINATING SOCIAL NOTE OF THE WEEK

[*The following note, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Flagstaff (Ariz.) Arizona Sun.*]

Mrs. Nora Bradley was hospitalized three days last week after spending an interesting three weeks with a friend who was visiting here and here her brother. The women went for long hikes and enjoyed the nice spring weather.

"I never carry more than $50 in cash,"

says DICK POWELL
star of "Zane Grey Theatre," Fridays, CBS-TV.

"*When I travel, I always carry my money in American Express Travelers Cheques.*" Spendable anywhere, good until used, prompt refund if lost or stolen. Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices.

Charges, only a penny a dollar

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE

BEA

your Happiest* way about Europe

...Largest airline operating all over Europe

*FREQUENT SERVICE... LONDON—MADRID

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

See your travel agent or nearest airline office.
General Sales Agents in USA: BOAC
BEA FLIES TO OVER 75 EUROPEAN CITIES

Seven Winds

Seven Winds
COLOGNE SUPRÊME
Seven Winds

...wear it
and you
stir up
a storm!

Perfume 2.50, 10.00, 18.50
Cologne Suprême 2.50, 4.00 PRICES PLUS TAX
Also in Bath Powder and Cologne Spray Mist

DUBARRY
NEW YORK • PARIS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

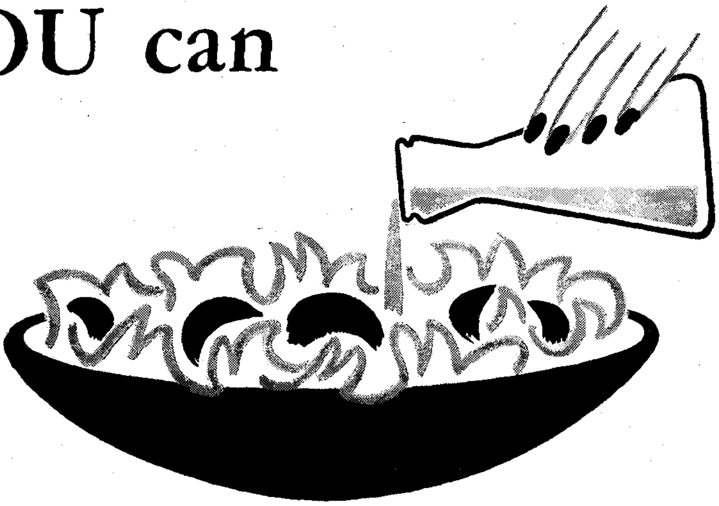
THIS AND THAT

MACY'S Little Shop has brought over a shipful of cheer (not liquid), mostly from Italy, such as tapered coats of scarlet wide-wale piqué decked out with make-believe and real breast pockets ($51.50) or striking chemise dresses of natural hemp ($29.95). The most noticeable things about the dresses are the pockets, which run diagonally from the right hip to the opposite hem and form a minor gallery—Toulouse-Lautrec red-haired women and top-hatted men at the Moulin Rouge, or van Gogh's white-bearded gentlemen and gray-haired ladies, all of them painted on by hand, as the expression goes. The coat-dresses, of black or white polished cotton, use another decorative device—coral and green and chartreuse friezes of cupids, chariots, and whatnot, all of them borrowings from Pompeian murals. An urbane chemise dress of black cotton that looks like thin wool would be perfect for summer in town. Black soutache ball braid edges the collarless neck and the small round pockets, below the bosom, that give the illusion of an Empire waistline. White cotton in a squiggly navy plaid is for a dress with a long-torso shirtwaist top, a drawstring threaded with navy taffeta ribbon above the knees, and a deep flounce under that. This happens to be the only French one on my list. A button-down-the-front afternoon dress with a portrait neck and no sleeves is executed in a white Jacquard piqué that suggests an old-fashioned counterpane design. The natural waist is designated by a belt of persimmon cotton. These dresses are $37.50 to $74.95 apiece. A very Italian barrel beach dress of white cotton in a black Provençal design has a high-waisted top and a narrow hem, both of black cotton ribbing; $56.25. Further equipment for sunning (or even for dining by moonlight) is of white cotton in alternating stripes of red polka dots and poppies. Below the camisole top, the unpressed box pleats and the folds down the front of the skirt (the folds make the thing look like a redingote) billow over starched white cambric petticoats; $32.75. Not so incidentally, all the skirts here scarcely hide the knees.

Many of the Little Shop's accessories were hatched in Europe, too. Angular handbags of natural hemp on which Modigliani (or maybe it was a descendant) has painted some of his swan-neck subjects are $16.50, which includes the federal tax. Carryalls of the hemp in a flower print, and smaller bags with outside pockets, are built like carpetbags but weigh a great deal less. Huge, melon-shaped satchels of black or white lacquered wicker open up as wide as suitcases, so you can get at things. Beige straw-cloth pouches embroidered with white beads and straw-cloth sunbursts and scrolls swing from bamboo handles. And there are chemise corsages, trailing stems sometimes two feet long, to pin, of course, on chemise dresses and thus emphasize the long, lean line. Among the posies, all of them fabric, are cabbage roses and hothouse violets. Headbands and hip belts for sack dresses come in black, navy, Kelly green, or red grosgrain that's polka-dotted in white.

AMIE, at 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has sound ideas about exports *to* Europe, and these clothes for travellers abroad are becoming, too. Sweater coats, straight or spacious, of greige basketweave wool knit can go over everything from dawn to dawn. They're $125, the most expensive items in this Amie group. Chemise dresses of a slightly lighter-weight wool knit may, until the eye gets used to the things, be nipped in by knitted belts. Leather-lined handbags of the wool knit provide room for a nightgown, slippers, a thin robe, and a magazine (not *Fortune*); $39, including the federal tax, and magnificent bags at the price. Little-boy jackets and slender skirts appear in an even airier basketweave wool, either greige and white or greige and toast. Black shantung chemise dresses, which can be lived in day after day, have wide standoff collars, short cuffed sleeves, and broad shantung sashes. A candidate for more formal goings-on is a three-layer composition—black chiffon over orange chiffon over harmonizing crêpe—whose plunging neckline can be fastened at the throat. Two-decker chemises—white-dotted orange chiffon over plain white chiffon—do without collars; long, detachable scarves take their place. The puffed elbow

Nobody can make salads taste better than YOU can



when you mix your dressing FRESH with GOOD SEASONS

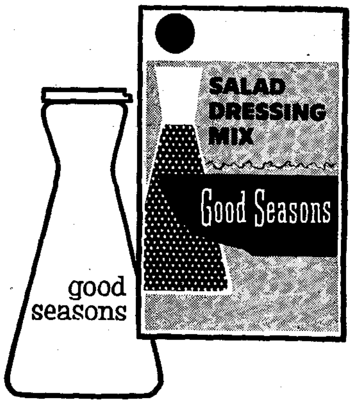
(the delightful salad dressing mix!)

You have in each envelope of Good Seasons* Salad Dressing Mix a rare collection of fine herbs and spices that bring more flavor to salads. *Freshly-ground,* they're blends created by a continental salad chef. You add your own oil and vinegar. Takes seconds—tastes wonderful!

Choose from 7 exclusive flavors: Old Fashion Garlic, Old Fashion French, Italian, American French, Bleu Cheese, California French, Exotic Herbs.

Get this mixing cruet, with measurements marked, in the Good Seasons Kit.

Brought to you by GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

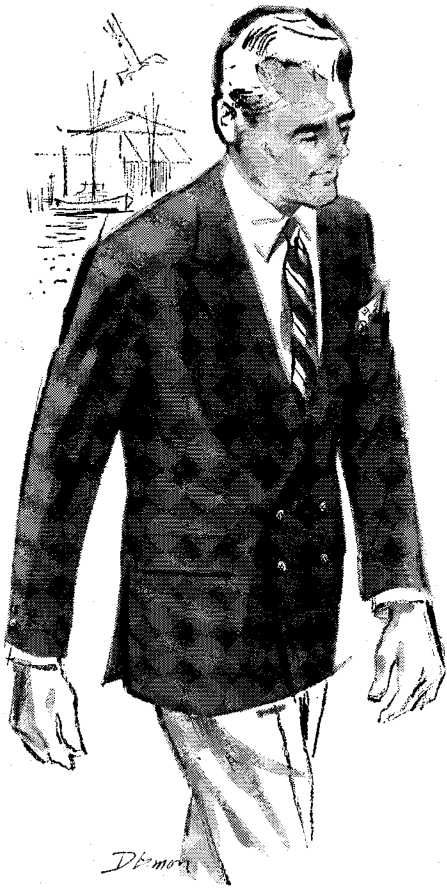


*REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

sleeves of these end in cuffs of white wool knit. Self sashes decorate some scoop-neck chiffon counterparts, in small greige-and-white allover patterns. The dresses are between $50 and $75. The customer is not necessarily restricted in her choice of color; I have merely mentioned the hues in which the goods are shown.

ALLEN-ARMSTRONG, a fairly new shop, at 27 East 60th Street, makes a habit (in every sense of the word) of cashmere sweaters and companion skirts or dresses—for instance, pullovers of gray cashmere whose turnover collars and vestees (red, white, and blue Paisley surah) match knife-pleat skirts. More tropical combinations pair off pullovers of yellow cashmere and pleated skirts of yellow surah on which orange rosebuds bud. Flowered silk pipes the standaway collars, the oval cutouts on the chest, and the cuffs, tied with little bows, on the short sleeves. The skirts come rolled in plastic tubes, for packing, and there are twenty-seven necklines for the sweaters, though only one to a sweater. Short-sleeved pullovers of white cashmere are the nesting place for fichus of blue-and-white checked sheer wool, which cross over and button onto the tops of the chest pockets; the running mates of these are skirts of checked wool with double rows of matching buttons down the front (no buttonholes, because of the zipper on one side). These are $55 a set, the lowest price of the lot. High-necked sheaths of pale-blue linen are striped up and down the bodice with thread-width bands of navy and scarlet linen; the cardigans for them, of pale-blue cashmere, are lined with red cotton and bound with navy linen, which, in turn, is edged with red linen at one side and red picot at the other. Further sheaths, sleeveless ones of pink linen, are covered by boleros of red cashmere, and red rayon velvet leaves twine around the scoop necks of the sheaths and the décolletages of the boleros. Both sets are $135. *Mirabile dictu*, or something very much like it, there are just sweaters, too. The most impressive one is a boxy cardigan of off-white cashmere on which a lavish supply of embroidered flowers cut from Oriental kimonos is appliquéd; $165. Embroidered flowers *and* birds raise the price to $185. Sizes run from 10 to 18, and order-filling time runs to a couple of weeks.

YOU'D think the long, hot summer was already here when you look at Elizabeth Arden's lingerie depart-



Dunhill Tailors . . . catering to the "International Man"

New Blue Blazer, $85
(representing a saving of at least $2000)

Here's what we mean. You'd have to spend the money to travel to London, Rome or Milano . . . to a tailor on Bond Street, Savile Row or the Via Condotti to get a blazer anywhere near as smart as this. We can tell you that it's made of the best British flannel, is double breasted, has flapped pockets, side vents and four checkered gold-plated buttons. We can *not* tell you how very smart you'll look in it. You'll have to see yourself in it! Sizes 38 to 46, regular, short and long. You can order by mail.

d

Dunhill Tailors
65 East 57th Street, New York

MANDARIN COAT . . . or DRESS
from the Orient
PURE RAW SILK $15.
Turquoise, Black, Gold, Shrimp, Red, Natural. S-M-L
COTTON $8.
Coral, Gold, Black White, Turquoise, Red, Lime, Sand. S-M-
Send for catalogue
Tel. JUDSON 2-3622
Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y1, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

EXTRA CARE IN Moving
EXTRA KNOW-HOW IN Packing
EXTRA FACILITIES FOR Storage
AT NO EXTRA COST TO YOU!

Let a courteous, skilled expert come in and help you plan the most efficient and economical solution to your problems.

WEST SIDE WAtkins 9-1300
510-520 West 21st Street
New York, N.Y.

MORGAN AND BROTHER – the MANHATTAN STORAGE COMPANY, INC.

EAST SIDE LEhigh 5-9100
80th St. & Third Avenue • New York, N.Y.

FREE:
Write or phone for booklet on moving day short-cuts

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

130 East 57th St., New York

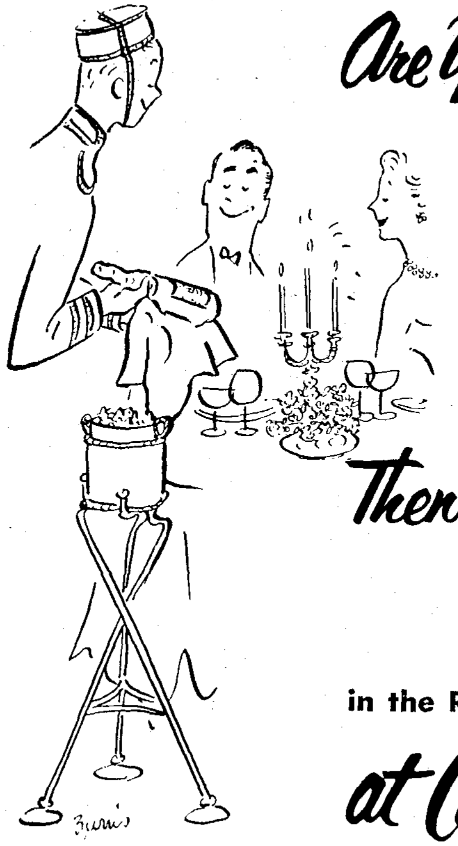
Cha-Cha-Cha with
CUGAT
in the Café Rouge
THE STATLER HILTON
PEnnsylvania 6-5000

20 THOUSAND
watch straps for men and women! Precious leathers in all sizes and colors. Imported and domestic. From $2.50 to $6.50.
"Have you looked at your watch strap lately?"
TIME MART 425 Madison Ave. NYC Bet. 48th & 49th Sts.

ment. Décolleté coveralls of white silk on which red cabbage roses and green leaves proliferate are partly veiled by bouffant overskirts of silk organza that matches the foliage; $62.50. Peignoirs of pink or blue cotton-and-rayon brocade (more but smaller roses) grow brocade bows at the back of their Empire waistline. Calf-length robes of white dacron pin-dotted with red paint (and I mean paint) fasten with red poker chips, and two-inch folds to the rear form a semicircle from hip to hip. Princesse breakfast coats of white cloqué cotton in a huge bachelor's-button print could be worn while taxiing breadwinners to the station and breadeaters to school. The price—an imperceptible $9.95. White nylon georgette crêpe overlaid with printed sprays of pink apple blossom and further adorned with abstract flowers of pink embroidery and with white nylon net spell—when you put them all together—long nightgowns, waltz-length gowns (for sleep-waltzers?), slips, half slips, and pants; a two-letter monogram (one week) is part of the deal. Endearing beruffled and beribboned peignoirs, short nightgowns, and baby-doll pajamas of blue nylon sheer on which blue rosebuds are printed are lined with blue nylon tricot. There are even cheerful hospital nightgowns, which are sure to last longer than flowers. One of the prettiest is a blend of white cotton and dacron sprinkled with turquoise-blue pin dots. White nylon lace borders the wide revers and the cap sleeves, and a bow of turquoise nylon velvet sits at each side of the high yoke.

Belgian Shoes, which is at 60 East 56th Street, is the home away from home for the handmade footwear of De Busschere, of Bruges, whose long, slender moccasins are now in stock in thirty variants, or something for any occasion. Their cushiony leather soles make them more comfortable than going barefoot. There's variety in the materials, too—maroon or green llama calf, black or navy calfskin, pale-pink calfskin with red calf piping and bows, white calfskin with royal-blue vamps and soles, black or white canvas with bright nosegay embroidery. The lounging moccasins of black rayon brocade into which a brilliant pagoda pattern is woven could do double duty at a ball. Sizes range from 2B to 11AAA, prices from $16.95 to $35.

Van Cleef & Arpels' jewelry boutique, part and parcel of Bergdorf Goodman's main floor, houses a


Are You Dining Out?

Tonight

This Week

A Special Occasion

Then Dine à la Ritz

Ritz Cuisine

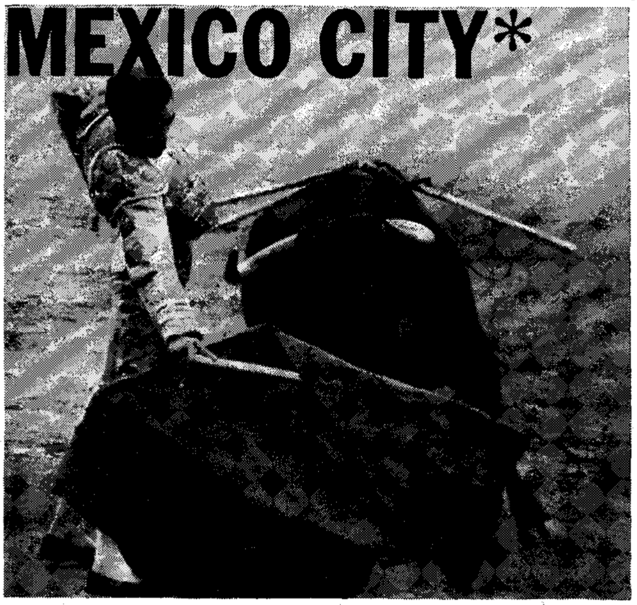
Ritz Wine

Ritz Service

in the Ritz Restaurant

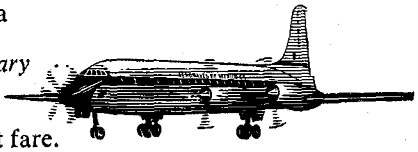
at Carlton House

MADISON AVENUE AT 61st STREET, NEW YORK CITY, TEmpleton 8-3000
Gaston Lauryssen, President, Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company


MEXICO CITY* YOU CAN BE HERE* IN A HOP...

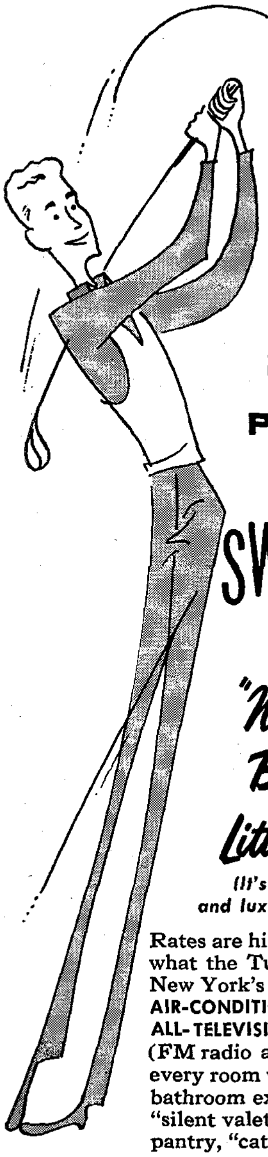
VIA AERONAVES

Save two hours per round trip on the Aeronaves radar-equipped, jet-prop Britannia flying daily non-stop New York to Mexico City. Continental... *and complimentary* meals on first *and tourist* class. The smart *place* to go is Mexico... the smart *way* to go is Aeronaves! $99 one way tourist fare.


For reservations, phone your friendly travel agent or any Pan American office

AERONAVES DE MEXICO

500 Fifth Avenue • New York 36, N. Y. • BRyant 9-9700 (affiliated with Pan American World Airways)



MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SWINGING TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

(It's the very best and luxuriously different)

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! New York's only ALL AIR-CONDITIONED, ALL-TELEVISIONED hotel (FM radio as well): every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet," butler's pantry, "catnap throw" and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16

Bertram Weal, General Manager

MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392

hand-shaped®

suits from $85 . . . jackets from $60.

Sold to men accustomed to wearing the best, by fine stores throughout the country. Our brand names:

Austin Leeds and *Groshire*

GROSSMAN CLOTHING CO., NEW YORK

menagerie of small gold clips to embellish a lapel, a hat, a sleeve, or a purse. Man's best friend, a ruby-eyed gold-wire-haired terrier with a cabochon turquoise body and a mouth of blue sapphire, is $65, but you can spend lots more. A pensive brushed-gold Yorkshire terrier, which heads the ten-most-popular list, wears eight blue sapphires in his collar and one ruby in his topknot. A turtle carved out of carnelian suns itself (with luck) on a gold leaf edged with twisted gold wire. The back of a gold turtle, whose body could be the cover of a Victorian watch, bears an oblong turquoise encircled by thirty small blue sapphires; $585, a golden-anniversary price. The body of a mouse—gold ears, ruby eyes, and diamond eyelashes—is of cabochon lapis lazuli, onyx, chrysoprase, or cat's-eye, which is what mice are the apple of. A gold fawn, modern in mood, has eight little diamonds in its downturned horns. The prices include the federal tax.

JULIA MARSHALL, now over at 54 East 53rd Street (one flight up), does children's clothes that are as fine as they come. Her complete wardrobes for young ladies size 2 to 6 are almost wholly sewed by hand and almost wholly of imported materials. Luxurious but simple robes of pale-blue batiste (dusted with pink and French-blue moss roses) over white batiste terminate in turnover collars and cuffs edged with wide Valenciennes-type lace; $19.75. Delectable peignoirs of the same print, with linings of pink batiste, have ruffles at the round necks; *entredeux* threaded with pink ribbon borders the yokes. These are $24.75. High-necked nightgowns of white batiste with short, puffed sleeves and the same frippery are $17.75. Matching slips and French-type pants are $12.75 and $8.75, respectively. Ensembles of pale-blue, pale-green, or yellow chambray come next. Bloomer sun suits of the fabric are piped with white piqué; box-pleated coat-dresses have Peter Pan collars of white piqué. All are garnished with red strawberry embroidery on the right side of the chest. Sunbonnets with strawberries dribbling over the brim complete the plan. Other ensembles—pink linen box coats and chemise dresses—are even fascinating the pre-kindergarten group. A distinguishing feature is the tucking from the turned-down collars to below the absent waistline. The coats could go over birthday-party dresses of white organdie printed with pink roses, buttercups, and forget-me-nots. Other considerations

35,542 Lire . . .

is about the total cost for a week's stay at a top-flight Italian resort. For the same reasonable weekly charge, approximately $59 apiece, a couple can enjoy an equally delightful foreign flavor, congenial companions, cuisine *par excellence* and every summer sport at nearby Mont Tremblant Lodge.

Your rate includes accommodations, meals and practically all activities at this internationally famous resort with its 6000 acres of Laurentian beauty.

The Lodge is operated as a Club, and reservations are necessary. Season: July 1—October 1. Your inquiry is invited.

Mont Tremblant Lodge

Club & Cottages

90 miles north of Montreal

Mont Tremblant, P.Q. Canada

Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan

President and Managing Director

Drake Room

Preferred by the town's most interesting people for

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER

AFTER THEATRE SUPPER

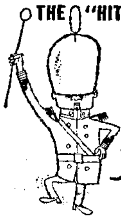
with *Addison Bailey's* piano divertissements of the day during cocktail time, dinner and supper.

HOTEL Drake

440 Park Avenue, at 56th Street

PLaza 5-0600

Bing & Bing, Inc. Mgt



THE "HIT PARADE OF NAME BANDS" presents

VAL ERNIE

& his Society Orch.

alternating with

ARGUESO & his Latin Rhythms

EXCITING NEW Roseland DANCE CITY

ALWAYS 2 GREAT BANDS

CONTINUOUS DANCING Eves. ex. Mon.

MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY

SUNDAY CONTINUOUS from 3:30 P.M.

TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR

52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY

les pyrenees

Unique French Provincial decor. Authentic Specialties of the South of France

Lunches and Dinners

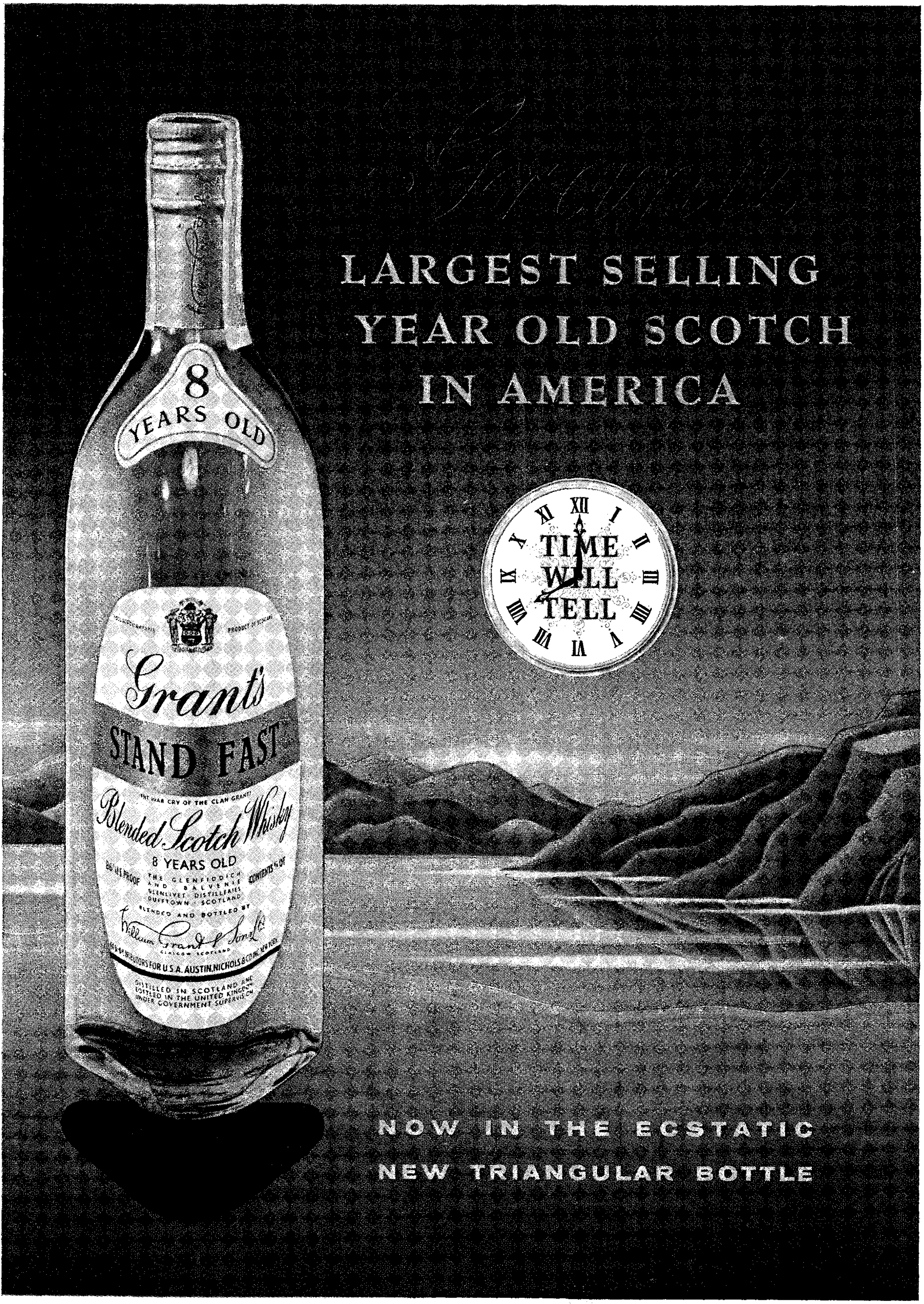
Member Diner's Club

BAR PARISIEN • COCKTAIL LOUNGE

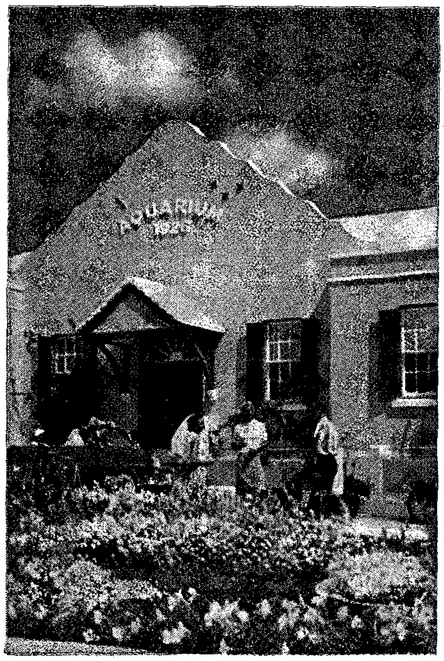
Noon to Midnite

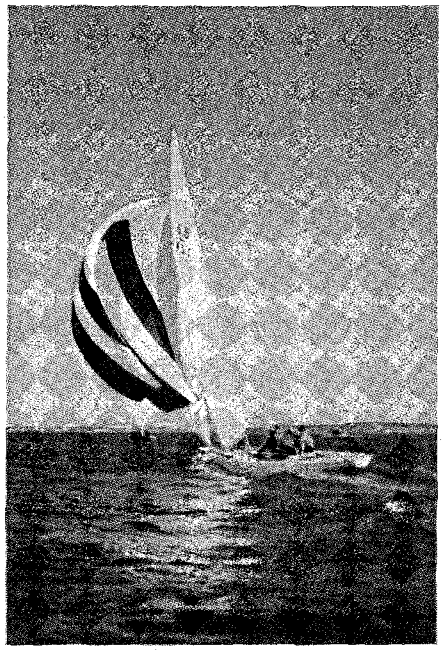
CI 6-0044

234 W. 48 St. (West of Bway.)


Grant's
LARGEST SELLING
YEAR OLD SCOTCH
IN AMERICA
TIME
WILL
TELL
8
YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
THE WAR CRY OF THE CLAN GRANT
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD
86° U.S. PROOF
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE GLENLIVET DISTILLERIES DUFFTOWN SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A. AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
NOW IN THE ECSTATIC
NEW TRIANGULAR BOTTLE

86 PROOF — SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. NEW YORK — NEW YORK





BERMUDA

Another world awaits you in these lovely little islands

On her wide beaches and quaint streets, far from daily cares, it's hard to believe Bermuda is only 700 miles from the mainland. Here you can sail as you've dreamed of sailing, or skim on skis over sparkling blue waters. Bicycles or surrey-top taxis take you to historic sites or secluded picnic coves, to flower-banked roadways or lighthouses from which to view all the islands. There are five beautiful golf courses, en-tout-cas tennis courts. Bermuda's hotels offer excellent accommodations, food and service . . . nightly dancing and entertainment; or you may prefer one of the many charming guest houses or cottage colonies.

There are numerous daily flights to Bermuda by major trans-Atlantic airlines; and weekly sailings on luxury ocean liners. Plan your trip efficiently, economically—with your travel agent. And for a free Bermuda Vacation Kit, write to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

are their white organdie collars and the plastrons on the bodice, which are edged with *entredeux* and lace.

THE wool varsity sweaters at Rabun Studios, farther uptown, at 31 East 67th Street, are beautifully hand-knit accomplishments. They're in navy, red, gray, or white, and designed for the very young. Sizes 1 to 3 are $12.50, sizes 4 to 6 are $15. If the incipient alma mater's name is a long one, like Princeton, a single appropriate letter is included in the price; if it's short, like Yale, the whole name is included in the deal. The knitting and marking take from three days to a week.

THE Lighthouse Craft Shop, at 111 East 59th Street, has given some thought to little-girl cotton pinafores on which splashy white daisies and green leaves are painted. You say where you want them. The spectrum is jade green, Nile green, turquoise blue, powder blue, scarlet, orange, maize, and pink; sizes are from 2 to 10 and prices from $5.95 to $9.95. Orders take two weeks.

MAGIC MENDERS, a block away, at 36 East 59th Street, has now instituted an alteration service—taking in or letting out clothes, shortening hems (from $2.50 for a narrow skirt) or lengthening them, if anyone dares do *that* today. The shop will also line, monogram, and/or trim sweaters, with velvet, braid, lace, flowers, and so on, using either the customer's or its own bits and pieces. As before, Magic Menders will polish or reglaze handbags and restore locks, hinges, and stitching; mend gloves; reweave moth holes and cigarette burns; repair or replace zippers. Simple chores take a week, more difficult ones ten days. —M. M.

•

The winter sun of Florida can be enjoyably beneficial but, when indulged in unwisely, extremely painful. Many people think of investing in somewhat similar terms. Unfortunately, the gentle application of cocoa butter is of no help to a burned investor.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Have you tried?

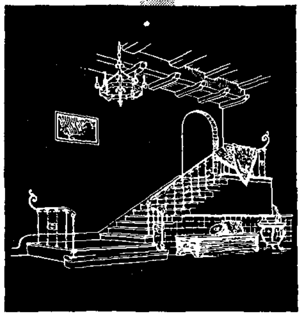
•

RETRACTION

We of the Dalton News regret to announce that we made a grave mistake. We printed that Tommy Reichman won a poetry contest. This was not true.—*Dalton School paper.*

We never took any stock in it anyway.

For you who cherish individuality
COOPERATIVE APARTMENTS
A rare purchase opportunity for those who seek distinction and luxury in apartment ownership, this is one of New York's finest residential buildings, combining yesterday's grand manner of living with today's modern conveniences.



Dramatic staircase descending to Studio Living Room

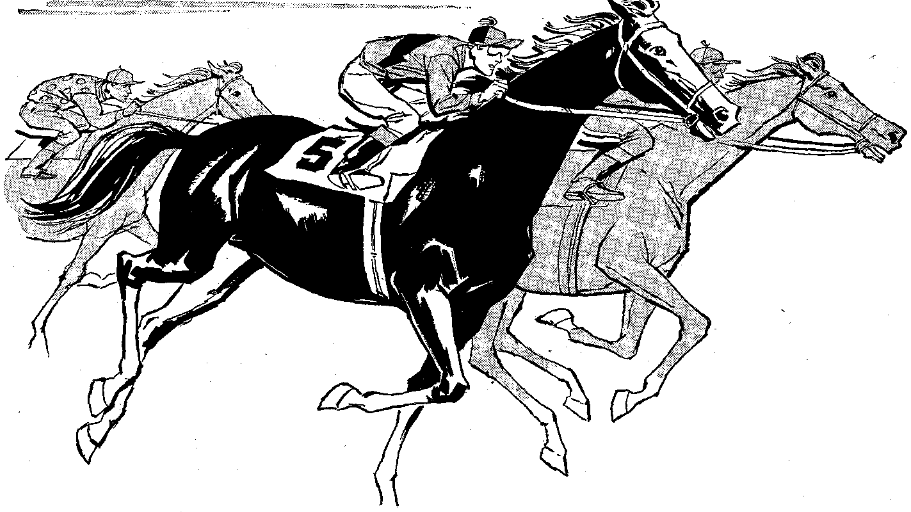
IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY
SUITES OF 6 and 8 ROOMS
with 2 and 3 BEDROOMS
Also 3-4-5 Rooms
with Studio Living Rooms
and Woodburning Fireplaces
ATTRACTIVELY PRICED
REASONABLE MAINTENANCE
SUBSTANTIAL TAX REDUCTIONS

**Inviting foyers, spacious rooms with 14' to 16' ceilings, studio living rooms with large English casement windows, galleries, and woodburning fireplaces * Large, tiled Baths * Walk-in closets * Huge Kitchens and Pantries * Maids' Quarters * Doorman & Elevator Service*

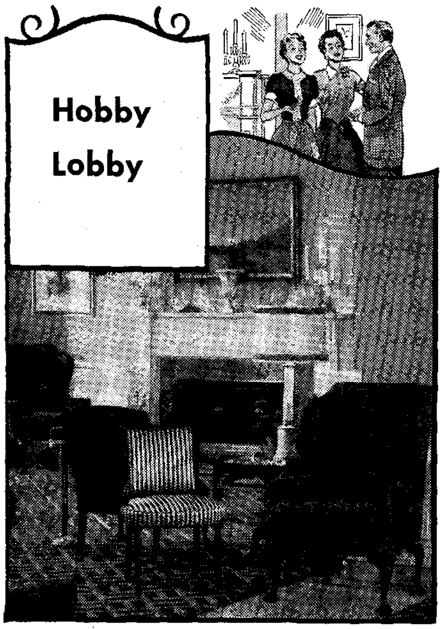
14 East 75th Street
Between Fifth Avenue & Madison Avenue
A limited number of apartments is still available; your early inspection is suggested. Office in building open daily, Saturday, Sunday. Phone PL 5-8290 or LE 5-6840.

RIKER & CO., INC.
137 E. 57th St., SELLING & MANAGING AGENT
Offered to Residents of N. Y. State

Go Quickly...
Go Easily...
Go Jamaica



First Race 1:15 PM • Daily Double Closes 1:05 PM • Gen'l Adm. $1.95 (tax incl.)
Special Trains: Penn. Sta. from 10:45 A.M. (Sats.—10:30) Flatbush Ave., B'klyn, 10:35 A.M.
By Car: via Belt P'kwy to N. Y. Blvd. exit or Van Wyck Expressway to Rockaway Blvd. exit.
By Subway: 6th & 8th Ave. (Ind.) E and F trains to Parsons Blvd. Sta., Jamaica. Bus to track.
THOROUGHBRED RACING ON LONG ISLAND



All bushed . . . all bored to The Gideon! Take refuge in our lobby, TV lounge, reading, writing . . . card rooms. Relax indoors . . . outdoors in our springy pine air . . . *next door!* Yes — famous SARATOGA SPA—expert massage and mineral baths unburden aches 'n' shakes . . . send you bubbling on your way. For reservations, free booklet, write Myron H. Woolley, Manager.

GIDEON PUTNAM HOTEL

Privately operated at The Saratoga Spa, Saratoga Springs, New York.

The Spa is Owned and its Health Services Operated by The State of New York.

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME in an easybaby

THE PERFECT BABY PRESENT

A pediatrician approved cradle chair that elevates and supports the smallest baby. It brings him into the family circle and frees mother's hands for feeding. Easybaby is the ideal way to keep the infant happy and secure at his mother's side, about the house, traveling. Hand finished wood construction, in pale pink, blue or yellow. Fully assembled, complete with plastic mattress, safety strap and hand holes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order. Postage paid in U.S.A. & Canada, $9.95.

HARVEST HOUSE, BOX 572, ORCHARD PARK, N. Y.

HW a painting from the howard wise gallery pays rich dividends of enjoyment
11322 euclid avenue
cleveland 6 ohio

MUSICAL EVENTS

Whither?

HAVING opened its current festival of American opera quite brilliantly with Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," the New York City Opera last week found itself floundering in a rather depressing state of aesthetic confusion. The confusion was most strikingly exemplified by a revival, on Thursday evening, of Kurt Weill's Broadway musical "Lost in the Stars"—a somewhat curious choice, even if one assumes that the directors of the project were bent on showing that a Broadway musical is the same thing as an opera, which it clearly is not. As a matter of fact, "Lost in the Stars" is not a particularly good example of a Broadway musical. It is primarily a play, by Maxwell Anderson (based, of course, on Alan Paton's South African novel "Cry, the Beloved Country"), for which the late Mr. Weill wrote some incidental tunes and other musical numbers of a decidedly conventional sort—additions that, to my mind, contribute very little to the drama and sometimes get in the way of it. As a play, I daresay, it has its virtues. True, it does descend here and there to the level of the three popular Broadway stereotypes of the Negro—the clown, the wailing masochist, and the oversexed animal. But its central character, the Reverend Stephen Kumalo—beautifully played the other night by Lawrence Winters—is a person of considerable nobility, and the spectacle of his search for his son, his moral crisis, and his final tragedy is certainly a moving one. The trouble, from the operatic point of view, is that everything of real importance in the work is expressed in Mr. Anderson's eloquent prose, and that Mr. Weill's music is a mere decoration, so irrelevant and trivial that one suspects it could be left out without damage to the production as a whole.

The inclusion of "Lost in the Stars" in what is supposed to be a season of American opera makes me wonder whether the sponsors of this worthy undertaking have any clear notion of what they are trying to do. I do not wish to take an unduly academic attitude toward the matter, and I have no intention of embarking here on a comprehensive analysis of just what opera is. But one or two things are fairly obvious. An opera is not just a play with music. It is an example of a highly specialized art form, in which music is used for purposes of psychological delineation, and in which singers of unusual vocal and dramatic gifts act out their roles by means of song. The profundity of the musical delineation and the severe demands made on the singers are what make it different from the Broadway musical. Whether it is comic or tragic has nothing to do with the case. One goes to opera to hear drama expressed in singing. The art it involves has a three-hundred-year history, and is one of the noblest arts the theatre has ever known. It requires years of training on the part of its performers, and its standards of craftsmanship are very exacting. Whether this great art is to survive in the form of contemporary works for the operatic stage depends, of course, on the skill, understanding, and talent of contemporary operatic composers. It was undoubtedly with the intention of bringing such skill, understanding, and talent to light that the Ford Foundation put up a considerable sum of money as backing for the New York City Opera's current season. The revival of a tired Broadway show—which, by the way, was successful enough some years ago in its proper surroundings—is, I submit, no answer to the problems the company has chosen to tackle. Last week's production of "Lost in the Stars" seemed to me to beg the whole question. If you want to see musical shows, you go to Broadway, and Broadway does them very well indeed.

I COULDN'T get very much excited, either, over Leonard Bernstein's "Trouble in Tahiti," which was part of a double bill presented by the same company earlier in the week. It concerns a young, eager, profoundly dishonest, and generally detestable suburban couple who obviously dislike each other and who go on expressing a hopeless and hypocritical wish to like each other through an interminable number of scenes. Their plight seems to have struck Mr. Bernstein as touching, rather than merely tedious, and he has written a mass of clichés, ranging in style from the Broadway idiom to that of Puccini, to express this reaction. A large television set in the center of the stage, from which three comedians comment on the proceedings, adds a moderately cute note of stagecraft, but "Trouble in Tahiti" is really nothing more than a morose bit of vaudeville. It hasn't a single melody of any distinction, and its situation, which might have been agreeably relieved by a separation, or even a murder or a suicide, remains in a state of unresolved frustration to the end. It certainly does not advance the cause of American opera, and I think that in view of his standing Mr. Bernstein might well consider withdrawing it from circulation.

Mark Bucci's "Tale for a Deaf Ear," another study in marital bickering, shared the double bill, and its hero at least has the grace to drop dead. This event causes his wife to wish him alive again, and after a series of rather strange, mystical scenes on the subject of resurrection—showing an Italian woman praying for her dead child, a Scottish lass praying for her dead cow, and a German knight praying for his dead brother—she gets her wish. The resurrected husband, however, proves to be just as ornery, alcoholic, and disputatious as he was before, his wife finally curses him, and this time he drops dead for good. As an opera libretto, all this is obviously pretty murky, but I noted in Mr. Bucci's music certain features that raised it far above the level of the rest of the week's offerings. Unlike Mr. Weill and Mr. Bernstein, he has squarely faced the problem of writing an opera. Some of his vocal melodies, particularly in the resurrection scenes, are memorably beautiful; he has a quite unusual faculty for setting words to music with maximum effectiveness; and his musical style—a rapidly modulating idiom full of rich harmonies—is undeniably expressive. "Tale for a Deaf Ear," as it stands, is not altogether a success, but it is a very distinguished failure, and I suspect that if Mr. Bucci can latch onto a more viable libretto, he will one day produce a fine opera. The performers in this one—including Patricia Neway, William Chapman, Beverly Bower, Lee Venora, and Richard Cassilly—did very well by its moments of drama and lyricism, and Arnold Gamson conducted the score with his customary devotion.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

The Hard Way

"MOSES UND ARON," an opera by the late Arnold Schoenberg that is making its American début on three long-playing records just issued by Columbia, is the remarkably uncom-

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

★

NEW 1958 COLLECTION

Shown by appointment in most important social centers.

Name of nearest personal representative furnished upon request.

HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47, Illinois

★

TERRACES
18 FT LONG

Another of the 51 exciting reasons to apply now for an apartment at

WASHINGTON SQUARE VILLAGE

Through the Arch • 1 Block South of Washington Square Park • Renting Office Open Evenings Mon. thru Fri. OR 7-5900 • Occupancy Fall 1958 • 2½ Rms. from $142 3 from $178 • 3½ from $183 • 4 from $250 • 5 from $268

Philip Truex presents

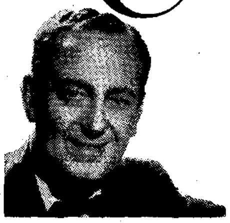
the CITY gardener

FEATURING
Living plants for city living
terraces...gardens
offices...homes
ALSO
accessories...supplies
services

Special Guest Star
PYRACANTHA LALANDI
(Firethorn) a hardy shrub tolerant of Manhattan conditions. May be grown as a vine, an espalier, or even as a house plant. Bears white flowers in spring, orange berries in fall.
Three year pot-grown specimen, 2½' high..........$5.00
Planted in 12" diameter tub..........$12.50

437 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. • LE 2-8632

THE Café Carlyle



GEORGE FEYER
at the piano nightly
An intimate setting with murals by Vertes. Open daily from 6 for cocktails, after theater drinks, supper dishes.

HOTEL CARLYLE
Madison Avenue and 76th Street

*For Those Who
Enjoy the Finest*

THE
Bath AND Tennis
CLUB
Of Westhampton Beach, L. I.

Silver-Sand Beach • Olympic
Pool • Tennis • Sun Deck Snack
Bar • Cabanas • Cabins • Bath
Houses • Terrace Restaurant
Cocktail Lounge

**Ocean-and-Bay-View,
Terraced
CLUB and BOATEL
APARTMENTS**
1-2 & 4-Room Suites
Complete Hotel Service
*Modified American Plan
includes Breakfast & Dinner*
Weekly, Monthly, Seasonal Rentals

**THE YACHT BASIN PROVIDES
COMPLETE MARINE FACILITIES**

*For Brochure and Rates,
Write or Phone*

**Bath & Tennis Club,
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 36
JUdson 6-0800**

PIERRE
GRILL
Just fine food . . . no music or
entertainment. Authentic Indian
Curry dishes served every day.
**BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER**
Weekdays and Sundays
Telephone: TEmpleton 8-8000
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
MEMBER OF THE DINER'S CLUB
18 E. 49 St. • PL 5-7731 • Open Sun. 5-10 P.M.

EL 5-4774
ZABALA'S
La Zambra
14 EAST 60 ST.
CARLOS RAMOS — Guitarist
PEPPE REQUESENS — Pianist

promising product of a remarkably dedicated musical personality. Schoenberg, who devised the twelve-tone system of musical composition, is pretty much a composer's composer; his works, though they are widely studied and have exerted a great influence on contemporary writing, are performed fairly infrequently. Of course, twelve-tone music of any kind has yet to make much of an impression on the musical public (the only exception I can think of is "Wozzeck," an opera by Schoenberg's pupil Alban Berg, whose nightmarish subject matter somehow lends itself to the extreme dissonances and the feeling of rootlessness that characterize this form of composition), but it is just possible that Schoenberg, as the father of the form, might be heard more often if he didn't put so many extra difficulties in the way. Take "Moses und Aron"—a major work, for which he prepared his own libretto, drawn from the Book of Exodus. He planned it as a three-act opera, but though he finished scoring the first two acts as early as 1932, he never got around to the music for the third. As it stands, Act II ends with a moving declaration by Moses, and the listener is left hanging there. Moreover, the two completed acts are set to some unbelievably intricate music, posing countless problems for both the singers and the instrumentalists. Not only that; in spite of the high jinks that go with the golden-calf business, "Moses und Aron" tells a rather grim story—unfolded with that peculiarly Teutonic mixture of gravity and sensuality—of a conflict between two brothers who are primarily embodiments of theological ideas and between whom it is often hard to choose the hero. And as if these things weren't enough to put a producer off, it is difficult to see how on earth an opera company could honestly mount that golden-calf scene, with such stage directions as the following: "Processions of laden camels, asses, horses, porters, and wagons enter the stage from different directions. . . . The Tribal Leaders and Ephraimite gallop up wildly before the calf and spring to the ground. . . . Destruction and suicide now begin amongst the crowd. Implements are shattered, stone jars are smashed, carts destroyed, etc. Everything possible is flung about: swords, daggers, axes, lances, jars, implements, etc. In a frenzy some throw themselves upon implements. . . . Still others leap into the fire and run burning across the stage. Several jump down from the high rock, etc. Wild dancing with all this. . . . A whole succession of naked

LEMON HART
Ronald Searle

★ Mr. Lemon Hart Says:
'Have a GOOD RUM for your money'
JAMAICA
for Planters Punch —
8 yrs. old
DEMERARA
smooth in taste and not
pungent
LEMON HART RUM
Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
86 AND 151 PROOF
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

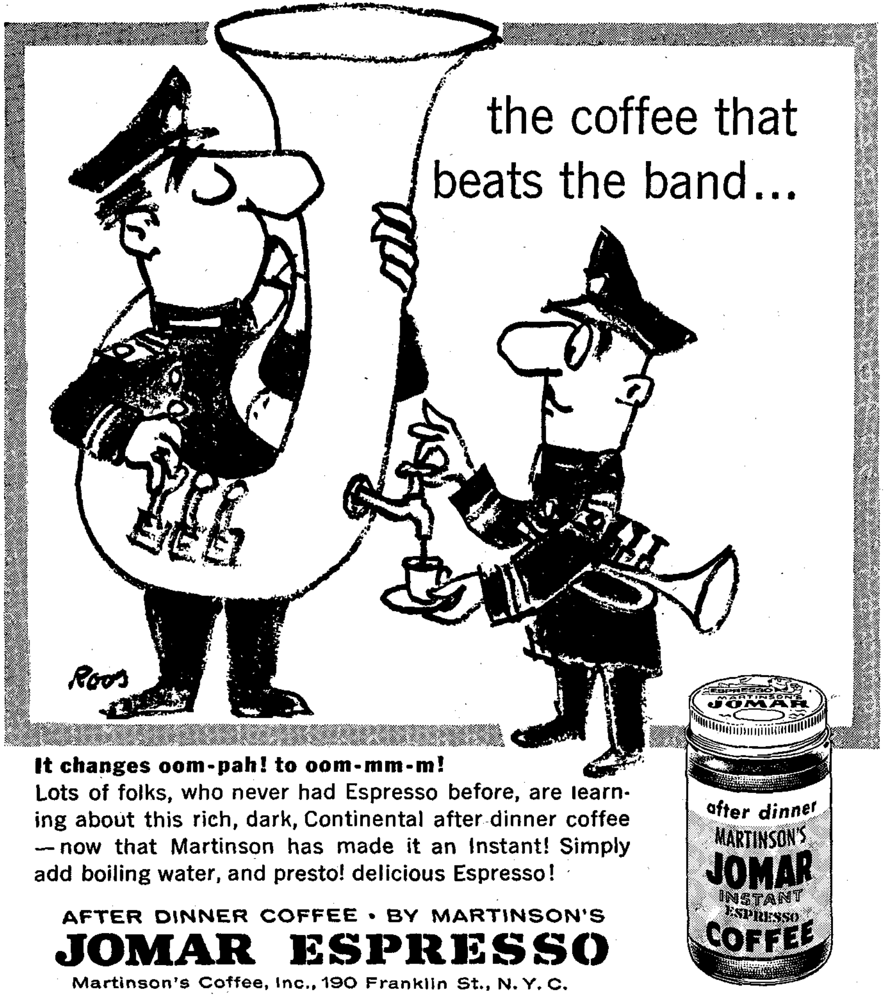
MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

The leisurely atmosphere of a bygone age
HH
Hapsburg House
Viennese and Continental Cuisine
LUNCH 12—3 DINNER 5 PM—11:30
Carl & His Zither Music
313 EAST 55 ST. • PL 3-5169
Facilities for Private Parties—to 60

BERNARD PEIFFER Trio
Opening May 1st **BILLY TAYLOR** Trio
NO 20% TAX EVER • MEMBER DINERS CLUB
THE COMPOSER
68 W 58 St. N.Y.C. • PL. 9-6683

people, screaming and yelling, run past the altar." Small wonder that it wasn't until 1954 that as much as a complete concert version of the work was given—a Hamburg performance, at which the present recording was taken down. Last year, a stage performance was put on in Zurich, and it must have required some interesting compromises.

For all its forbidding aspects, though, "Moses und Aron" is clearly the work of a master. There are some striking things in its favor. While the conflict between Moses and Aron is, as I have said, mainly theological, or philosophical, Schoenberg has at least found an effective means of dramatizing their different personalities. Moses, the deep thinker whose tragedy is his inability to express himself properly, doesn't sing at all, except for one brief passage; instead, in a heavy voice, he employs the song-speech technique created by Schoenberg for his early, moon-struck song cycle "Pierrot Lunaire," in which the soloist, without actually singing, lets his voice follow a melodic line of sorts. On the other hand, Aron, the silver-tongued brother who, as Moses' somewhat inaccurate mouthpiece, causes all the trouble, sings out in a lyric tenor that darts about like a swallow at dusk. I won't go into the severely formalized musical technique or the "sonic organization of the text"—two matters that are discussed at length, and with the kind of grinding pedantry that Schoenberg's music seems to encourage in scholars, in a booklet that accompanies the record album and includes the German and English texts—except to state that, considering the terrible difficulties and limitations Schoenberg imposed on himself, both in constructing the libretto and in setting it to music, he has been surprisingly successful in surmounting them. I do not mean to be so bold as to suggest that anyone will actually *like* the music; I merely feel that the painful musical construction can be largely ignored because the awful integrity of the story itself is so compelling, and because the impressive coloristic devices Schoenberg uses are so impressive. For, although the sequence of notes in the twelve-tone rows set down by the composer of such a work before he begins his actual composition must be followed strictly, he is, of course, free to choose his timbres, as well as the registers in which these notes are to be played, and in "Moses und Aron" Schoenberg has happily provided himself with richly varied vocal and orchestral palettes. Because of them, he is able to create spontaneous-



It changes oom-pah! to oom-mm-m!
Lots of folks, who never had Espresso before, are learning about this rich, dark, Continental after dinner coffee —now that Martinson has made it an Instant! Simply add boiling water, and presto! delicious Espresso!

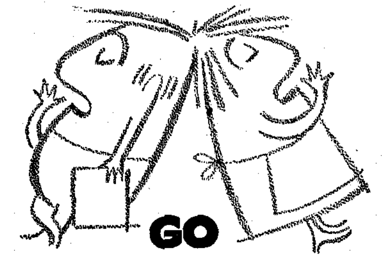
AFTER DINNER COFFEE • BY MARTINSON'S
JOMAR ESPRESSO
Martinson's Coffee, Inc., 190 Franklin St., N. Y. C.

Noble Men and Their Ladies
Dine Royally at
THE
Barclay
111 EAST 48TH STREET
PLaza 5-5900
Tom Kane,
General Manager

THE
Kings Inn
One of New York's truly smart restaurants. Handsome decor, finest prime ribs of beef with Yorkshire pudding. Luncheon and dinner.

THE
GOLD ROOM
A favored meeting place for luncheon, dinner, cocktails or supper. Come see this brilliant new room in all its golden splendor!

DON'T BE BORED TONIGHT!



GO
TROTTING
ROOSEVELT
RACEWAY
DINE IN THE CLOUD CASINO
Diners' Club Member • Reservations: Pioneer 6-6000
APRIL 1 THRU JULY 31

VALLEY FORGE
MILITARY ACADEMY
Valley Forge, hallowed shrine of American Freedom, has loaned its cherished name to this fully accredited, distinguished military academy and Junior College.

The Academy educates young men for entrance into all leading colleges. Senior R.O.T.C. prepares them for a commission. The athletic program keeps bodies well, teaches fair play, and sportsmanship.

A magnificent campus, with 52 Colonial brick buildings, houses Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry and renowned Cadet band. On its 200 rolling acres young Americans prove the Academy's right to say: **"From the embattled fields of Valley Forge went men who built America; from the training fields of Valley Forge go men who will preserve America."** **Lee Hall, Wayne, Pa.**

Bon Vivant
CREAM VICHYSSOISE SOUP
a new favorite

BECOMING ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SOUPS

CREAM VICHYSSOISE

Its intriguing different flavor is captivating those who enjoy a truly delightful soup. You'll rave over its distinctive taste-thrill—Bon Vivant the original Vichyssoise for home use.

Write for booklet "23 Unusual Soups"... Dept. Y
MOORE & CO. SOUPS Inc., 166 Abington Ave., Newark, N. J.

Bon Vivant AMERICA'S FINEST SOUPS

The GRILL
Air-Conditioned
SWING and SWAY
with
SAMMY KAYE
and his Orchestra
Hotel ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
one of the fine hotels of the
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

See your Travel Agent
for the
POMPANO CLUB
BERMUDA Cottage Colony
New York Representative:
Phone: Judson 6-3070

dixieland
AT THE
Cafe metropole
7th avenue at 48th st. CI 5-0088

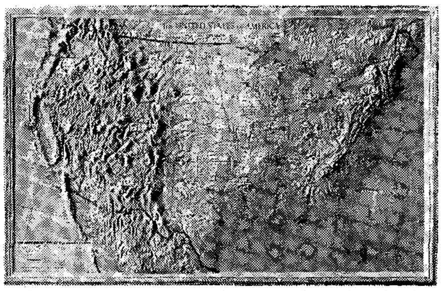
sounding theatrical effects, particularly in the golden-calf scene.

As far as the present recording goes, I have nothing but admiration for the hard-pressed interpreters. The part of Aron is expertly handled by Helmut Krebs, a lyric tenor, while Hans Herbert Fiedler, a bass, intones Moses' prophecies and agonizings with conviction. The all-important choruses (the Voice from the Burning Bush, along with the various components of the people of Israel) are impressive, and the orchestra, under the direction of Hans Rosbaud, seems to meet all demands with impressive *élan*.

A FINE new recording, made in Germany, of Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio" (Decca), is at hand. In it, actors' voices are substituted for those of the singers in the stretches of dialogue, and this proves an effective device; these trained speaking voices contribute an unfamiliar urgency to the verbal exchanges in the opera, and it isn't hard to pretend to oneself that actually just one supremely gifted cast of singing actors is at work. The singers are first-rate. Leonie Rysanek takes the part of that unusually appealing operatic heroine, Leonora, who masquerades as a young man in order to free her unjustly imprisoned husband from a dungeon, and she is excellent. The other leading parts are skillfully projected by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, as the villainous head of the prison; Ernst Häfliger, as Leonora's husband, Florestan; Irmgard Seefried, as the jailer's daughter Marcelline, who has a crush on the disguised Leonora; and Gottlob Frick, as the well-meaning but timid jailer. The chorus and orchestra, under Ferenc Fricsay, sound splendid.

HOWARD HANSON and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra do an attractive job of running off two Charles Ives compositions, "Three Places in New England" and the Symphony No. 3, on a new Mercury release. Since Ives, writing these early in the century, was bent on evoking remembered scenes and impressions in both of them—he quotes old marching songs in parts of the former and old hymns in the latter—they have, in spite of his original and prophetic composing techniques, a pleasantly old-fashioned quality, rather as if Grandma Moses had taken to painting abstractions. Imaginative re-creations of the past that are unmistakably American, the Ives pieces are in a class by themselves.

—DOUGLAS WATT



COMPREHENSIVE RELIEF MAP

5 ft. 4 in. x 3 ft. 4 in. 9 colors durable Vinylite

Handsome gift for home or office

A three-dimensional relief map that gives you EVERYTHING . . . not only mountains, lakes and valleys you can see and FEEL, but also 4000 geographical names including over 2000 cities, 600 rivers, 300 national parks and monuments. Extra large size 5 ft. 4 in. long and 3 ft. 4 in. high, molded in sturdy plastic, lithographed in colors with WASHABLE plastic coating. You can mark map freely with soap crayons and wash off easily with damp cloth. Self-framed in sturdy Vinyl plastic, fitted with grommets for easy hanging. Built to last for years and years, light in weight. Scale 1" equals 50 miles. You must be satisfied or your money returned without question. Express prepaid anywhere in the U.S.A. Send check or money order. **$45.00**
Same with major highways in red....$47.50

Write us for catalog of many other plastic relief maps made by Aero Service Corp., worldwide aerial mapping company.

PANDA PRODUCTS
1200 Niagara R104 Buffalo 13, New York

The great passions of history were puppy love compared to the worship your husband will have for **Seabrook's** Baked Haddock. It's a culinary delight.

passion!

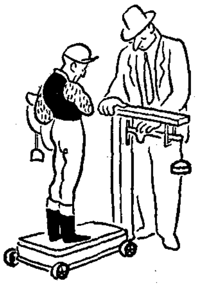
Ready-to-serve in 12 minutes—and no pots to wash! **Seabrook's** Baked Haddock is available in your local frozen food cabinet.

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialities:
Soupe à l'oignon
Escargots Bourguignonne
Guinea Hen Continental
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

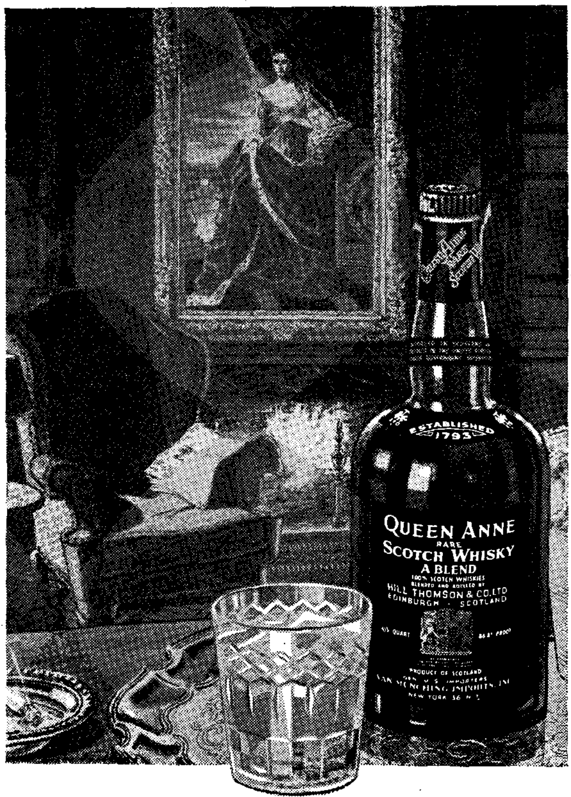
THE RACE TRACK

Once Over Lightly



NOW is the time for all good horseplayers to take stock of the three-year-olds. I can't say much for most of the nine who took part in the Experimental Free Handicap at Jamaica last weekend, but there's no doubt whatever that Martins Rullah, who runs a little like Silky Sullivan, was the best of the lot. Hubcap, who won the Swift Stakes several weeks ago, and Piano Jim, who was the tip of the afternoon, showed the way to the first turn; Hubcap took the lead in the backstretch, held it until the turn for home, and then faded out of the picture. Martins Rullah, far behind in the early stages, came through with a burst of speed in the last quarter and won going away from Noureddin, Wing Jet, and the others. The Meadowview Purse, which was run off earlier in the afternoon, was much more interesting and exciting, even though it lacked the prestige and the prize money of the Experimental. In this one, Pundit and Clandestine, who weren't rated for the Experimental Free Handicap, because they had little or no form as two-year-olds, raced together for most of the mile and a sixteenth, with Pundit winning by a neck. It may be remembered that I gave short shrift to Pundit when he beat Devil Seas the week before. Well, it turns out that I was hasty in my judgment. My second guess is that he may be a top-class colt. Clandestine deserves full marks, too. Big, rangy, and long-striding, he reminds me of Conniver, his dam, who was quite a race mare a decade ago. Incidentally, I should think that he'd do better on a fast track than on a muddy one, like Saturday's, because he has such a long stride.

We'll know more about who's who after the Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica this weekend. I don't suppose there will be many runners for it; Jewel's Reward, Pundit, Clandestine, and Martins Rullah are the more probable starters, but no doubt there will be others. And speaking of Martins Rullah, since he finished not so far behind Silky Sullivan at Santa Anita last winter, many amateur handicap-



IF

you are the man...

whose tastes are
tutored by an instinct
for excellence...

You're the man for

QUEEN ANNE

Rare Scotch Whisky

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF

GEN. U. S. IMPORTERS, VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

S*E*R*E*N*D*I*P*I*T*Y

A person with the above has the happy faculty of accidentally making desirable, but unsought-for discoveries . . . a pleasant state of affairs, but how much nicer if chance were removed and you could *count* on making agreeable finds.

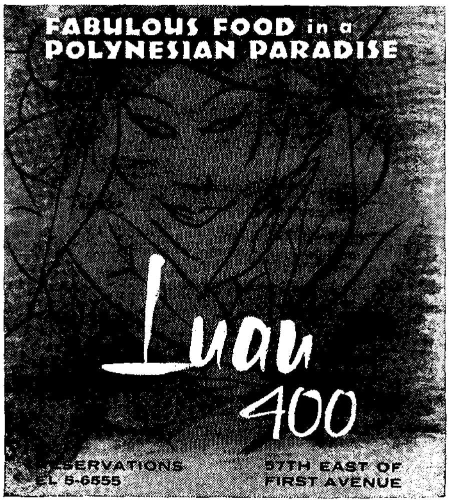
Well, you can. For 70 years ASK MR. FOSTER TRAVEL SERVICE has unearthed those travel treasures that everyone looks for. Try one of our escorted tours to Europe, Hawaii, or the West. And, of course, we arrange independent travel, anywhere.

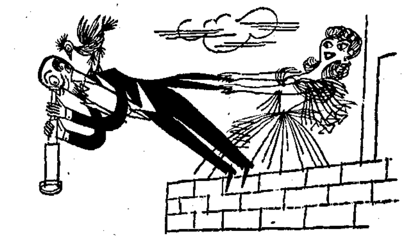
ASK MR. FOSTER has 32 offices in 26 cities. Drop in, or see your local travel agent for complete information on any of our tours.

ASK MR. FOSTER TRAVEL SERVICE

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

USE NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS





SEE WHAT WE MEAN? . . . a room with a view that's unsurpassed in all New York . . . in the smartest part of town—exclusive Beekman Hill . . . a room with intangible little extras in service that will bring you back to us every time you're in town. *Singles from $7.50. Doubles from $12.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

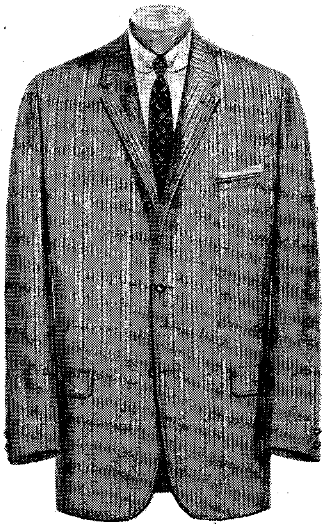
TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Beekman Tower

HOTEL

49TH ST. AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

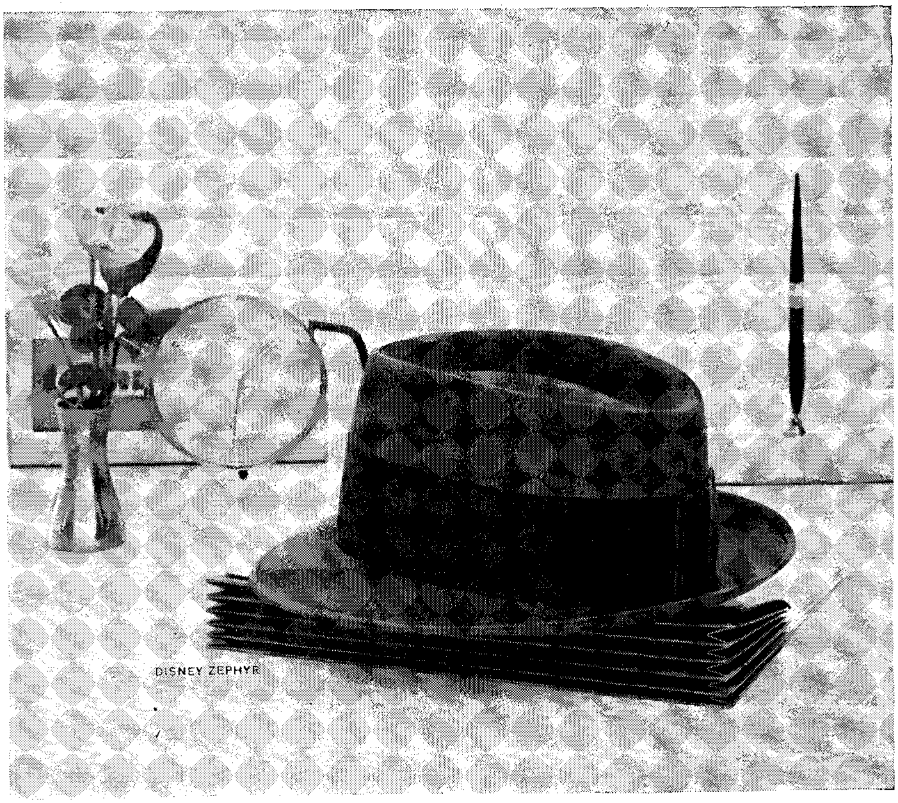
A GREAT COMFORT



Now in cool fabrics! Clothes of this character have long delighted men with their superb comfort. Natural lines, unpadded construction make them feel (and look) wonderful! Tropicals about $70 and more.

Traditionals®

AT KENNEDY'S, NEW ENGLAND • GREENTREE'S, RICHMOND • M. L. ROTHSCHILD, CHICAGO & ST. PAUL • THE HUB, MADISON, WIS. • FOR CLOTHIER NEAR YOU, WRITE DEPT. NY-15, BOX 570, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.



light...luxurious...and the last word Disney

pers believe that through him they have a good line on California's nonesuch. I wonder.

IT was hardly a surprise to me, or to horsemen I talked to at Jamaica, that Silky Sullivan finished no better than third at Golden Gate Fields last week. For one thing, the distance of the Greater Northern California Mile, as the event was called, was not long enough to suit him; for another, it was the first time he'd run since he won the Santa Anita Derby, on March 8th, and he may not have been fully wound up. Shoemaker, who rode him, said as much after the race. Also, his stable may not have taken the opposition seriously. (On the form of the runners he was meeting, I don't see how it could have.) He was slower than usual to get going. In fact, half a mile from home he was twenty-nine and a half lengths behind the leader, which is a deal of ground for any horse to make up—even a Man o' War. Well, he did make up twenty-four lengths, but he couldn't catch Gone Fishin', to whom he gave twelve pounds. Now Gone Fishin' is going to the Derby, too. I don't think the defeat has scattered any of the glamour around Silky Sullivan. People are fascinated just seeing him run.

By the way, my copy of the *Times* put the crowd at Golden Gate Fields that afternoon at 219,102 (I daresay some enthusiastic Californian tossed in an extra digit somewhere), and I wonder if the Churchill Downs management will try to top that figure on Derby Day.

NADIR, whom we haven't heard much about since he was beaten so badly in the Flamingo at Hialeah last month, ran at Keeneland the other day and finished a poor third in a four-horse race. Think nothing of it. He's one of those racers whose behavior gives many of us the suspicion that they might pop up any time and beat the best in training. Indeed, Nadir might do it in the Kentucky Derby. But this is not a tip—just a wild guess. —AUDAX MINOR

•

On the other hand, Dr. Harrison Brown, Professor of Geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology, testified last week that it was feasible to establish a detection system "which would make bootlegging of tests extremely difficult, if not impossible." He followed this with a sharp denunciation of Dr. Teller on the ground that Dr. Teller was not detected beyond 250 miles.—*The Times.*

Irrelevant, Dr. Brown. And rude, too.

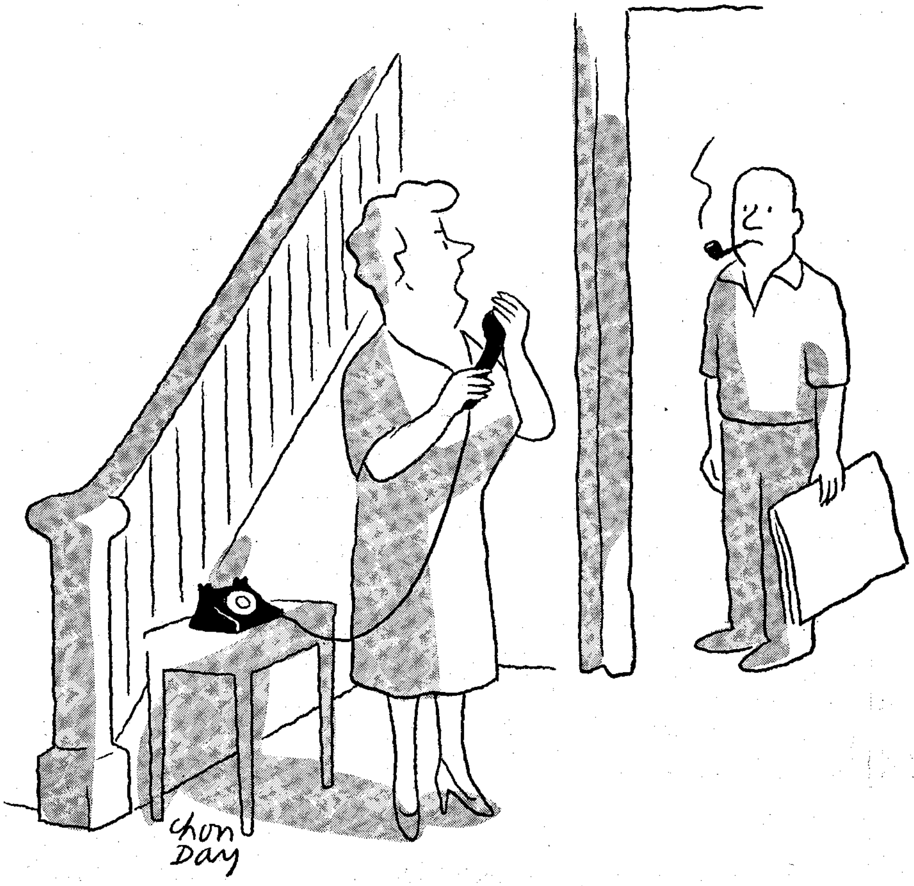
BOOKS

Good Against the Grain

“THE GUIDE” (Viking) is the latest, and the best, of R. K. Narayan's enchanting novels about the South Indian town of Malgudi and its people. If Malgudi is not quite Mysore, the town where Narayan lives, it is not because of any failure on his part. The resemblance is not precise only because Malgudi, in addition to being a particular place, is all Indian places, and is more like the essential India than any one place could be. It has grown slowly, in a series of excellent books that have traversed wide sections of Indian life and of human feeling. “Grateful to Life and Death,” perhaps the most personal of Narayan's novels, is a gentle and beautiful love story; “The Financial Expert” is glittering farce; and “Waiting for the Mahatma” is the best description of Gandhi's influence on men, and of the nature of the Congress Party when he was its leader, that has yet been written. But while Malgudi has grown into reality and has almost become India, Narayan's characters, although intensely realized as individuals, had, until now, never been more than provincials, people who are lovable and delightful but not great spirits or noble ones. This deficiency, the only one in the series of novels, has been the more noticeable because Malgudi, the place, presents—with its temples, its huge trees, and its forgotten origins as a city—an inescapable suggestion that it is the theatre for great events and tragic events of the order that makes the ultimate demands on courage and dignity.

In “The Guide,” however, Narayan has written, under the surface of the flashing light comedy that is his signature, a story that has the grandeur of the Indian scene and is a tragedy worthy of it. The principal figure is Raju, one of those citizens of Malgudi whose fate it is to be just a shade too clever in every shrewd move they make, so that, though he is always getting on, each advance brings him more complicated troubles. As he rises from the managership of a branch of his father's small store in the town's newly opened railway station to become first the leading guide for tourists in the neighborhood and then the business manager and the lover of one of India's best-known classical dancers, he appears to be just another of Narayan's pleasant rogues, a purely comic figure, like Mr. Sampath in “The Printer of Malgudi.” Mr. Sampath also had a gift for finding the most splendid available rug to stand on, while invariably also arranging things so that it should, when he least expected it, be pulled out from under his feet. In Raju's case, every new piece of good fortune opens up another opportunity for bringing off a petty and unnecessary fraud. He cannot resist pressing his luck further and further, until, caught in a despicable and silly attempt to swindle his mistress out of some jewelry, he goes to prison, exposed before everyone who knows him and loves him as a worthless trickster. The story has a Chaplin climax in his discharge from prison, with nothing but a few annas earned by prison labor, and bearing all the earmarks of the jailbird.

If Raju were a purely comic character, one could be sure that he would soon be repeating the cycle, building himself up by his geniality and cleverness, and ruining himself all over again by his weakness. But it happens that this climax is only a beginning and his weakness has only begun its work. It ends by making him a saint. A couple of days after his release from jail, Raju works the easiest swindle of all. He has found no work, his money is gone. He sits down on the steps of one of those abandoned riverside temples that are to be found all over India and sinks into an apathetic stupor. A villager named Velan mistakes him for a sadhu, a wandering religious who has taken a vow of poverty, and his apathy for a trancelike state of meditation. Since sadhus are worthy of respect and are known to be wise, the villager stops, pays homage, and lays a problem before the sage. Raju answers him with a few platitudes and soon is being presented with an offering—a basket of cucumbers, bananas, sugar cane, fried nuts, and a bowl of milk. He is in business in the best of all the rackets he has encountered, one that flatters his self-importance while it costs him a minimum of effort, and he is content. But Velan, who has cast him as a holy man, remorselessly leads him on to holiness by the simplicity of his belief. Raju has no idea what he has undertaken until he makes an unwise attempt to use the power over the villagers that his supposed virtue has given him. The rains have failed and famine is not



“It's some sort of sociological survey. They want to know what we're bickering about at the moment.”

Three artists in Soviet society

RUSSIAN FICTION and SOVIET IDEOLOGY

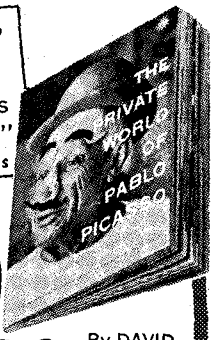
Introduction to
FEDIN, LEONOV, and SHOLOKHOV

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

As Russia's most important contemporary novelists, the subjects of this book are equivalent to our own Steinbeck, Faulkner, and Hemingway in reputation and accomplishment. By his detailed analysis of the major novels of Konstantin Fedin, Leonid Leonov, and Mikhail Sholokhov, Mr. Simmons shows how they were compelled to adjust themselves to Party dictation in art and how they still created works of enduring literary merit.

$4.75 at your bookstore

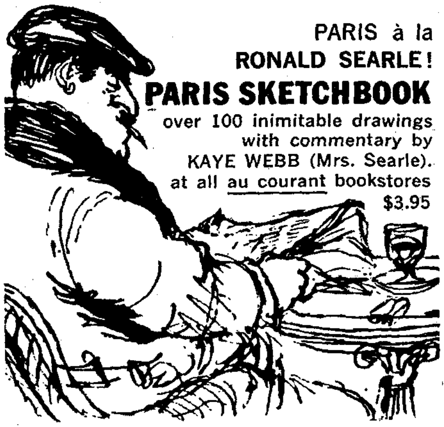
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS



"The informal, gay, day-to-day portrait of the artist as a young man—in his seventy-fifth year."
—N. Y. Times

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF
PABLO PICASSO
By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

At all bookstores. $4.95. Published jointly by the Ridge Press and Harper & Brothers



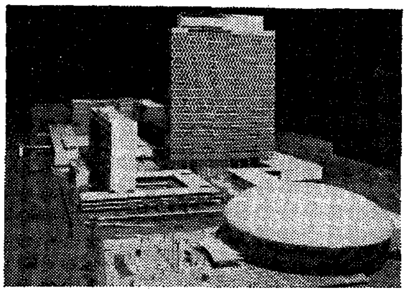
PARIS à la RONALD SEARLE!
PARIS SKETCHBOOK
over 100 inimitable drawings with commentary by KAYE WEBB (Mrs. Searle).
at all au courant bookstores
$3.95

GEORGE BRAZILLER, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

far off, the rivers are dry and cattle have begun to die. The atmosphere is tense and ugly as one day of terrible dry heat follows another. The villagers commence quarrelling and fighting. Raju learns that a riot is about to break out and sends a message down from his temple to the villagers saying that he will go on a hunger strike unless they stop their nonsense. The message is garbled by the foolish cowherd who carries it, and when it reaches the village it has become an announcement that the holy man is going to fast until the drought breaks. With baffled rage, Raju finds that this message, which stops the fighting, also puts an end to his food supply. There are no more offerings, but he is surrounded night and day by reverent and adoring watchers who have forgotten their differences and come to see him starve the vault of heaven into submission. He has no chance to cheat and no opportunity of escape. He tells Velan why he was sent to jail, in the hope that the villager will realize that he is unworthy to carry out the fast. But Velan is stubborn and cannot understand: perhaps Raju was once a swindler, but that is past and done with; he is now the Mahatma who is suffering for the people. In numb horror, Raju finds himself praying, facing upstream in the river and knee-deep in water, for eight hours a day, and without food. When the news of his sacrifice reaches first the newspapers in Madras and then the international press, Raju is no longer a fraud. He has become what Velan believes him to be, and is surrendering his life to that man's faith in him. Nobility and greatness have been thrust on him by the simpletons he intended to victimize and deceive.

This lightly and cheerfully told story of the defeat of self-interest by a living moral tradition has a quite unusual force, and contains far more than it appears to. However easy it may be to enjoy as a comedy of misunderstanding, it is a profound statement of Indian realities that is much more informative than most factual studies that set out to examine them. Narayan's characters are much more than well-observed types; they are symbolic figures in a well-organized allegory. Raju's relationship with the dancer, hers with her previous lover, Raju's with his mother and with the simple-minded Velan, are all points in a beautifully developed argument of the true nature of the Indian heritage, and of its value in the context of modern life. If the book did nothing else, it would be admirable for making plain the nature

Architecture, You and Me
by Sigfried Giedion,
author of
SPACE, TIME AND ARCHITECTURE
(over 30,000 copies sold to date)
and
MECHANIZATION TAKES COMMAND



A distinctive, personal, and highly original view of the place of architecture in the public conscience. 40 pages of photographs. $5.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

#1 BEST SELLER
PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES
Jean Kerr's fabulous fun-fest.
OVER 200,000 SOLD!
$3.50 DOUBLEDAY

the complete book of SKIN DIVING
dive
by Rick and Barbara Carrier
WILFRED FUNK, INC., N. Y.
More than 400 illustrations
At all bookstores, $4.95

SKIRA ART BOOKS
ROMANESQUE PAINTING
Text by Carl Nordenfalk and Andre Grabar
99 REPRODUCTIONS IN FULL COLOR AND GOLD $22.50
At your Book Store

of the coercive force in the background of Indian lives, which has an even greater effect in shaping people's conduct than the Puritan tradition has in America. Narayan's confidence in the value of the Indian tradition brings out more strikingly than ever his kinship with the nineteenth-century Russians. Just as they expressed their Pan-Slavism and their belief in a Russian future in the form of the Western Protestant novel, imported lock, stock, and barrel from abroad, so Narayan expresses his faith in Indianism in English, and in a form that owes everything to Chekhov and nothing to India. Underlying his confidence is something else that recalls the Russians, a sense that a developing society on the brink of great events is being described, a sense of being "on the eve" that generates so much of the tension and excitement of the classic Russian novel. "The Guide" gives us the spirit of an India that has always been India, and that combines certainty that it always will be with an equal certainty that it will never be the same again. Beneath the simplicity and cheerfulness of this remarkable novel is a fascinating and illuminating document.

"Before Noon" (University of New Mexico Press), a novel by the Spanish writer Ramón J. Sender about Spain and about happiness, offers a curious contrast to his compatriot José María Gironella's work, published in this country a couple of years ago, "The Cypresses Believe in God." That Sender's novel should be beautiful, tranquil, and generous-spirited, while Gironella's is full of rancor and cramped by malice, is odd, since Sender writes from exile, having lost everything in the civil war launched by General Franco and the Fascists, while Gironella, who was on the winning side, writes from Spain as an apologist for the new regime. That the losers should be capable of magnanimity and forgiveness while the victors cling to the bitterness and the passions that saw them through the heat of the day may explain a good deal about the nature of the conflict. Gironella believes, or would have us believe, that it was between white and black, between good men and bad men, and he is constrained to make many peculiar statements to persuade us that it is so. Sender, who is attached to the values of civilization rather than to the new barbarism, is aware that it was a misunderstanding between men woven of good and bad who drifted into dreadful misfortunes because they were ig-

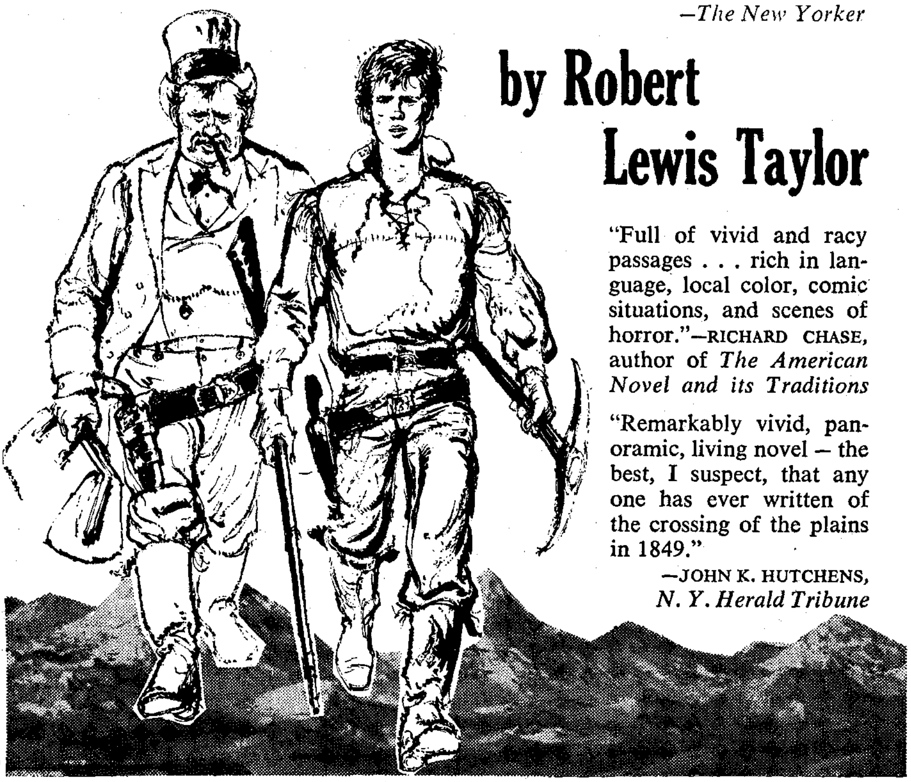
CRITICS STRIKE PURE GOLD!

The critics have found a real American saga — something rare in fiction — and they love it. It's the story of a father and son, a pair of dream-chasing rovers who hit the gold rush trail together — to emerge as two of the great personalities in American fiction today.

The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters

"Robert Lewis Taylor, *New Yorker* profile writer and biographer of W. C. Fields, has come close to inventing a Gold Rush Tom Sawyer in this lively novel . . . Jaimie is salty and high-spirited enough to be remembered for quite a spell."—ELIZABETH EASTON, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"...full of thoroughly researched minutiae about wagon trains, Indian ways, gold mining, life in the San Francisco of the time, and such, and is delivered in a cheerful, funny, and headlong prose that makes its unabashed theatricality a total delight." —*The New Yorker*



by Robert Lewis Taylor

"Full of vivid and racy passages . . . rich in language, local color, comic situations, and scenes of horror."—RICHARD CHASE, author of *The American Novel and its Traditions*

"Remarkably vivid, panoramic, living novel — the best, I suspect, that any one has ever written of the crossing of the plains in 1849." —JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Ask your bookseller today to tell you why he's so enthusiastic about this brand-new best seller.
544 pages, $4.50 • DOUBLEDAY

"Waugh's cosmos is, in the literal sense, funny as hell." The complete text of *The Loved One;* two stories; extensive self-contained excerpts from eight novels.

THE WORLD OF EVELYN WAUGH

Selected and Edited by CHARLES J. ROLO

At all bookstores • $6.00
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

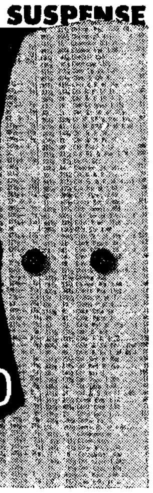
It's the MADdest!

Nobody asked for it, but here's a big, thick permanent collection of *the best of* MAD'*s barrel of fun* — hilarious satire, parody, burlesque, offbeat art and assorted zanyisms about every facet of the American scene. It's a great gift for a MAD friend. Hardbound.
A cheap $2.95

MAD
FOR KEEPS
by the Editors of *Mad*

Now at your bookstore. But if you don't want to go in and ask for it, send $2.95 to Crown Publishers, Dept. 75, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If you don't go stark, raving MAD within ten days, return the book for refund. Send for your copy TODAY! (We need the business.)

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE



A perfect marriage becomes a life-and-death struggle, in the new hair-raiser by the author of LAURA—VERA CASPARY'S THE HUSBAND
$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

If only the finest will do
Serve
BOSTON HARBOUR TEA
(IMPORTED)
From the supplier of the historic Boston Tea Party. In 1 lb. and ½ lb. caddy — a real Collector's Item.
At Fine Department Stores and Better Food Shops — or write for name of nearest store.
CALVERT, VAVASSEUR & CO., INC.
19 Rector St., New York 6, N. Y.
Write for free brochure "The Art of Tea Making."

YOU NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!
hamburgers...with
hayden's
béarnaise
Your grocer should have it — if not write
Hayden's Hollandaise, College Point 56, N.Y.

norant and afraid of what they did not know about themselves and about each other. Because of this more realistic belief, Sender is able to describe Spain as it was while he was growing up, a garden of terrible innocence in which children could play happily, unaware that it was thickly sown with the seeds of poisonous plants. The story Sender tells is a simple one, about a boy and girl whose childish affection for each other becomes a real attachment as they grow up. One incident follows another with apparent artlessness. The boy shoots some pigeons belonging to the girl's father with a gun he has made to impress her. The two of them are parted, and they discover the pleasures of a secret correspondence. The boy is sent away from his native town in Aragon to a religious school in Catalonia. He takes part in a school play, and so on. It is to a considerable extent autobiographical, and although it is deeply felt and thoughtfully told, it may appear at first reading to be trifling. But at the end the children have grown up, their characters have changed, and it is possible to predict what sort of people they will be and what they will be committed to. The boy has been possessed by certain ideas, as his friends have been, and their feet are set on paths that will take them off in different directions, only to bring them back at last face to face, with weapons in their hands. But though it is the prelude to the tragedy in every act of which Sender himself took part, from the Moroccan disaster of 1922 and 1923, with which it began, to the bitter end, in which he lost even the right to live at liberty in his own country, there is no vindictiveness or special pleading. He is content to say, as it were, that this was Spain and these were Spaniards, and to let his love speak for itself. As he has a clear conscience, he does not find it necessary either to malign those who disagree with him or to repopulate his country, as Gironella does, with an inhuman race divided between angels of virtue and monsters of wickedness. Sender's Spain is inhabited by human beings, of whose behavior he gives a truthful and magnificent account.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GREENGAGE SUMMER, by Rumer Godden (Viking). A lovely novel—sentimental, melodramatic, and entirely believable—about a strange summer spent by a family of five

The Maisonette
BILL
HAYES
FLORENCE
HENDERSON
appearing at 9:15 and Midnight
MILT SHAW
and his Orchestra
and the Ray Bari Ensemble
Special Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P. M. $4.50
(no entertainment tax)
HOTEL
St. Regis
Fifth Avenue
at 55th Street

SKYTOP CLUB
"Secluded in the Poconos"
Relax and enjoy Skytop's superb facilities for golf, tennis, sun-lazing, riding, in a delightfully informal and refreshing atmosphere. Indoor games, orchestra, movies. Everything for children . . . and those famous Skytop meals.
In New York Phone:
MU 6-8648
SKYTOP CLUB
BOX 1
SKYTOP, PENNA.
Ideal for Honeymoon—write today!

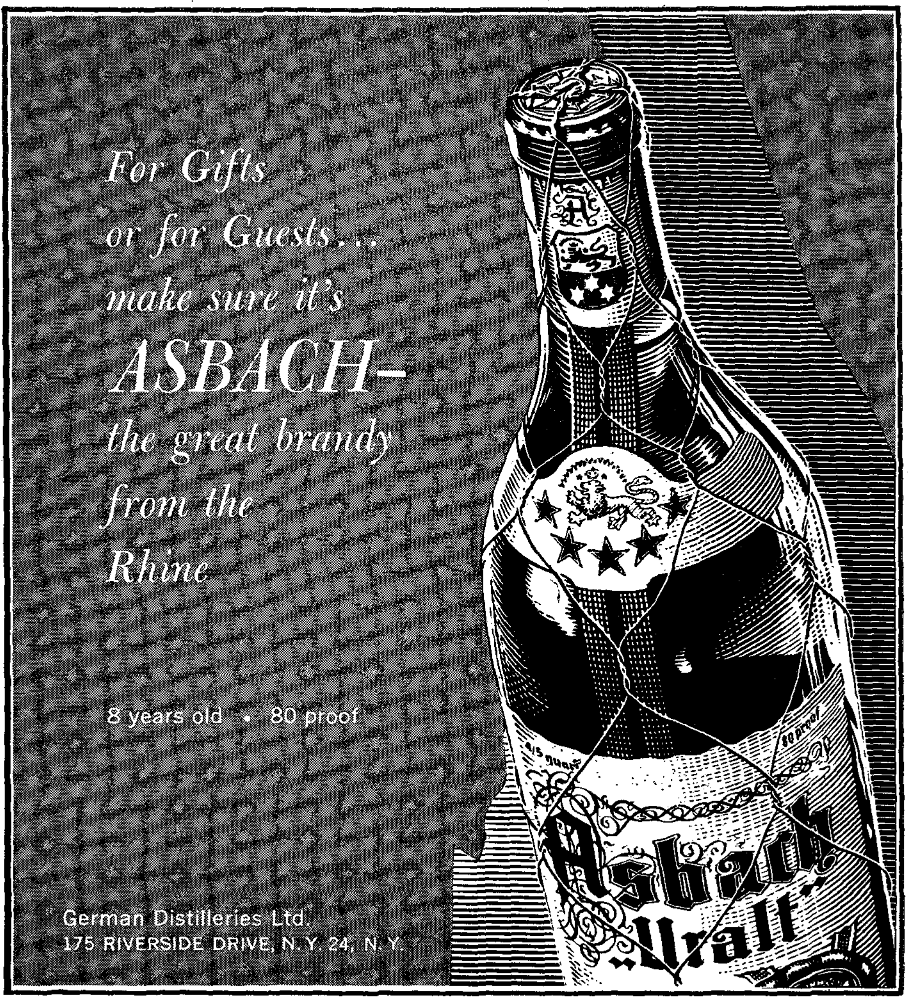
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
SAITO
TEMPURA BAR • O-ZASHIKI
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
70 W. 55th ST. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

Paul L. Burger's
Continental Specialties
Made Famous at
N. Y. World's Fair
DINNER $3.75 & up
Luncheon $2.75 & up
Closed Sunday
Swiss Pavilion
38 EAST 50 STREET
ELdorado 5-8680

English children in a beautiful little hotel, Les Œillets, near a town on the Marne. The children, ranging in age from four to sixteen, find themselves alone and not very welcome at Les Œillets when their mother has to be rushed to the hospital at the very start of their holiday. They are protected in a casual but friendly way by a mysterious Englishman, whose moods are changeable and not always pleasant and who passes the time between his frequent trips to Paris in having an affair with red-haired and bad-tempered Mlle. Zizi, owner of Les Œillets. Others in the story include the cruel hotel manageress, Mme. Corbet; the genial chef, M. Armand; the half-wild kitchen boy, Paul, who is sympathetic to the children because he considers them to be downtrodden, like himself; and a famous artist, Marc Joubert, who is Mlle. Zizi's star guest. Cecil, the thirteen-year-old, tells the story and grows up as she tells it.

The Man Who Broke Things, by John Brooks (Harper). The setting of Mr. Brooks' new novel is Wall Street, the action centers chiefly on the efforts of an intransigent outsider to take over control of a chain-store empire from its established traditionalist management, and the climax is provided by an elaborately stage-managed election, in which the essential elements are the proxies of the company's several hundred bewildered small shareholders. But this is merely the book's bare, and even arbitrary, bones, for Mr. Brooks, though an admirable reporter, is not simply a reportorial novelist. What interests him—and what gives his novel substance and meaning several cuts above the board-room level—is the moral dilemma, the conflict between career expediency and personal integrity, that the artfully clouded issues of the struggle force on the leaders and, more particularly, on their hirelings. The result, though inevitably a little slack in character development, is an absorbing book, and a truly thoughtful one.

White Eagles Over Serbia, by Lawrence Durrell (Criterion). John Buchan brought up to date by—of all people—a symbolist poet, mandarin novelist, and journalistic dandy. The story involves the efforts of a band of Yugoslavian neo-royalists, into which a British agent has insinuated himself, to recover a treasure abandoned by King Peter in his flight



See Europe by car..
See GODFREY DAVIS Car Rental

Europe's foremost car rental organisation—for 35 years—provides first-class service all the way!

• New British and French Sedans will meet you anywhere • Free Maps, Insurance, Routes arranged. • A.A. and R.A.C. membership • Self-drive and chauffeur-driven services • Competitive rates, reduced off-season and contract terms.
• Write for full details of all stations in Europe.

NEW YORK—SUITE 1515, 50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.
LONDON—GODFREY DAVIS LTD., DAVIS HOUSE, WILTON ROAD, S.W.1
(Tel: VICtoria 8484) (Cables: Quickmilez, London).
PARIS—S.F.L. GODFREY DAVIS, 99, AVE. DE NEUILLY, NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE
(Tel: SABlons 98-13) (Cables: Quickmilez, Paris).

The new Godfrey Davis London Headquarters, Britain's first building erected specifically for an international car rental service

Good Taste
dictates a stay at

Hotel DRAKE in New York

The City's most distinguished hotel...in fashionable Park Avenue...adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Fresh, cheerfully appointed rooms and suites...home of the internationally famous Drake Room and The Ivy restaurants.
Occupancy for long or short stay

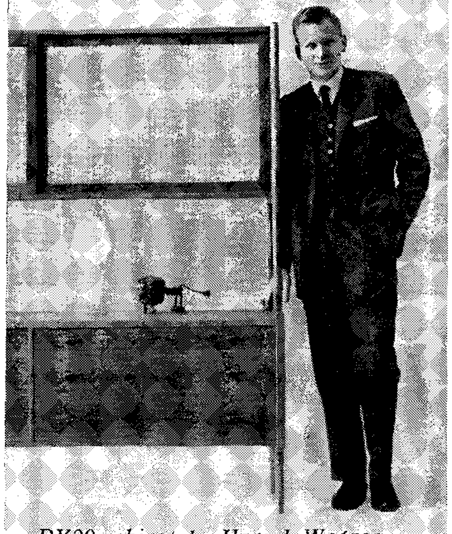
HOTEL Drake
440 Park Avenue at 56th Street, New York 22
Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters.

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

"My name is Per Sabroe, I am a Dane. I think that George Tanier's selections of Danish furniture and lighting represent the best things being done in Denmark today."

GEORGE TANIER INC
521 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Through dealers, decorators, architects



RY20 cabinet by Hans J. Wegner

for discriminating people

who stand out in a crowd!

As one of the world's finest small resorts, we, too, are outstanding! Elaborate suites and semi-suites with sunken baths, picture windows, balconies overhanging the water, and a privacy and charm that will astonish you. A luxurious happy atmosphere. Famous food from Colonial recipes. Rural life with the charm and informal elegance of Colonial Virginia. Dancing under the stars. Swimming in outdoor heated saltwater pool. Golf. Tennis. Picnics. Games. Beautiful grounds. Luncheon and moonlight cruises aboard one of America's finest ocean-going luxury yachts. A "private estate atmosphere" and still a warmth and friendliness that defies description. An exclusive clientele of interesting and congenial people.

Robert F. Warner, Inc.
National Representative
Phone Murray Hill 2-4300
17 East 45th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

THE TIDES INN
IRVINGTON 7, VIRGINIA

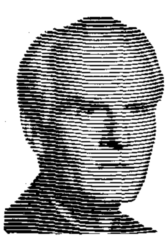
Where hand laundry is an art!
Fine linens are our specialty!
BERKELEY SUTTON PRIVATE LAUNDRY
224 E. 57th ST. (bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves.) • PL 3-0809

through the Serbian highlands from the Nazis in 1941. It is perhaps a rather silly tale, but Mr. Durrell is an old and knowledgeable Balkan hand, and his agent, an ardent fly-fisherman and a Thoreau enthusiast, is Richard Hannay to the life. A very satisfactory piece of entertainment.

GENERAL

D. H. Lawrence, by Edward Nehls (University of Wisconsin Press). The second volume of a three-volume biography. The book covers the years 1919-25, when Lawrence and his wife were wandering from England to Italy to Ceylon to Australia to America to Mexico to England and back to America, and follows the pattern the editor set in the first volume, which was to show us Lawrence through the multiple lens of his many friends and enemies. The striking thing about Lawrence is that seemingly no two people could agree on what he was like. (There is even a difference of opinion on whether he was tall or short.) Totally disparate judgments of him can be found in the writings of those who knew him, and we come to the conclusion that all these judgments were sound—at one time or another. That is why this book is at once tantalizing and wholly absorbing. "Lawrence," writes one of his intimates, "tore himself to pieces in a literary experiment, and gave us the debris to study." One could say that Lawrence also tore himself to pieces in a human experiment, and that this book is the debris he has left us to study. Photographs.

The Counterfeit Traitor, by Alexander Klein (Holt). The story of one of the most successful bits of espionage in the Second World War. The hero is Eric Erickson, an American-born businessman who took Swedish citizenship in 1936 and, just before the outbreak of the war in Europe, was recruited by Laurence Steinhardt, at that time the American Ambassador to Russia, as a spy. Erickson, then fifty years old and a prosperous and prominent figure in Stockholm business circles, was told to cultivate the pro-Nazis in Sweden and get himself into the good graces of the German Legation, so that he might get visas to travel in Germany as an oil importer. He was able to accomplish this, and pretty soon was touring all over Germany, inspecting oil refineries (which were then duly bombed by the British and Americans). The



ALAN E. MURRAY
inventor of moulded shoes, changed shoemaking history by his invention of the first shoe moulded to the contour of the human foot.

NOW CREATES: Super SPACE® SHOE

Light as a feather
Cool as a breeze
Colorful as Spring

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS ▶ Look for the Murray name as you would for Sterling on silver

SPACE SHOES for every occasion:
sport, business, dress, skating
•
Visit our Spring Fashion Show
213 West 58th St., N.Y.C. CI 7-1795
130 West 10th St., N.Y.C. CH 2-7750
Prompt Delivery

Murray SPACE Shoe

Dorset Room
is open daily and Sunday for
BREAKFAST
LUNCHEON and DINNER
THE POPULAR NEW
DORSET BAR-CAFE
is recommended by knowing New Yorkers for
COCKTAILS and late SUPPER SNACKS
HOTEL DORSET
30 West 54th Street, Just off Fifth Ave.
Member of Diner's Club Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

M W
SINCE 1896
MANNY WOLF'S
STEAKS · CHOPS
PRIME RIBS
LOBSTERS
49th ST. at 3rd Ave.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN
IN CENTRAL PARK
W. 67th ST. Entrance
SC 4-8100
DINNER — SUPPER
DANCING
NIGHTLY till 2, SATURDAY till 3
OPEN ALL YEAR (Exc. Mon.)
AMPLE PARKING

THE SUICIDAL PACE! High pressure business, unrelieved by relaxation, exacts too high a price. Many executives find the answer at The Health Roof Club, where they keep fit enjoyably. Try it for yourself. 247 Park Avenue—PLaza 5-8100.

story is highly suspenseful and is in the best cloak-and-dagger tradition, right down to assignations with beautiful and amorous women. It also shows evidence of having been somewhat embroidered in the retelling, but that is in the cloak-and-dagger tradition, too. Photographs.

13 Days to Glory, by Lon Tinkle (McGraw-Hill). A short but nevertheless rather long-winded celebration of the two historic weeks that culminated in the massacre of a hundred and eighty-two Texas nationalists by more than five thousand Mexican troops at the Alamo (properly, the mission of San Antonio de Valero) on March 6, 1836. Mr. Tinkle allots some thirty ponderous pages to the battle itself ("In mute testimony to a man whose marksmanship was legendary, the greatest concentration of Mexican bodies is said to have been found around Crockett's body"), and the rest of his book is devoted to rambling biographies of the principal figures—Jim Bowie, William B. Travis, General Antonio López de Santa Anna, Colonel James W. Fannin, and, of course, Crockett—and a not very lucid review of early Texas politics. Illustrated with contemporary portraits, drawings, and photographs.

Rivers, Man and Myths, by Robert Brittain (Doubleday). It is Mr. Brittain's reasonable contention that the rivers of the world have played a crucial role in the origins and evolution of civilization. Indeed, he insists, such riverine inventions as the boat, the fishhook, the dam, the irrigation ditch, the aqueduct, and the water mill were achievements whose importance equalled, if it did not surpass, that of the bow, the plow, and the domestication of birds and animals. Perhaps. At any rate, his enthusiasm has produced a volume of social history that is fresh, instructive, and extremely enjoyable. Photographs, drawings, and maps.

Six Makers of English Religion 1500-1700, by Gordon Rupp (Harper). Professor Rupp's six makers are all authors: William Tyndale, whose translation of the Bible was the chief source of the Authorized Version; Thomas Cranmer, who produced much of the Book of Common Prayer; John Foxe, the English martyrologist; Milton; Bunyan; and Isaac Watts, the hymn writer. His interest is in religious rather than literary history, however, and possibly for that reason his chapter on

How Good Earnings for the Telephone Company Benefit the Telephone User

Good earnings provide both the incentive and the means for better telephone service and greater value.

But if earnings are low, and all energies and judgments must be directed to meet the pressing needs of the moment, it becomes impossible to do the best for the long run.

For a practical illustration, let's take a telephone engineer who is figuring out what size telephone cable should be installed to serve a growing neighborhood.

He knows it must serve 200 homes right away. He's reasonably sure also that in another couple of years perhaps 200 more homes will want service. Putting in a cable today that is big enough to serve all 400 homes will cost more at the start.

However, putting in a smaller cable today that will serve only 200, and another of equal size two years later, will cost a lot more in the end.

What will the engineer do?

If the company is pinched for money, he'll have to put in the smaller cable, even though this will be more expensive in the long run.

But if the company is in good financial shape—

If it can readily get the capital required for the big cable—

And if the general level of earnings justifies absorbing the temporarily higher cost of the larger cable until the time when its full capacity is utilized—

Then the engineer will decide to go ahead with the larger cable. Over the years this will save money for both the company and telephone users, and produce the best service.

Telephone people are called on to make decisions like this, day in and day out. In all these decisions good earnings are essential to assure the greatest economy and progress.

There is nothing to justify the philosophy that keeping telephone earnings low is the way to insure low rates.

Such a policy, by limiting progress and long-range economies, leads inevitably to poorer service at a higher price than the customer would otherwise have to pay.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE TIME IS NOW

Remember how Hamlet kept finding excuses for not doing the bidding of his conscience and his father's ghost until at last his time ran out?

Now we're not suggesting that any such dire consequences await you if you've thought about investing and put it off "because the market isn't right."

"The market," after all, is a collection of different securities about which it's impossible to generalize. An investor's concern is not with the market as a whole but with the particular stock or stocks he owns. And for the would-be investor, there are always some stocks that are good buys. The problem is to find them.

And that's where we can help. We're not seers, and we're not infallible, but we do have a wealth of experience and a world of information at our disposal—experience and information that we'll be glad to place at *your* disposal on call. Just write—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER
Department SB-39

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH
Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

Archbishop Cranmer, who was burned at the stake in Queen Mary's reign after a dramatic recantation and unrecantation, is the most illuminating; Milton and Bunyan come through rather dimly, and Watts is treated as though he were a major poet.

THE MARCH UP COUNTRY, by Xenophon, translated by W. H. D. Rouse (University of Michigan Press). An English scholar's new and determinedly down-to-earth translation of the "Anabasis," the great Greek historian's first-hand account of the bloody homeward trek of ten thousand Greek mercenaries after the defeat of the Persian pretender Cyrus near Babylon in 401 B.C. Mr. Rouse's English is perhaps a little too plain ("I have beaten a man before now for playing the softie;" "I told him to shut up;" "I know heaps of villages"), but it is certainly far more readable than the standard versions, and for that he deserves our thanks. And the story is, of course, one of the finest true-life adventures on the classical record. Illustrated with an end-paper map.

VERSE

THE HAWK IN THE RAIN, by Ted Hughes (Harper). This first collection by a young Englishman was recently chosen by a distinguished panel of judges to receive the initial First Publication Award of the Y.M. and Y.W.H.A. Poetry Center. Hughes' emotion is often violent and his language wayward; he is given to effects of terror and anguish that sometimes get out of hand. He has no lack of technical means, however, and his successes can be brilliant, as six or seven poems prove.

•

It remained forgotten until Marco Polo came back from China to Venice in 1295. You will observe that, again, the originator was an Italian. But the recipes he brought for various frozen dainties had been known in northern China for centuries—possibly even decades.—*Diners' Club Magazine.*

The old, roomier decade.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Bradenton* (*Fla.*) *Herald*]

Building progressed over the week end on the new home for the Lawton Parks family, whose Tallevast residence recently was destroyed by fire, thanks to the efforts of volunteer helpers.

THE PLACE TO STAY IN Washington

For those who expect *everything*... there's no finer hotel than the Manger Hay-Adams located just across from the White House. International travelers will recognize its flawless service . . . and you will find everything to make your Washington visit complete.

A Manger HOTEL
THE Manger Hay-Adams
across from the White House
16th STREET, N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296
CONTINENTAL CUISINE
OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

"My beer is Rheingold -the Dry beer!"

says **MADELYN DARROW**
MISS RHEINGOLD 1958

MISS RHEINGOLD PHOTOGRAPHED WITH BMW ISETTA "300" BY PAUL HESSE • COSTUME BY BERNARD NEWMAN OF BERGDORF GOODMAN

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

It's beer as beer should taste!

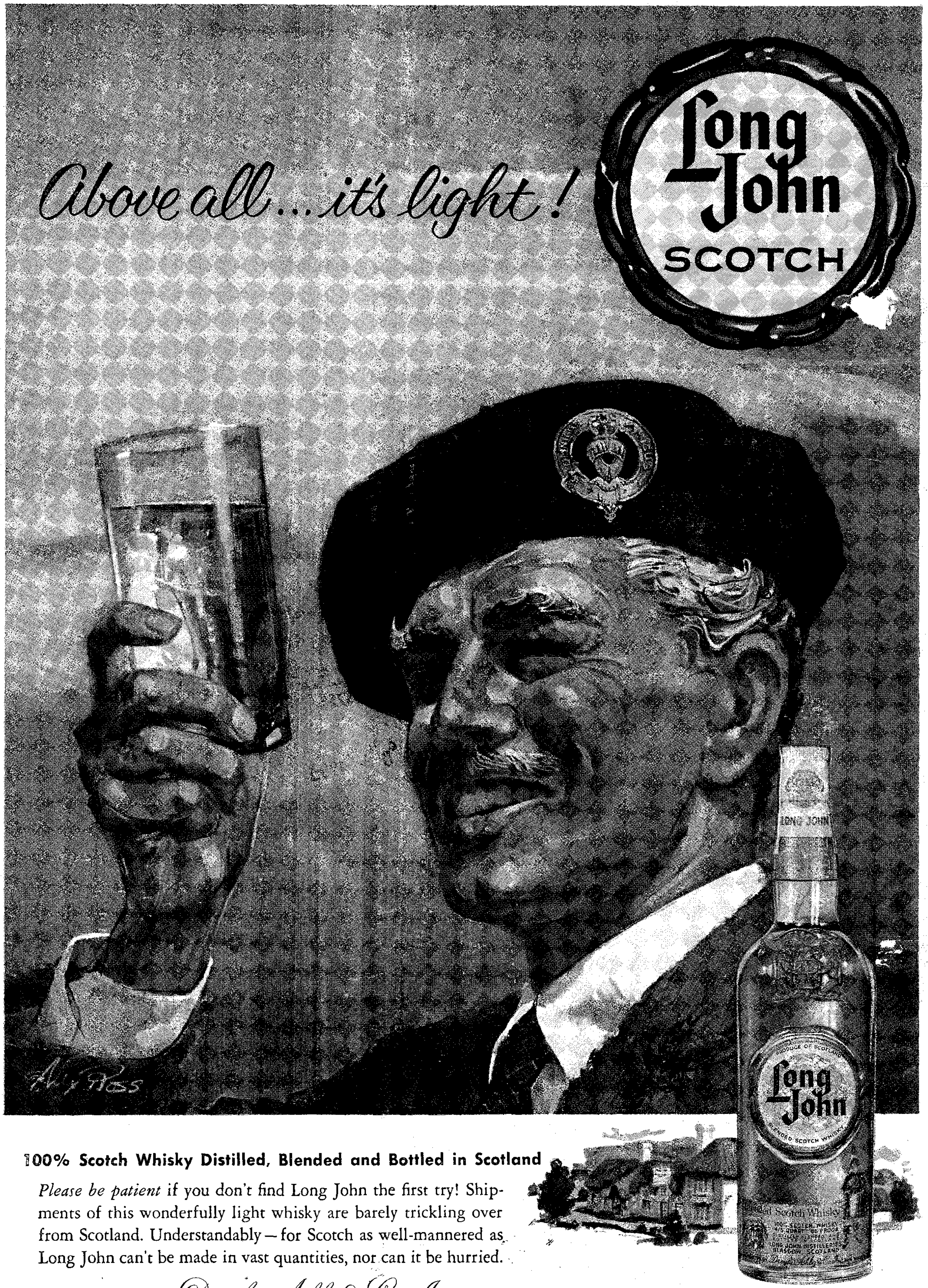
Always refreshing – never filling

Seasons change, but never Rheingold Extra Dry. For Rheingold's *real-beer* taste never changes. Every glass of Rheingold is always the same. The same refreshing dryness, never sweet, never bitter, makes Rheingold New York's largest-selling beer—year after year.

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION
MEMBER

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 121 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837.

Copr. 1958, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.


Above all... it's light!
Long John
SCOTCH
LONG JOHN
Long John

100% Scotch Whisky Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland

Please be patient if you don't find Long John the first try! Shipments of this wonderfully light whisky are barely trickling over from Scotland. Understandably — for Scotch as well-mannered as Long John can't be made in vast quantities, nor can it be hurried.

Dreyfus, Ashby & Co., Inc. NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS • 86 PROOF